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ENGLAND FROM A BACK-WINDOW ;

WITH

VIEWS OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

BY

J. M. BAILEY,

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

COMPLETE.

TORONTO :

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, 67 YONGE-STREET.
1878.

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ENGLAND FROM A BACK-WINDOW.

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THE WRITER DEPARTS FOR EUROPE.

There was nothing particularly attractive about "The Abyssinia" as we came in sight of it at the Jersey City dock on the afternoon of April 15th, 1874. We saw before us a long, narrow, dingy black craft, with a formidable smoke-stack in the middle, three aspiring masts, staring dead-lights, and a forlorn and very uncomfortable air about all. It stood so far out of the water as to actually need the huge hawsers holding it at the dock to keep it from tipping over where it was. It seemed as if the great city had sloped over into "The Abyssinia," because of the threatened rain. The passage-ways and staircases were crowded with people; and such anxious, struggling, crowding people; I never before saw so ostentatious a crowd. We got into the wrong passage, of course, and climbed over a platform, and met some half-dozen people climbing the other way. But everybody was good-natured and bruised. Finally we reached our stateroom, and deposited the luggage. From here we went on deck, the passage up the stairway being a continuous struggle. Outdoors was as crowded as in. Scores of people with bouquets and umbrellas blocked up every passage. No one of the passengers knew anything of the ins and outs of the boat, and the visitors were equally as ignorant. On the pier was scarcely less confusion of ideas and legs, as we could see from the deck. To make matters worse, it commenced to rain. Everybody hurried down stairs; but the close air drove the greater part of them back again. Then came the signal for departure, followed by a desperate rush together of the contending forces,—visited and visitors. Elderly gentlemen, with long umbrellas and high silk hats, were carried off their feet, and jammed against total strangers. Fat women, with the latest style of spring bonnets on their heads, and huge bouquets of flowers in their chubby hands, were kissed by the wrong parties, and squeezed into grotesque shapes by enthusiastic relatives.

It was the first time I was ever kissed on the tip end of my nose; and I can't say that

the sensation is an enjoyable one, especially if administered by a stranger with a solitary and aggressive front tooth.

At last the boat was being swung off. The last hand and lip pressure was made. A tall, thin gentleman took a final hurried kiss, knocked off his hat, and stepped through the crown of it, and shot up the gang-plank. The people on the pier swung their handkerchiefs, and hallooed their farewells, while the vessel gracefully backed off into the channel, and—was ignominiously towed seaward by a black and disreputable looking tug.

And thus we left the dear land, standing on the deck, with the breaking clouds and struggling sunlight above us, and straining our eyes toward the fast-receding city.

After dinner the thoughtful arranged their staterooms for a ten days' occupancy; while the thoughtless crowded upon deck, and amused themselves in looking at the stars, and watching the water, or peering about the ship, and incautiously feeling of strange looking pipes which were subsequently discovered to contain hot water.

There were no violent demonstrations toward acquaintance, unless we may except the long man in long overcoat, a dilapidated hat, and long chin-whiskers, who, having made twenty voyages across the ocean, and been spared by an inscrutable Providence to start on the twenty-first, was now enlightening all on board on such points as the weather, the sails, the course, and the prospects.

There was a lazy swell to the ocean, which gave the vessel a graceful, rolling motion that was much admired.

The length of admiration varied with the strength of the constitution of the admirers. When a man got his fill of admiration he made for the rail precipitately, and cast his bread upon the waters, neither hoping nor caring for a return. A visible thinness in the congregation was painfully conspicuous; and, by the time all the stars were out, the deck was cleared for action. Some lingered to see the stars; lingered to gaze dreamily into the dark blue waters; then they shot down stairs, and screamed for a basin.

There was a fair sprinkling of passenger

on deck the next day ; for, although not a calm day, it was nevertheless pleasant, and the sea was not rough. Those who were not affected kept well on their legs, and alternated a look seaward with a scrutiny of the private property of the vessel. Of those affected, a few had the good sense to remain on deck, and "fire away" at the waves ; but much the greater number went below, and, locking their staterooms, wrestled alone with the great agony. As they convalesced, they, with few exceptions, returned to the deck ; every day bringing new additions to the sitters and promenaders. But many kept to their rooms during the entire trip. It is the nature of the disease to allay the thirst for sight-seeing ; and it is only by a great effort of the will that the victims can overcome the inertia, and keep on deck.

The terrors of seasickness may be modified by keeping a well-ordered stomach on the day of sailing. Bidding champagne farewells and whiskey-punch adieus to friends at home is a sure forerunner of the sickness in its worst form. There was the case of young Munson of Danbury, who went to Europe last season. Born of Puritan parents, and reared amid the refining and wholesome influences of a New-England home, he carefully dieted himself the week before sailing. He ate freely of oatmeal and bran-bread, and eschewed greasy food and stimulating drinks. The night before sailing he went down to New York in the flush of health and hope, and, stopping at Norwalk to a clam-bake, filled up with roast clams and gin, getting down to the city just in time to take the boat. For three days he pranced around on the edge of eternity, kicking up his heels, swinging his arms, and turning himself inside out in a most reprehensible manner. He held then a position in the Third National Bank ; but, on returning home, he did not report for duty for a whole week, fearing that, among other things, he had thrown up this berth.

None of the officers of "The Abyssinia" lost a day through seasickness.

The second day was much like the first, with the exception that it grew cooler at night. On the morning of the third day it rained and the rolling motion increased. The wind was fickle, and the sailors were kept busy with the sails. To see them climbing the dizzy heights of the masts, with the rain pouring down upon them (for they are not permitted to carry umbrellas), made a most thrilling spectacle. The fourth day was equally unpleasant. On the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth days the vessel rolled from side to side without inter-

mission, the wind blew stiffly across the beam (coming from the starboard side, wherever that is), and the rain and flying spray kept the deck comparatively free of people. Of those who ventured up stairs during this continuous and disagreeable siege, the ladies huddled into the cabin on deck provided for them ; the gentlemen took the smoking-cabin, also on deck, or sheltered themselves in the lee of the smoke-stack. This last place was a favourite resort for the steerage passengers, who, chewing plug tobacco, and spitting against the wind, added a charm to the occasion that was indescribable.

The smoking-cabin is the best patronized. Here the passengers of sporting tendencies gather to buy and sell pools on the time the vessel makes in the twenty-four hours ; and here is done some of the proudest and grandest lying ever heard. It is astonishing the amount of extraordinary facts an idle brain will evolve.

No pen can do justice to the suffering entailed by the rolling motion of the vessel. On the wet deck it is impossible to move any distance, or to stand still a moment, without grasping a rope or guard. At the dining-table the crash of rolling and sliding dishes, and the splashing of their spilling contents, is deafening and disheartening. The stewards and waiters walk on the sides of their feet, and plank down the right dish in the right place with a precision that is supernatural. Each of the eight tables is provided with racks, which keep the plates from sliding way across, but do not always prevent their coming together, and depositing in one's lap a pleasing variety of soups, ice-water, and hot gravies. But in the staterooms the greatest misery is experienced. A state-room has no free walls. Opposite the two berths is a lounge, which can be made into a third berth. To sit on this lounge, and to be thrown to the opposite side, with the skin of your advanced leg scraping the under edge of the lower berth, and your head smashing against the upper berth, is a sensation I have experienced about eleven hundred times in the past week. When I went alone, I didn't mind it so much ; but to have Mrs. Bailey avalanche atop of me, and with her weight increase my momentum, has almost made me swear. Any boy who is striving for a prize on the grounds of a strictly upright life should forego the pleasure of seeing Europe until after he has got his prize.

And so we have been tossed about, and bumped and bruised, for seven long days and nights, until every bone aches, and every muscle is stretched to its utmost ten-

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sion, in the constant effort to maintain a balance. Five times have I gone to my stateroom and found Mrs. Bailey wedged under the lower berth, where she had been thrown by a sudden lurch of the vessel; and for two hours after each occasion she refused to speak. This is rather remarkable, I believe—in a woman.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH RELATES TO THE ARRIVAL IN EUROPE.

The last day of a long ocean voyage is signalled by feverish expectation. I shall never forget the night before our arrival at Queenstown. We had expected to sight land all the afternoon; and, as night closed upon us, each one on deck strained his eyes in the direction he had decided land should appear.

Then the wind changed to the head; all the sails were taken indoors, and we steamed through the rolling seas and an intense fog. It was an excitable evening to the passengers; and I imagine the fog and the proximity of a dangerous coast made the sail a matter of interest to the boat people. With a few others I remained on deck till after midnight, hanging on to the sails and ropes, or breaking some of my bones against things I didn't know the name of.

In the morning I awoke to find the vessel in a still sea. It was a still sea; but there was no land in sight. The vessel had stopped, and the fog permitted us to see several small pilot-boats about us.

There was an animated conversation going on between Capt. Haines, of "The Abyssinia," and a short-necked, red faced scoundrel in the pilot-boat near us. The pilot-boat had given us its rope, but was afraid to come up alongside, under the impression that the ponderous "Abyssinia" might step on it. The morning air was rent by the contending voices; and, as neither party appeared to know what the other was saying (which is really not necessary in this country), an indescribable charm was added to the scene.

The pilot finally consented to be drawn aboard of our boat, and we steamed away again. Then we went down stairs to breakfast, and discussed the probabilities of the landing with an excellent bill-of-fare. After breakfast we went back to the deck, and were almost immediately electrified by the bold outlands of Queenstown Harbour. We could see the green fields, the earthworks, the hedges, and the trees. Every object that went to make up the dear sight was scrutinized most intensely.

We moved by and into the bay; but none of us took our eyes from the land for one instant.

There had been a time when it had seemed that the waste of troubled waters was to forever accompany us; that the land which we had so gladly left was never again to greet our sight.

But here was the glad earth before us; not a myth, not a dream, but the dear, solid land, with its cobble stones, pitch-holes, and fever and ague.

Not a living soul on board of that vessel thought to inquire what kind of land it was.

I was glad of it.

The custom-house tender came out from Queenstown to meet us, and took the mails and several passengers and their luggage. This was the first perceptible fracture in the social fabric nine days of sea-life had reared.

Next to a sight of land, the greatest surprise was the sudden appearance of the male passengers in high silk hats. To have men, whom you have seen every day, and every hour of the day, for ten days, in low caps or rumpled soft hats, appear in high hats, is to work a transformation that is most exciting. I haven't had anything work me up to such a degree since the surrender of Cornwallis.

Singularly enough, although we had made the acquaintance of these people within a week, and had no reasonable prospect of ever seeing or having anything to do with them in the future, and knew nothing whatever of their past, there was a tinge of regret at their going. We looked over the boat at them as they took their departure, and waved what was handy as long as they were in sight; and then we moved on to Liverpool.

In the evening, with the fog and moonlight struggling in the air, we promenaded the deck, sang our songs, told over our plans, and dreaded the morrow,—the morrow that was to break us up, and scatter us all over a continent.

One of the sad episodes of the evening was my borrowing a knife from a smoker of plug tobacco to peel an orange for one of the ladies.

At six o'clock the next morning we reached the harbour of Liverpool.

Two custom-house boats came off for the luggage and passengers. The former was taken into the lower cabin, and the latter followed after,—both for inspection. I had heard of the custom inspection at foreign ports, and had come to have a wholesale dread of the ordeal. I hurried down the—the companion-way, I believe they call it, with a hundred others, and waited and watched while the uniformed *posse* went about among packages, scrutinizing the contents of the owners. A New York friend, with his own

and the luggage of several lady friends, passed safely through the examination in five minutes after the beginning, and was up on deck, looking for a light, inside of another minute. Being open to hints, and finding the dingy darkness and the crowded condition of the lower cabin unbearable, I slipped a shilling into the hand of one of the inquisitors; and a moment later my luggage was passed, and I was also on the deck, looking for a light.

From "The Abyssinia" we were transferred to the tender; and a half-hour later were deposited on land, which we pressed most affectionately with our feet.

It was Sunday, and its city was very quiet. As we drove through the streets, we watched each building and face with a fervour that was complimentary to the former but was hardly enjoyable to the latter.

We never hear of Liverpool unless in connection with commerce of a cosmopolitan character. It has no specialty in trade to fasten it on the mind of the general reader; it has no antiquities; it has no history. There is nothing about this place in common with the country of which it forms a part; and to the tourist it is simply a landing-place.

CHAPTER III.

GIVES A FIRST VIEW OF LONDON.

That London differs in all important and in many unimportant features from the metropolis of America is a fact that grows upon the visitor, and the degree of his sense of the fact is proportionate to his stay in the city. This impression would be received the moment he drove through its streets, if he came direct from New York to it; but he first lands at an English-American town, where the contrasts so blend, that the distinguishing lines are dulled to his comprehension. He approaches London's characteristics through a gradation of sensations; and, on his arrival in the great metropolis, the only feeling of surprise he experiences is at the absence of all surprise.

If he is a close reader of history, he has already formed in his mind how London should look. He understands that Liverpool is essentially cosmopolite; and the small shock he feels on arriving there in no way affects his picture of London,—a city (and he repeats the reflection with unctious) that is one of the oldest in existence.

When he reaches London he is annoyed, as the prominence of its modern completely hides the vestiges of its ancient or historical features.

London, like Liverpool, is built of brick,—the same kind of brick too, only a trifle dingier if possible,—not the red brick we have in America, although that is profusely used in the country mansions, but a dull brown or yellow brick. The most of them are mottled with these two tints; but many are wholly yellow, or wholly brown.

In a new building the effect is more curious than gratifying; but a few months of the smoke they have here establishes a uniform tint.

An American is in time overpowered by the lack of architectural adornment in the buildings, and the consequent uniformity in their construction. The lack of variety and beauty is just as conspicuous in the streets devoted to the dwellings of the aristocracy as in the lanes of the working people.

Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen, is an immense building, but not specially attractive in its exterior.

Marlborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales, is a red brick structure; large, but in nowise remarkable, not even as a bonded warehouse in New York.

I have seen a host of finer railroad depot-buildings than is St. James's Palace.

I have always had my own ideas of a palace. Probably they corresponded with the ideas of others, and possibly they did not; but they rose immeasurably above square three-story buildings with flat roofs.

Reading of palaces has lost its charm for me for ever.

Those of the houses which are not of flat surface are of crescent-shaped front. All the roofs are of tile or lead. There are no shingle roofs to rot away and leak, and make the owner swear; and no tin roofs to turn the sunshine into a curse and annoyance, or keep you awake when it rains, thinking of tinkers' dams.

But the array of chimney-pots is calculated to absorb and astonish the stranger. In this department the English excel, and whatever of money or taste they have to spare is lavished on chimney-pots. Each chimney has two or more. They are of red, black, and white colours. They are made of the tile clay, and in variety of shapes are equal to the idiosyncrasies of a stove-pipe. They are all the way from two feet to ten feet in height. No family is without them.

The front door to every house has its letter-box. Nearly all of the doors are closed by spring-locks; and, in consequence, catching the skirts of your coat in the door in passing out is a most embarrassing proceeding, especially if the street is very public, and the housekeeper very deaf.

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I speak from experience.

I would respectfully call the attention of the American people to the fact that the knob is in the middle of the front-door. It is a stationary knob, and is valueless as a means of entrance, but is a comforting article to hold on to when immersed in thought. A man rarely attempts a second time to use it for any other purpose.

Each front door has a knocker, generally of iron, and quite frequently large enough to carry a boy into a circus, or buy five packs of fire-crackers. In addition to the knocker are two or more bells, the number depending upon the number of tenants in the building. In such neighbourhoods as that of the Seven Dials there are four-story buildings (formerly tenements), occupied by attorneys, undertakers, workers in metals, and other people, which have seven bells to the door. Those who can afford it have their names on a little brass plate to their bells, and their customers have no trouble.

Where opulence does not reign, the customer has an opportunity of trying all the bells, and bringing a variety of people down stairs before he hits on the right man.

This can never fail to improve the most indifferent mind.

Each door is not only always kept locked, but has its chain. You remember, of course, of "the clanking chain as the ponderous doors swung open, revealing a dark, crouching figure," &c. The chain is a chain without doubt, hanging listlessly down the door-casing, but looking as little like clanking as a pint of scup.

There are no window-blinds to the dwellings of London; but there is a profusion of lace curtains. It is a sad thing to think of a city of nearly four million people being window-blindless; but the curtains permit one to look out and see what the neighbour across the way has on, with a feeling of comparative comfort and safety.

The shops fairly boil over with plate glass fronts. They are not roomy nor elaborate inside; but their windows make the finest show of any shop-windows in the world. They are ablaze with goods arranged in most tempting ways. I came near to saying they are ablaze with light; but the better class of shops are not lighted at all just now, closing right after seven o'clock in the evening, thus giving the hard-worked clerks plenty of time to store their minds with theatricals and punch. The shops on the Strand and similar second-class avenues blaze away until nine o'clock. The cigar-shops, chop-houses, and many of the fish-markets, keep going all the while, I guess, as I have found them open, and inclined to

be sociable, as late as an hour after midnight; and a man who doesn't shut up business at midnight will never get another such opportunity.

I have said the shops close early. It is a lamentable fact in this connection, that they do not open early. Go along any of the business-streets as late as ten o'clock, and you will find men and boys with coarse aprons before the shops, burnishing the brass plates, scouring the stone sills, and sweeping the walks; and, as late as eleven o'clock, the clerks and proprietors are arranging the goods for the day's display.

Every other store prominently announces the fact that it is doing business by "special appointment to H. M. the Queen," or "to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales."

Feeling an unquenchable longing one afternoon to see the Queen, I stepped into a shoe store which announced itself as attending to her shodding, and waited very patiently for an hour for her to call in "to see if that shoe was fixed;" but I did not see her. "By special appointment," &c., has stared me in the face at every turn; but I bore it uncomplainingly until I saw over a stovepipe-hat store the announcement "By special appointment to H. M. the Queen."

Then I caved.

By a careful and unbiassed calculation, I learn that there are at present administering to the various needs of Queen Victoria, 11,000 grocers, 2,150 stationers, 8,093 dry-goods merchants, 1,608 tanners, 16,040 butchers, 1,100 jewellers, 3,840 tobacconists, 243 hatters, 1,240 carriage-makers, 26,432 miscellaneous.

No wonder the country is in debt. But business is stimulated.

London is called a dingy and dirty city. The houses in London are dull in appearance, made so by the smoke from its thousands and thousands of chimneys. The humidity and weight of the atmosphere keep down the smoke among the buildings; and the smoke itself is most villainous in its nature, coming from a soft coal which is burned here, and which is similar to the coal used by our blacksmiths. *Dingy* seems a little too strong a term; but *dirty* is an emphatic lie.

London is far ahead of New York in cleanliness; and, were its buildings of the same cheerful hues as those of New York, it would be called just what it is—a marvellously clean city.

Its streets are not altogether broad or straight, but they are well paved. And yet that hardly gives you an idea of their excellent condition. But when I say well paved, I mean in this connection that they are as

smooth as a floor, as hard as marble, as free of ruts as the brow of Venus, and as clear of filth as is the character of an honest man. The system of sewerage is perfect—or, at least, it works to the satisfaction of everybody; and that, I take it, is perfection, or a very good substitute for it.

In addition, they are well lighted. In the more important thoroughfares a line of lights extends through the middle of the street, with a stone-post-guarded enclosure about each lamp—a sort of temporary city of refuge for the pedestrian who is fleeing before the impetuosity of the hurrying teams.

And then there is a policeman at every important crossing, who stands among the crowding and struggling cabs, buses, and drays, like—like (I forget the god's name) among the driving elements, and brings order and females out of chaos with a despatch that is most commendable.

CHAPTER IV.

RELATES ENTIRELY TO THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

The glory of England is its country. A grander scene than an English landscape cannot be found from sunrise to sunset. Its wonderful turf, which is everywhere; its fine variety of hill, plain, and dale, meadow, field, and forest; its broad white roads, its luxuriant foliage, its quaint, comfortable farmhouses, and its nestling red brick villages, form a picture that, for loveliness, surpasses any effort of the imagination.

The journey by rail from Liverpool to London is through an excellent country, and the traveller with any appreciation of nature and rustic art is charmed and delighted at every mile.

The glory of such a scene no pen, unless it is mine, can adequately describe; and to pass through its beauties, only to be swindled in the end by a red-haired cabman, is one of the saddest episodes in this vale of tears.

But the scenery of rural England is seen to the least advantage from a swift railway train. It is like looking into a beautiful kaleidoscope, turned by a boy, who thinks he hears a band in the street. Every impression is hardly set before it is obliterated by the next, and that immediately smothered by the succeeding, and so on.

But from the roof of a stage-coach the panorama is unrolled before the observer in all its loveliness, new beauties unfolding as the old are digested; and the pure air of the heavens and the fragrance of the fields and woods minister to the body while the mind is being regaled.

The railways have killed off the regular

coach-lines, but have not rubbed out from the English mind the remembrance of the comfort and pleasure they afforded; and so, in the last few years, sort of the gentry revived a coach-line from London into the rural districts, one of the points being Dorking, which Dickens made famous in "The Pickwick Papers." Here the "Marquis of Granby" still affords rest and refreshment for man and beast.

These coaches, exact patterns of their deceased ancestors, commence running on the 1st of May, and continue through summer.

To make the "illusion" the more perfect, they start from that old and famous coach-starting point in Piccadilly, the White Horse Cellar, and bring up at some equally aged and reputable hostelry in the terminal town.

And so the first day of May was an active and animated day in Piccadilly. All the reverencers of the stage-coach (and they are many), with scores of all classes—admirers of that noble animal, the horse—from the active newsboy up to the aristocratic member of the Four-in-Hand Club, assembled before the ancient White Horse Cellar inn, a little after nine o'clock that morning. The coaches were to start at ten, and the crowd were determined to be on hand in time.

Of Piccadilly you and I have often read. In the pages of history and other kinds of fiction it has figured frequently; but what sort of a place it was I never knew. In my mind it was associated with a variety of occurrences, whose characteristics I expected were in some sort of way stamped upon it, and by which it might be recognized at a glance. I did expect, or rather had a vague impression, that a sight of the place would recall all the occurrences ever associated with it, and bring them out with a vividness, the printed page was incapable of doing. Not Piccadilly in particular was to possess this virtue, but all the equally famous places.

Piccadilly is a street of course, a business street, with nothing but its name painted on the corners to indicate what it has been. This was a shock to me, and will be a shock to those familiar with London thoroughfares in connection with stirring and important events, but whose eyes have never rested upon their wondrous clean pavements, and rows of dingy houses and glaring shops.

The White Horse Cellar (its modern name is Hatchett's Hotel) is four stories high (very low stories); is built of brick (dark, muddy-looking brick); has no architectural pretensions; no swinging sign with a white horse prancing on three legs; no broad archway with a vista of coaches, carts, and

mock-frocks; no fat landlord, with a very red nose and a very bald head. The White Horse Cellar has none of these attractions. It is simply a dingy-faced building now; but once it had all of these features, and was the pride and glory of a score of Tony Wellers.

But never in its prime was the White Horse Cellar as busy and bustling and as cheerful as now. The sound of a horn is heard. The crowd away from side to side; and through the line thus formed, and up to the door of the happy old house, drove the Tunbridge-Wells coach, with its four fat and sleek steeds gorgeously harnessed, and adorned with flowers, while itself fairly shone with new paint and polished brasses. I knew everybody was excited; I knew it because I was a trifle inflamed myself. It seemed as if I could feel every hair on my head refuse to "sit down in front," while gallons of blood I knew nothing of heretofore rushed through my veins with a pressure that threatened to burst them.

A thousand pictures of the happy coaching-days of old crowded my vision, until my head swam to such a degree that I feared I would drop down in a fit, and be bled by an expensive surgeon.

But how excited everybody was! and how loud they laughed! It didn't seem as if they wanted to express any particular idea, but simply to yell, and get rid of the pressure.

That's the way I felt; and that's the way they felt,—I know by their looks. Heaven bless them!

I could have cheerfully given anybody a half-sovereign to have stepped on my foot, that I might have screamed.

But I rubbed my head for lack of other relief; and then felt of the horses and their harness, and peered into the coach, and up at the wide roomy seats on the roof; and then took hold of the wheels; and finally got down on my hands and knees, and looked over the bright and running parts; in which position I narrowly escaped being backed over by the coach itself, and losing some of my legs.

Heavens, what an ecstasy it all was!

Then the passengers who had booked the places having taken their seats, the whip, a fine gentleman in tight-fitting drab clothes, gathered up the reins, the boots gave a flourish with the horn, the people shouted (you ought to have heard my yell; but perhaps you did), and the stage and grand horses shot down the street; and the crowd closed around the new-comer, the Windsor coach, which, similarly equipped, and loading rapidly, also sounded its horns, and bore away

for Windsor Castle and its famous neighbourhood. These are the ten o'clock coaches.

An hour passes, and first of the coaches fixed for this time is the Guilford, which is greeted with a cheer as it awakes up to the door, and its splendid team champ their bits and toss their proud heads.

I was going on the Guilford,—going down into old Surrey on a three hour's stretch, with a fine English dinner at the end, and a glorious return-drive after a reviving smoke. I put my thumbs into the arm-holes of my vest, and allowed my chest to bulge somewhat.

Any impartial beholder could have told at a glance that I was either going on that coach, or owned it.

I had booked an outside place, the first seat back of the box, and in easy punching distance of the driver. I could almost hear my legs tremble as I climbed up to it.

I had hardly got settled, and was only half way through a triumphant glance over the crowd, when the cloths were removed from the backs of the impatient steeds. Col. Dickson gathered up the reins with deliberate ease, neither seeing the people, nor realizing (apparently) that they were trying to perforate him with their eyes, and engulf him within their extended mouths. The boots, sparkling with flat brass buttons, sounded the bugle most cheerily, the word was given and we were away.

Down Piccadilly we went at a sharp gait; the leaders, with their cocked ears and arched necks, running straight ahead to edify the people; while the heavier wheel horses brought along the coach. Through the crowd at the Wellington Statue, and into Knightsbridge, we moved along at an exhilarating gait, the people stopping on the walk to admire the gay turnout and the intelligent appearance of the passengers. Down Brompton Road, and amidst its full tide of vehicles, we bowled along without the least abatement of our speed, the horn of the boots clearing the way before us as effectually as if it had been a simoom loaded with vitriol. And so on, on, on, into Fulham Road, by gaping butchers, and admiring bakers, and envious grocers; the lethargic donkey-carts and gruff buses, and insolent cabs, and aristocratic drags, taking the side of the road with alacrity, while we passed through at a sparkling trot, and held on to the rail to keep our breath and senses.

By shops and homes, and terraces and garden-walls, and screaming children and smiling parents, we bowled along at the same exhilarating trot; the clinking of the animals' hoofs on the smooth flint road mak-

ing a mazio that filled our souls with delight, and our blood with needles.

And so on over Putney Bridge, with the lazy Thames rolling beneath, up the hill of Putney High Street, with its pretty cottages and terraced wilderness of flowers, and so out into the country—the broad, open country of rustic England.

And still there is no halting in the lively gait of the gallant beasts; no break in the steady, even click of their iron hoof on the hard flint.

We are out of the crowded thoroughfares now, and beyond the supervision of the city's vigilant street commissioners; but the road is still broad and white, and hard and smooth; and wherever it may lead—over common or across heath, up hill or down dale, by field or by park—it will still be broad and white, and hard and smooth.

What a wonderful road is the English highway, to be sure! what astonishing prodigality of ground in the midst of an overcrowded territory! Why, all America, with its thousands of square miles of idle land, cannot boast of an artery like this; nor, with all its capital and labour, has it yet succeeded in keeping a highway in such perfect order.

How broad and smooth it is as it stretches before us! how even and green is its marvellous turf, that belts each side of the carriage-way, whose white line cuts through its shining green as straight and sharp as ever the gravelly way cut through the turf of a model garden! In all the space of its flinty surface, from London down to Guilford town, there is not a rut sufficiently large to hold the purse of Lazarus.

We are running across Wimbledon Common now, where Her Majesty's troops make a pleasure-day for other people by making an uncomfortable one for themselves, and where there is the line of an ancient entrenchment dating away back in the unhealthy fog of the Roman age.

Wimbledon Common is wild grass, gravel-pits, and yellow blossoming furze, where sheep and bad boys gambol away the precious time.

Putney Heath, near to has many features in common, excepting that it is heavily dotted with sombre firs instead of bilious furze.

How clear and beautiful the air is out here in the country! We left the smoky and hazy atmosphere when we left the pavement; and now the sky is blue again, and the air is laden with the odour of lilac, hedge and meadow-land.

Down into old Kingston, and through its ancient market-square, with the carts and people standing and looking as they did

centuries ago, undoubtedly, we rattled along—the bugle's lusty strains clearing the street, and filling the windows—and drawing rein at the venerable hostelry of the Horn and Bell, in whose archway stood the smiling hostler and the change of horses, the passengers descended, and stretched their legs, while a fresh team were put in, and the jaded beasts trotted up the paved way to the stables.

I gazed hungrily at the Horn and Bell. This was something like I had read of, but not quite; although I imagined I detected in the loungers who were now helping to put in the horses an excellent counterfeit of the loungers who moved to a similar service a hundred years ago.

But we were off again in a moment, and the clicking hoofs and musical bugle sounded as before.

On the right of us lay the Thames; beyond, the trees of Hampton Court (that former residence of royalty), and the Park of Bushy, with its wonderful array of chestnut-trees; on the left were the old street-front, its gentry homes, paved lanes and courts, and staring people.

Out again into the country we flew, by a gentleman's park, ivy-covered cottage, lodge, and country church. We dipped down into dells, and rose gradual hills, and sped across level ground, with noble trees, and velvety turf, and finely-trimmed hedges on both sides of us. We passed the plodding donkey-cart and heavily-wheeled farmer's waggon, and the spruce carriage of the land-owner, taking a brief glance at each, but looking most at the grand scenery and the little quaint houses, with their tiny panes of glass, their red-tile and gray-moss roofs, their green-embowered porches, and paling-enclosed gardens; and here and there a long, rambling inn, of white wrinkled walls, and bowing roof, with lattice windows, and paved court, and thatched stables, and an array of pewter mugs, whose bright polished sides were dazzling in the sun's rays.

On to Cobham we rushed, and up to the front of its hostelry, gray with age, and with the moss of centuries clinging to its walls; and here we changed horses again, and smiled agreeably down into the round eyes of the villagers; and then we were off again, across Cobham Common, Whistley Heath, by cottage and mansion, park and farm, hedge and brick wall, to Ripley.

The moment we struck the paved high street of this venerable place, it seemed as if an instantaneous and radical transformation had taken place, and we were put back to the sixteenth century, with the bustle and hurry and new-fangledness of the nineteenth

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century, but the memory of an ill-starred dream.

Years and years ago the old inn before hich we are now changing horses was amicus as a coaching-place. As gaily as trot the new relief through the cobbled way to-day, so trotted horses that have passed to ashes long ago; and as proudly as step the hostlers to the pole this day, so passed the hostlers whose bones have been so long crumbled into nothing, that no living person remembers the time.

There is no change to its walls or its roof, or its halls or passage-ways, and perhaps none in the low-ceiling tap-room, whose burnished pewter mugs may have shone as brightly in the eyes of the wearers of knee-breeches and doublets, as they do now in the eyes of the rustic owners of smock-frocks, corduroy breeches, and hob-nailed shoes, whom we see about us. What a rambling old structure it is! what a monstrous high roof! what curious gables and quaint windows! what a capacious stable-yard, whose coarse pavement is flecked with moss, and fringed with grass! what low door-ways! what curious nooks and crannies are visible everywhere!

Can it be possible that London, with nearly four millions of active and energetic people, is within twenty miles of all this mildew?

We rattled out of Ripley as gaily as out of Piccadilly; and in a moment the quaint, antique, low-browed, white-walled houses were out of sight, and in another moment we were again engrossed in admiration of lawn, hedges, red brick gables, parks, and bright fields of an English landscape.

We fairly thundered down High Street in old Guilford, just as we have read of royalty and highwaymen thundering into the ancient place. I don't know that the pavement is any different from that of other English towns; but I expected a noise as we came in at the head of the street, and I got it; we were almost deafened.

We went down at a spanking gait, however; and the bugle sounded as merrily as ever a bugle could sound on a May-day. The owners of the shops, and the pedestrians on the walk, stopped to watch us. The dress of the people was the only difference between this and the arrival of a coach on any week-day in the dim past. Here were the heavy pavements, the odd shop-windows, the projecting upper floors, the lattices, the pointed roofs of tile, of two hundred years ago. The sun had changed more in that time than the scene it was now shining upon.

I was so full of olden memories, and ap-

preciation and enjoyment, that it seemed as if I should split open, and permanently cripple innocent people.

We drove up to the White Fawn, where we were to have dinner; and, diving through the eager crowd of good Guilford citizens who gathered to look at the London coach, we were met by a waiter, and escorted up a broad, crooked staircase, and through a musty passage, to a wainscoted bedroom, where we made a hasty toilet.

After that we had a grand dinner before a fireplace wide enough and high enough for an American hotel clerk to warm himself by.

CHAPTER V.

GIVES MORE DETAILS OF LONDON.

What is here called "the city," and what was originally London, is a very small space in the city of to-day. From what I had read of it, I judged it lay in the very geographical heart of the metropolis, and was very difficult of access. My sole fear in coming here was that I might get to a hotel in "the city," and rarely see the outside; or be lodged outside, and never see "the city."

The city is now thoroughly devoted to business purposes; that is, banks and cigar-stores. It is down by the river, the damp Broadway of London, and is to this metropolis what the City-Hall and Wall-street neighbourhood is to New York,—a section of ill-defined and invisible limits. The tourist who has but two or three days in London should get a hotel as near to the city as possible; about Charing Cross, for instance.

There are many places in London with which the general reader is acquainted, but which he never saw. It is natural that we should form in our own mind an idea of the geographical and architectural feature of the places and scenes and incidents we read about. The impressions are instantaneous but vivid, and last through all time, unless we are so fortunate or unfortunate as to see with the physical eye that they are incorrect, which they rarely fail to be.

What was called a road when it really was a road through open country several hundred years ago retains its name, although its nature is completely transformed. The same of the lanes.

When St. Martin's church was built, the location was in the open country between the cities of London and Westminster, and it was called St. Martin-in-the-fields. It is so called now, although hemmed in by crowded streets, with the fields and daisies miles away.

St. Giles-in-the-Fields is another well-preserved misnomer. It rears its dingy and

smoky front in the somewhat doubtful and oppressive neighbourhood of the Seven Dials.

The hills are not quite as ambiguous as the fields and lanes; but Holborn and Ludgate Hills—both familiar names to the reader, and now crowded thoroughfares—are so vague as to require the aid of a policeman to find their ascent.

The lanes and streets are more intricate than the monthly statement of the United States Treasury. Owing to London being a combination of many parishes, boroughs, and towns, the names which they individually applied to their streets are, in many instances duplicated; and the conservative tendency of the English has led them to retain them, rather than make the change which the case actually demands. Consequently, we have several High-streets, several Broad-streets, and several of many other names, scattered over the city, and causing the stranger to carry on like a pirate. The confusion is enhanced by streets with several names to each, and by the process of numbering the houses, which is the most hilarious abandonment of system ever witnessed.

A street will begin with one name, drop suddenly into another, flop abruptly into a third, and turn completely over into a fourth, and so on.

There is the Strand, for instance. From Charing Cross to Temple Bar it is the Strand; beyond the Bar it is Fleet-street; then, it becomes Ludgate Hill; then St. Paul's Churchyard (cheerful name for a street); then Cannon-street; then Eastcheap (whatever that means); and finally Great Tower-street, where its checkered career, like that of many a human being, is ended by the Tower of London. This is the one bright ray in the dark history of that structure.

But, in the numbering of its houses, Londoners have achieved the greatest success. You will frequently find the first and last number on a street directly opposite each other. This apparent impossibility is easily performed by numbering first on one side of the street, and then back on the other side. Let us suppose a case. You want No. 840 on Great Christopher-street. You find one end of that avenue, look up at the number of the first house, and learn (as you are sure to do nine hundred and ninety-nine times in every thousand searches for the highest number) that it is the first number—No. 1. "Thunder and lightning!" you exclaim, and at once put up the street at a lively gait, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping straight ahead, and thinking only of the fact that you have to pass four hundred and twenty houses before reaching your number.

By the time you have gone nearly that distance you are suddenly confronted by a wall of buildings ahead, and flatter yourself that the journey is at an end. You look up to the nearest door, with the expectation that you are at 700 and something, and are amazed to see that you are barely half that, with but a few houses ahead of you. You hurry on with baited breath, searching every door with hysterical eagerness, only to find the expectation of some unravelling of the hideous riddle a baseless fabric. You reach the last house on that side: it is 420. You look across to the opposite side: it is 421. To the next: it is 422. You call a policeman, and tell him your trouble. He explains that the number, judging from surroundings, must be at the lower end of the street; and his information is not exactly like the trickling of crystal waters over mossy rocks, but it is knowledge, and knowledge is power; and you knock your head against a post, and pick up your weary and perspiring legs, and start on again. When you stand before 840, and find that it is exactly opposite No. 1, the language with which you clothe your ideas fits better than it looks.

London overflows with courts that seem to commence nowhere, and end somewhere near there.

Many of them are so narrow, that people leaning from the opposite windows can clasp hands. It takes a pretty good reach; but the inhabitants of those places are good on the reach.

There are lanes, with a roadway just wide enough to accommodate one waggon, with bustling business-places lining each side of the way. These quaint thoroughfares have been in existence for centuries; but the pavements are as clean as the day they were laid down.

Londoners, like all the rest of the English, are fond of titles. If they can't make a display on their front-doors, they do on their envelopes. How many times I have pondered over the complicated addresses, and wondered if the coming man would understand them!

We have James Jones, 16 Blood-street, North Court, Pineover Square, Great Mercer Road, E.C. (East Central District), London.

It is well to mention North Court, as there may be other Blood streets in the city; and they speak of Pineover Square to show that the special North Court in question is not any other of the North Courts. Great Mercer Road is thus mentioned to protect Pineover Square from being confounded with the Pineover Square elsewhere; and the whole is clinched by E.C. beyond all possibility of loss in the maze of the W.C., S.E., &c.

Among other things the stranger notices is the substantiality of every thing but the breakfasts at the boarding-houses. The Englishman is not ostentatious to a degree that is offensive in the matter of adornment; but he is solid and substantial in whatever he builds. This is first evident in the carriages, cabs, and drays which throng the streets and parks; unless you are in a crowd, when the first indication of his great body and weight is indicated in his hobnailed shoes. I don't mean to say that every Englishman wears hobnailed shoes; but enough of them do to satisfy and convince you.

There are no spider-webbed carriage wheels here, no gaudy colouring of the boxes, no wafer springs. Everything is stanch, plain but rich, and awful solid.

I would as soon think of being run over by a steam roller as by one of their one horse carriages. There are no buggies, no Brainards, no phaetons, no coal boxes, but dog-carts, drags, and coaches.

Some Englishmen cannot afford a whole horse; so they do with a pony instead. The wandering and reflective tourist is surprised by the abundance of little ponies which he meets hitched up to carts three times as big as themselves, and drawing around people who will probably die of dropsy.

Once in a while you come across something familiar; the one thing in particular is the placarding of dead walls with advertisements. One of my objects in coming to Europe was to get rid of such defamation; but here it is carried on with all the vehemence a depraved nature is capable of. In this connection it strikes me rather oddly, that while the advertisements in the daily papers are crowded into small space and solid type, like the dreary array of sheriff notices in a territorial paper, those in many of the weeklies are displayed to a degree that is absurd, especially on the titlepage.

The name of Tom Hood's paper is "Fun;" but, to an unimpassioned observer, it looks very much like "Eppes' Cocoa."

Men dressed in grotesque rigging of an advertising nature are not allowed here to scare horses, and offend fastidious tastes like mine; but you can see numbers of them parading up and down, with announcement boards carried in front. They are not allowed on the walks, however, but must confine their stroll to the gutters. They are paid fourteen-pence *per diem*, and rarely lose a day through dyspepsia.

There are occasionally buildings to let here, of course. It is not wholly a land of antiquity and hoary frost: there is change about, I am sorry to say. ~~GRABON~~

Moving about town, you come across announcements of rent, leading off in this mild and humble manner: "These commanding premises," "This most noble mansion," "This majestic corner." "These lovely floors," &c.

Also there are occasionally new buildings, —the most of them going up on the old plan, just as their forefathers would have done it. When you see a new stone building (when you do, remember), you see something that involuntarily moves you to tears. The stone is of a streaked, yellowish brown tint,—such a tint as rusting and weeping iron imparts to marble; and, to a stranger who has a guide-book in every pocket, it is a spectacle that sends the hot blood flying to his head, and makes every nerve tingle. It looks like a building dug out of an ancient peat-bed; and how often have I seen new Americans leaning up against them and crying, and the policemen hustling them away!

There is plenty of weather in London, but no stoves. The absence of stove stores is so conspicuous, no one from America can help noticing it. I spoke to an Englishman about it, and volunteered to mingle my tears with his; but he said,—

"No stove shops? Oh, my, yes! Plenty of them; plenty of them. Oh, oh, oh, my! —oh, my, yes! Plenty of them; plenty of them. Oh, yes, indeed!"

That's the way an Englishman talks, especially if he is an Englishwoman. He is very fond of interjections, and always gives a rising inflection to the last word of the sentence. The representative Englishman is an altogether different-looking person from the representative American; but the masses of both sides would blend well in features and dress. But no amount of study and practice will enable an American to talk like an Englishman. There is where an Englishman has the advantage of us, thank Heaven!

But I have seen no stove-stores, nevertheless. At the International Exhibition, in a department devoted with a flourish to stoves, I found two sickly specimens of cook-stoves, but any number of towering ranges and gorgeous fireplaces. Every room in the London house is provided with a fireplace; also with a hollow sheet-iron guard or fender in the front; also with a pair of ponderous tongs, a long poker, and a long-handled shovel. The last three articles stand up at the sides of the place. I am very particular in mentioning this fact, as it has made a deep impression upon me. A stove is bad enough to manage, especially when there is an obstinate clinker in the grate, and you

have got on a pair of tight pants; but I think a pair of long-legged tongs, with a poker and shovel to match, are calculated to drive a man further into insanity than a stove.

I am quite confident I never approach the fireplace without knocking down all of these articles. Perhaps it is the poker first, and that trips up the shovel; and, in trying to save them, I become entangled in the tongs, and down they come on the sheet-iron surface of the hollow fender, making a crash that is exasperating beyond all power of description.

The entertainment is beginning to pall on the taste.

The English mind is strongly conservative, and does not take kindly to change, unless it is small change. The youngsters are conspicuous for jackets, broad linen collars, and high hats, just as the youngsters of America were similarly conspicuous twenty-five years ago, and even beyond that time, without doubt. The men dress pretty much as we do, with the exception of the head-gear. They wear but two kinds of hats—the stiff round crown, and the high hat, or “silky.” The great variety of soft hats are not known here. In fact, I have seen but one soft hat since I came to London outside the shop-windows, and but very few there. The “silky” is almost exclusively worn by the better classes and cabmen, and the round crown by the others. There are no caps to speak of. The gentlemen dress in good taste; but the ladies—

Would to Heaven some other pen would make known the humiliating fact, that, in taste in dress, the English woman is far behind her American sister!

Many of the garments worn by the English ladies were the American style a year ago: and I contend most earnestly that a seal-skin cloak with a linen dress, or heavy muff and victorine, with a summer silk, are not the acme of good taste; and yet I have recently seen these combinations on the fashionable streets and promenades.

Some of the ladies who occupy the Hyde-park carriages, with liveried coachman and footman on the box, are actually dowdyish in their appearance.

The English woman is not as handsome as the American woman. But I do not know as she claims to be. More handsome women can be seen in one evening on Main Street in Danbury, than in an entire afternoon on fashionable Regent Street in London.

I venture to say you will see ten “country-looking” belles in the boxes of a first-class London theatre, where you will find

one in the boxes of a theatre in any American city of fifteen thousand population.

The pictures of women to be found in the English illustrated paper, give, you will remember, an expression of languid refinement that I have often admired, and which is so uniform in the prints, that I knew I should recognize an English woman the moment I saw her.

No one can imagine how grieved I am to record the fact, that the expression of the illustrated woman is a rare exception; the finest-looking women are to be found among the poorer classes. But, of the two, the English woman is far the healthier. Her red cheeks are the gift of nature: they are not store cheeks. And it is not a dead colour, like that of the buildings, but a clear, deep colour. It is not confined to any one particular class; but it is the common heritage of all. I can never forget those red cheeks: I shall never want to.

The London policeman attracts the attention of the tourist at once. He is dressed in a blue uniform, as are ours; but he is rendered noticeable by a stiff wool body helmet, which he wears in place of a cap or Panama hat. We may laugh at the “rigging;” but we must respect the efficiency of the force. But few crimes are committed here, as the lean police records affirm; and an execution a year is the average. P.S.—The emotional insanity dodge is not practised; and they convict, do those English juries, where there is a living chance.

There are two other uniformed classes which attract the eye. One is the ever-busy shoeblack, in red shirt and banded cap, who has always one hand pointed reproachfully at your soiled shoes, and the other applied respectfully to his cap. They are an organization of their own; and each member has his stand, and pays for it according to its importance. The charge for blacking a pair of shoes (no one wears boots here) is one penny, or two cents in our money.

I learned these facts from one of the band, whom I inundated with a couple of pennies for the information. He winked to himself on the receipt. He probably thought I was a second Peabody dropped down upon London by a beneficent Providence.

The other uniformed class is the soldiery. With their red coats, and paper-collar box caps resting on one ear, straight backs, retiring shoulders, and jaunty cane, necessarily make them conspicuous on all the thoroughfares. Their straight spines are abominable; and the elaborate parting of their back hair and swagger are an offence in the eyes of the wayfarer.

CHAPTER VI.

GIVES AN OFF-HAND VIEW OF PARLIAMENT.

A few days ago I made application to a member of the House of Commons for permission to witness a session.

I received a prompt answer, requesting me to be in waiting in St. Stephen's lobby at five o'clock that afternoon, where the writer would meet me, and "put me through." He didn't use that phrase exactly; but that was the substance of his note. Knowing it would not do to trifle with the time of a member of so illustrious a body, I was on hand promptly to the hour, in the central hall, so called, where two policemen guarded the hallway to the House. I explained my errand to one of the officers, and was told I would have to wait there until the member came out, as the House was already in session.

I found others in waiting, and new faces constantly arriving. Some effected an immediate entrance; others were interviewed briefly by members with whom they had made engagements; and the rest wandered around as I did, and felt of the mouldings.

Sir Charles Dilke, the member to whose courtesy I am indebted for the view of the House in session, would be, when he got around, the first knight I had seen. I am not much used to titled personages, my knowledge of them being obtained entirely through prints.

With the imagination thus left to itself, and being blessed with an imagination that never knew a day's sickness, I very naturally constructed a party worth seeing.

Common sense teaches us all that a member of the nobility is but a lump of human clay fashioned on models common to our seeing, but, unconsciously ignoring the teachings aforesaid, we find our mind imbued with a being who shows traces of nobility in his very step and bearing, whom no density of human crowd could hide from our vision.

Am I exaggerating this mental weakness? Let us see. Can you conceive of a bow-legged duke? Or is it possible for you to locate a pimple on the nose of a viscount? And no one, however diseased his imagination, ever pictured a baron with an ulcerated leg, or conceived of such a monstrous impossibility as a cross-eyed duchess.

No, my dear reader, the imperfections of the masses have never been associated with the title; and, however radically practical are the teachings of common sense, the ignorant fervor of the imagination has made the deeper impression.

And so I was very soon to see a knight.

I was pencilling my name and address, with other information, on the calf of George the Third's leg, when one of the policemen shouted the name of Sir Charles Dilke. "Now," thought I, "he will come when he hears that." The policeman shouted again. I looked at him very attentively, wondering where he thought Sir Charles was,—on the roof or in the crypt. Again he screamed. Then his eyes suddenly lighted on me, and an immediate change came upon his face.

"Oh! there you are, are you?" he inquired with some disgust. "Why didn't you answer when I shouted?"

"My name ain't Dilke," I indignantly protested. "My name is"—

But I was cut short by a well-built gentleman of apparently thirty-five years, with a pleasant expression of countenance, who advanced and made himself known, and asked me to follow him.

And I followed him by the policeman, and along the hall. This was Sir Charles, a *bona fide* knight; and I examined his appearance with engrossing interest.

He was a well-built man, as I have said, but ordinary appearing. He might have been a rural lawyer or school-teacher; but he was a knight. And all the while he was going ahead, and all the while I was following after, I tried to clothe him with a lance and shield and helmet, and fell back from the task exhausted.

In the lobby he bade me good-bye, and went back into the House; and I climbed up the stairs, and came out into the galleries, and took my first look at the House of Commons in session.

It was not, to first appearance, a large apartment. There were galleries at the side, and one at each end. That over the Speaker's chair was devoted to shaggy-headed and bald-headed men called reporters. The opposite end gallery was devoted to the quiet and patient sight-seers.

The first glance showed me that the entire place was of polished oak, which gave it a sombre appearance. Then I looked down upon the commoners. They sat in pew-seats arranged like gallery-seats, in tiers one above the other, from the middle aisle to the wall, on each side. In a heavy oaken box with gorgeous roof, at the upper end of the aisle, sat the Speaker, in a fainting condition, apparently, from the enormous wig of wool on his head. In front of him, in the aisle, sat three men in gowns and wigs. In front, to the right of him, sat the conservatives, tiered up there in gloomy array. Opposite them were the fiery Radicals, similarly tiered. Each man, when occasion requires,

can rest himself by bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front,—all but the occupants of the front or lowest seats, who have nothing in front of them.

The atmosphere below us was smoky ; and through the hazy canopy appeared the statesmen of educated and aristocratic England, with uncovered heads and crossed legs.

The smoke, the lounging and careless attitudes of the members,—wearing their hats, and carrying, in a great many instances, their hands in their pockets,—reminded me so forcibly of a Western hotel bar-room, that for an instant I was benumbed, and could merely stare down upon the astounding spectacle, without the faintest attempt to understand it.

A Conservative was speaking upon a Bill for regulating registration of deaths. He had a poor voice, a faulty pronunciation; and spoke so low that only an occasional word could be understood in the gallery. I watched the reporters, equally distant from him, and having no earthly interest in the subject, and wondered what sort of a report they would make of his speech; but they scribbled on as uninterruptedly as though they heard what he was saying.

The speaker continued to sink down into the capacious folds of his chair, until he threatened to disappear entirely. Some of the members shoved their hands to the full depth of their trousers' pockets, and with hat-brims drawn down over their eyes, fell to thinking upon the condition of the country. Others simply crossed their legs, and picked their teeth meditatively.

Only one man listened. He was a Radical, and occupied the front-seat. His attention was explained when the Conservative occupying the floor sat down. Then he commenced talking rapidly, and reading harrowing statistics.

Several times during his occupancy of the floor some one among the Radicals distinctly said, "hear, hear."

There were other speakers. The light grew dimmer. "Aren't they going to light the gas?" asked my companion. I said nothing: I always do say nothing on such occasions. I think it looks profound.

Now there was a Radical talking. He was a slim man with hair frosted with age, and a very nervous face and quick voice. The moment he rose, various groanings—like shouts from a deep sewer, or the rumbling of a heavy vehicle over a distant bridge—ascended from the Conservatives. It was a protest against his taking the time; a sort of stoical, wooden opposition, as if the makers of it were doing it by the day. Not the least change of position, not the least show of

animation was visible where this rumbling ascended. The Radicals as stoically preserved their lounging as if the success or failure of their fellow was of no moment to them; and both acted as if the entire debate was a dreary farce, of which they long ago had tired.

When I first looked at the pews, and saw that the representatives of a great nation had no desk to put their feet upon, and spit under, I was sorry for them; but I am not now.

This keeping on of hats in the House of Commons was a greater shock to me than it ought to have been, with my experience of the English in assemblage.

The English, represented as being burly, suspicious, reticent, and stiff, are, on the contrary, a most polite people. I don't know as they are particularly cordial with strangers, and I cannot say that there are not Englishmen who are all that is above complained; but as a people they are emphatically polite. As a stranger in London, I have had occasion to make many inquiries, and, without a single exception, have received obliging answers. It is an Englishman's habit to look a trifle dissatisfied if he cannot give you the desired information.

All the tradespeople invariably say "Thank you," however trifling may be your purchase, or however hurried they may be; and quite frequently they say something pleasant about the weather. And one has only to see this London weather to understand how difficult it must be to say anything pleasant about it.

But the Englishman won't take off his hat where he can possibly avoid it. You will see him with it on in the theatre, public galleries, or elsewhere indoors, except at church. To an American, who instinctively takes off his hat in the presence of ladies, the spectacle of gentlemen seated with women, with their hats on, is a disagreeable sensation.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ENGLISH MOB.

Having now seen the Englishman in his more elevated phase, I desired to look upon him in a crowd; and the opportunity was presented in the reception by the city of the Czar of all the Russias.

I had heard so much of the English mob, and of its aggressive and offensive nature, that, while I determined to avail myself to the utmost to see all that could be seen, I also determined to be cautious of my person.

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and his distinguished company was from Buckingham Palace, through Charing Cross, and through the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street, to Guild Hall,—the ancient City Hall of London.

If you and I were going to see the Lord Mayor, we would proceed there in a cab or omnibus, get him down to the door, and tell him we were glad to see him, leaving him to embellish the proceedings as he saw fit.

But in this case the visit was a topic of enlivening conversation for a week before; and the preparation for the mile or so visit was as ostentatious as if the Lord Mayor was on top of a pinnacle in the heart of Africa.

Royalty has its drawbacks.

Several days before the contemplated parade, many of the shop windows on streets indicated in the line of march contained announcements of seats and windows to be let for viewing the procession. I say *many* of the shops; I ought to have said, nearly all of them.

And not only the shop windows, stripped of their gorgeous display, were to be for that day devoted to seeing the sights, as if in exchange for the months they had submitted to being the sights, but windows above were also placarded for the market.

Sunday being the day before, Saturday was devoted to preparing places for the flags and banners, and seats at the upper windows.

Monday morning, at daylight, I strolled the whole length of the route. In the Strand, with the street otherwise deserted, I found men sawing and hammering. Wherever available, a platform was erected and rented. Even churchyard gates were placarded with the price of admittance to their sacred precincts "for viewing the royal procession."

The shop windows which on Saturday night bristled with gold, precious stones, and the costly products of Eastern looms, were now stripped of their adornings; and impromptu benches, disguised with green or red paper, were taking their places, giving the thoughtful Englishman an idea of the feelings of his forefathers when Cromwell scourged the royal Stuarts.

In our country a holiday is made the occasion of extra attention to the show windows of the places of business along the route of the procession; but here it was the reverse. And yet both have the same object—gain. None of the business men of the Strand and Fleet street appeared to be too high-toned to rent his window for the accommodation of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

What astonishment I may have felt at this singular taste in the better class of shop-

keepers and business men was dissipated on inquiring the price of the sittings.

Front seats in some of the windows were valued at two guineas a head, or, at the present valuation of gold in the United States, nearly twelve dollars. If a man had a wife and four children, he might monopolize the entire front of the window during the passing of the procession for the trifling sum of seventy dollars. In some places the seats were four deep, the price lessening as the rear was gained. The lowest price for a front seat in a shop window was one pound (five dollars). In the upper windows the price graded with the floor—ranging from ten shillings to one pound for the first floor, six shillings to fifteen shillings for the third floor.

I didn't inquire any higher than the third. The farther a newspaper man goes in that direction, the less he feels at home.

At nine o'clock the people commenced to throng the streets through which royalty was to pass.

Fleet Street was almost dazzling with suspended banners and flags. There were several American flags. One of them was graced with fifteen very apoplectic-looking stars; another, as if frightened by the obesity of the other's constellation, appeared without any stars at all, the place intended for that portion of cotton astronomy being as blue and blank as the face of a defeated candidate.

At eleven o'clock the roadways were covered with gravel, the sidewalks were packed with people, all public vehicles were ordered from the route, and the side-streets sparkled with roving minstrels, gymnasts, Punch and Judys, and brass bands.

At twelve o'clock the crowd had most visibly increased. As far as the eye could see, on either side, were the dark masses of humanity, almost still now, for the jam was too great to permit of motion; and the specks floating to and fro up and down the roadway were gathered into the great lump by the efficient police, and the yellow gravelled way shone clear and bright in the sun.

To an American, used to a hot, blustering, and bewildered police, and a hungry, struggling, and offensive "independent" crowd, this throng of intelligent-looking people, standing quietly where they happened to be, and waiting patiently for the time and the procession to pass, the sight was a novel one; need I add, most grateful?

At half-past twelve the advance-guard of the procession appeared—mounted cuirassiers, with shining steel breastplates and helmets, and dancing plumes, mounted on

powerful horses, and swinging along at a sharp pace.

Next to them came several carriages, with coachmen and footmen clothed in cocked hats, and fairly smothered with gold lace. But they were covered carriages; and the occupants, ladies-in-waiting at court, were but imperfectly seen.

Next came dashing along another body of mounted soldiery; and rolling rapidly along after them were the royal carriages, open, and the occupants in full view. Next to the last carriage was the Princess of Wales, a pleasant-looking lady; but a host of as well-dressed and superior-looking women may be seen any pleasant afternoon in the carriages of Central Park. Please bear in mind that the average English woman, in court or tenement, is not handsome; and don't get excited.

But about the last carriage centred all the interest; and it was to this the dense mass of people on the walks and in the windows swung their hats and handkerchiefs. On the front seat sat the Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the British throne, and the Emperor of Russia; on the back-seat were his daughter, and her husband the Duke of Edinburgh.

I swallowed the Emperor in at one famishing gulp. He was a monarch, and the most mighty in the world; and it was a great gratification to me to see him in the flesh. But there were some disappointments.

He had on pants.

This surprised me. I don't know why it should; only that I expected he would look different from any one else. Perhaps I would have been more surprised if he had been without pants.

He also had on coat and vest, and looked every inch like a well-to-do banker rolling leisurely down to the bank in a carriage presented to him the night before by a circle of admiring stockholders.

That was all there was to it, excepting that the two princes were fine-looking gentlemen, and the Emperor's daughter was a pretty-faced girl of an American cast of countenance.

I was all over in a minute. Many of the people were so lost in admiration of the gold-laced coachmen and footmen, that they did not recover in time to note the royal personage.

The whole thing was over in a half-minute. All this travelling of the road-bed, the monopoly of the police, the hours of patient waiting by the populace, the days of preparation by the shopkeepers, were all for this brief half-minute of glory. How

tame and insignificant the whole thing looked!

The man who paid four guineas for himself and wife on a front-seat in a shop-window, helped his wife out of the door without much ceremony, and started direct for home, bumping up against everybody with inexplicable perversity, and finding that not a single article of his clothing fitted him in any particular. So much for a London mob.

CHAPTER VIII.

IS MAINLY DEVOTED TO DESCRIBING HOW TO GET ABOUT LONDON

There are three objects of desire to the London visitor. One is the Tower of London; another is St. Paul's Cathedral; and the third is Westminster Abbey.

There are three other objects he has to see, whether he wants to or not. These are the cabmen, the hotel proprietors, and the servants.

As it is absolutely necessary to see these last three before he can see the first three, I shall devote this letter to an honest, if not flattering, account of them.

The first Englishman the traveller meets is a burly and red-faced gentleman, with a big metal plate on his coat (front), containing a number, mounted on the back of a cab, or the front of a hackney-carriage.

He will grow familiar with this chap by the time he has been twenty-four hours in London.

He will find the race patrolling every back-street, or standing on every important thoroughfare; and he will come to look upon them pretty much as a man looks upon a dog who has suddenly and most unexpectedly snapped at his leg.

The reader will infer from these few remarks that there is something objectionable in the London cabmen; and he is right. But, while I am free to condemn the class, I am equally free to credit them with one cardinal virtue: they are not offensively familiar.

They are to be found at the depots; but they do not block the way, and scream at you until you are deafened and crazy. They do not mix onions with rum and tobacco, and scorch you with the dreadful simoom. They do not step on you, and jerk you off your feet, and jam your hat over your eyes. They do not pull off your coat and limbs, and distribute your baggage into five different packs.

They are in front of you, but not under you. They are to the right and to the left; but they open not their mouths.

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The moment you step out of the cars into any one of the capacious depots in the city, a railway porter asks you if you will have a hack, and if you have luggage he calls the hack ; and, with the assistance of the driver, loads your luggage, loads yourself, closes the door, and touches his hat to you ; and you are off in a jiffy, feeling grateful for the relief and attention ; while the porter stands on the platform, and curses you in the bottommost recesses of his heart for not giving him a sixpence.

Such is man when in health.

When you reach the hotel, "the cabby," as a hackman is here called, jumps down with alacrity, and, with the assistance of the hotel porter, disembarks your luggage and yourself, charges you three shillings and sixpence, and is off again with an expression of purity on his countenance that is irresistible. You have a vague impression of reading on a card inside of the hackney, that any distance of two miles or less is to be charged one shilling ; and you go into the hotel, regretting that you have not time to stand on the curbstone and give full play to your feelings.

It may be said that this system of extortion is common to all hackmen. Granted. But there are features of the London system which aggravate it far beyond the American process, and make it almost unbearable.

In the first place, this, until you become acquainted with the omnibus routes, is your only means of transfer about the city ; and your helplessness is taken advantage of. Secondly, you are an American, with the impress of your nativity so indelibly set upon you, that no hackman fails to take advantage of your ignorance of the ways and customs of the country ; and thus the American citizenship, upon which you have constantly, loudly, and almost offensively prided yourself, becomes a hated object to you.

After you have got into the hotel, and cooled down, you find some consolation in the reflection that you were so helpless, that no hackman could be blamed for taking advantage of you.

After this, however, you'd like to see 'em, accompanying the deduction with a movement of the fist indicative of the belief that you never will see them do it again.

There are hackneys and cabs : the former are four-wheelers, and the latter two-wheelers. The latter are designed for two occupants. They open in front, giving the rider a full view of the street ahead, while the driver sits on a perch at the back. They are much the pleasanter of the two to ride in ; but the pleasure is in a measure modified by the discussion, recrimination, and pers-

piration which invariably follow the settling of the fare.

With the four-wheelers one plucking appears to be enough ; and, once away from the depots, you are confident to be carried two miles in any direction for a shilling.

You take a hansom (two-wheeler) for a half-mile drive, and throw the driver a shilling. He looks at it in a perplexed and commiserative manner that is beyond all imitation, and asks,—

"What's this for ?"

You patiently explain to him. He says eighteen-pence is the fare. You protest that the distance does not warrant that charge. He is stubborn. You can force him, so the card says, to drive to the nearest police station for adjudication. But you are a stranger. He may drive you to the first police-station, and he may drive you over the nearest embankment.

You pay him a sixpence more, and curse the Government under which he thrives.

As long thereafter as you bear the mark of an American, so long will you be subject to the speculative tendencies of the hansom cab-driver. The shilling goes to his employer ; and the sixpence is laid up by himself for a rainy day.

It rains a great deal here.

When you have mastered the intricacies of the omnibus lines, travelling about the city becomes a genuine pleasure.

The English 'bus system is superior to ours, both as to the comfort of the passengers and the animals who draw them. On the box with the driver is accommodation for four persons. Running along the roof are two seats, back to back, reached by a ladder on each side of the door. Here and inside are sittings for a certain number of people, the number being conspicuously marked on the 'bus ; and, when this complement is made up, no more are taken. Consequently there is no treading on corns, or punches in the chest, by passengers unable to keep their feet.

Each 'bus has its conductor ; and the fares, plainly marked inside, are graded with the distance, the lowest being twopence, and the highest sixpence.

The favourite place for the masculines is on top of the 'bus, and the best place is on the box alongside the driver. I know of no better point from which to view the people than the box-seat of one of their 'buses.

And the driver is a character in himself. Being naturally of a confiding nature,—although you might not suspect it, looking at him from the walk,—he thaws quickly to the man at his elbow, and will volunteer bits of information, sentiment, and opinion, with

the greatest freedom. He is apparently a reckless driver, and so are all the English drivers; yet, with all my riding about, I saw but one collision, and that, being by a 'bus with a cab, was easily understood.

Between the 'bus-driver and the cabman there is a rancorous feeling of hatred, which is most grateful to all the senses of the traveller who has suffered at the hands of the latter, because the motive-power and wheels of the former are so much greater and heavier, that the utter discomfort of the latter is a sure thing in the event of their coming together.

I have sat on the box for an hour at a time, and heard the driver curse the "cab-bies," and crowd them out of the way, until it did seem as if my cup of happiness was running over and drowning people.

And then to see the wrath of the cabby as he takes himself out of the way of the ponderous and unrelenting wheels would make a dead man laugh, were he not otherwise engaged.

I cannot explain why this animosity exists between the two classes; but it does exist; and this fact should content us, without desiring to pry into its causes.

I use the term "cursing" unadvisedly, perhaps. We understand, by that, profanity; but the English are not given to "profanity." Whether this is because of there being no stoves here, or because of their religious training, I am not prepared to state. But they do not take the name of their God in vain. It is rarely you hear it done in London, or among the better classes anywhere in England. They are profuse with their "blasted," and "bloody," and "dom," but nothing more serious.

But they have a way of saying these, when in a hurry, that rarely fails of scaring the target, especially if that target is a stranger.

On the 'bus you will hear such pleasant admonitions as these delivered to people or teams in the way: "Come, now, where are you?" "Why there, blockhead!" "Look sharp, cawn't you?" "Don't go to sleep, old man!" and the like, all pronounced with a breadth of accent calculated to electrify the most stolid.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVING IN LONDON.

How to live while in London is certainly a matter of some moment. The claim, and it is neither rare nor unostentatious, that living is much cheaper in London than in New York, is without a vestige of truth to cover its naked and repulsive form. (Copyright secured.)

The European hotel system is much different from the American hotel system, as we all know; but the difference is not entirely in the way the meals are served. But of that anon.

There are four ways of living here,—the British-American hotel, the English inn, the boarding-house, and the lodging.

The first-named is American only in the particular of size. Believing that Americans want something vast, Londoners have put up several hotels to meet this want, and there stopped. And so we have ponderous halls, with nothing to sit down upon; colossal offices filled with baggage, void of settees, and enlivened by an occasional time-table; and massive sitting-rooms, all pillars and tapestry. There is a place to sleep, and a place to eat, and a place to shut yourself in and smoke,—as if smoking was a penance to be undergone in solitude and bitterness,—and that is all.

There is no bar (you drink in the smoking-room), no sociable sitting-room, no bustling and cheerful office, no place to lounge about in and chat. In fact, the British-American hotel is a huge sepulchre, about whose door there is no life nor animation. The guest has the pleasure of walking in marble halls, and there the entertainment ceases.

The clerk of the house is a woman,—a young woman, invariably dressed in black, with black hair and eyes, and a face suggestive of a severe attack of neuralgia. She is the same in one part of London as in the other, in Liverpool as in London; dresses the same, and looks the same. The singular uniformity makes you uneasy after a while, and fills you with an aching desire to return home.

What kind of a way is this, I would like to know, to play with travellers? It is taking a mean advantage of the chivalrous American nature to have his bills made out, and his wants snubbed, by a person he can't swear at.

The genuine English inn, of which there are very few in London, is much superior to the hotel we have just disposed of. Its prime object is comfort; and while its bill of fare is not exactly what we have been used to, yet the effort of its people to make everything pleasant and convenient is so apparent, that we feel as much at home as is possible for one to feel in a hotel.

The boarding-house is just what a boarding-house is anywhere, in one particular,—you pay so much a week for lodgings and meals. If you are away from meals, it is not deducted; if you are too late for a hot meal, and have a cold one served up to you instead, it is charged against you; if you have coffee

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or tea at dinner or luncheon, it is charged against you. The "extras" are a sort of electrical battery, which is turned on you every Saturday night, and makes you squirm in spite of yourself. The lodging is a sleeping-room to be obtained in any quarter of the city. The meals are served at the house where your room is, or you can get them from some neighbouring coffee-room. This is a favourite way of living here, both with the natives and visitors. The coffee or dining-rooms are numerous, but not so comfortable as are ours.

The "European plan" as it is understood in America, and the "European plan" as it is understood by Europeans themselves, has points of difference that are most frightfully conspicuous.

In the English city hotel you go into the coffee-room and give your order for the meal, and then wait until it is cooked. The bill of fare mentions simply the principal dishes attainable; such as fish, joint, and *entree* for dinner; for breakfast, cold or hot meats; for luncheon, the same as for breakfast.

Roast is the acceptable mode of preparing meat here, and you are bombarded with roast beef until you fairly hate to hear the name (this refers more especially to cold roast beef) Steak, measuring full two inches in thickness, is broiled around the edges very nicely. Fish and outlets are well cooked. These English are just as conservative in eating as in anything else they undertake and look not with friendly eyes upon innovation and variety. Their meals are hearty but plain, the principal ingredients being roast meat and ale or wine. Those who have tried the American bill of fare, with its wonderful variety of dishes, and "all the delicacies of the season," affect to despise it: they speak disdainfully of it as being "a mass of stuff in little plates," which, eaten or not, is paid for. Ah, Heavens! how I would like an opportunity to personally despise a few of those meals!

If you go into an American restaurant and order a plate of food, it is given you, with vegetable accompaniments, and bread and butter; if you order it at an English restaurant, you get just the specified dish of food, and nothing else. But you will find no difference in the price favourable to the English mode. If you want vegetables, you specify the kind and get them, and pay for each. If you want butter, that is also furnished you upon a notice to that effect, and promptly charged against you.

And both restaurants are conducted on the "European plan." What you order you get, and only that.

The abruptness with which the supply snaps off close to the demand is sometimes startling.

Their loaf-bread has a flavour to it difficult to describe. It is solid, but not heavy; queer, but not sour. They cut it up into square or three-cornered hunks, and serve it without butter; in which condition it is the most solemn article of food I ever saw.

The trouble with the bread is that its stale. Fresh bread, they claim, is not fit for the stomach.

I learned this by accident. Ordering a plate of bread and butter for tea, the landlady appeared to explain, with many apologies, that she had nothing but fresh bread in the house.

And so it was stale bread that I had been attacking the citadels of my life with, and driving my brain into chaos in the hopeless endeavour to fathom its nature.

I told the landlady to bring in a few slices of the fresh article, and we would try to worry it down.

I believe we did.

When the American leaves his native country to come to England, he leaves pie behind.

I have been to some of the print-shops to see if they have any pictures of pies; but I can find none.

They have photographs in profusion of the Royal family, and eminent men of Church and State; but the pie of my native land is forgotten. It is a negative, but not a photographer's negative.

On their tables they have tarts, compounded in a way similar to our pies, and baked in deep dishes. And thus they have rhubarb, gooseberry, and apple tarts; but they are poor substitutes.

I see plenty of cake in the bakers' windows; but I presume it is entirely consumed by private enterprise, as neither at the hotels nor boarding-houses do I find it on the table. They are wonderfully careful of the American digestion.

But they do have cauliflower; yes, I am quite sure they have cauliflower. If I am not greatly mistaken, they have it every day I feel safe in saying that one man will eat, in the course of a year, about four tons of boiled cauliflower. He will do it, unless he gets a pistol and takes the law in his own hands.

Living is not cheaper here than it is in the States. Board and lodging at the hotels is about three dollars a day in gold; at the boarding house, about twelve dollars a week. In neither of these quotations are the extras included; and they quite frequently amount to a third of the regular charge.

Most people rent rooms for lodging, and take their meals at the restaurant. In a respectable portion of the city a room costs from three to eight dollars a week, and the meals not less than fifty cents each. I don't know but that a single man can "grub around" at about eight or nine dollars a week; but the cost of taking in his clothes would about balance the saving.

CHAPTER X.

GOING TO THE DERBY.

I shall commence this at the beginning, and strive to write it calmly and coherently.

If I should let run the enthusiasm I feel; if I should grasp the pencil, with the blood jumping through my veins as it does jump when I think of that glorious event now scarcely twenty-four hours old, there would be no intelligible account of the grand carnival in this letter; but it would be a mere chaos of black and white, with no form nor comeliness; a perfect wreck; a simple newspaper map of the Chicago fire, as it were.

The opening of the London season, the coming of the Czar, did not crowd the great city to the same extent as did the day of the Derby.

Every hotel was thronged, and every lodging house full. The visitor who left his hotel accommodation till the day before found himself an unprofitable wanderer of the streets until the sun of Derby day arose.

At promptly a quarter-past eight o'clock that morning, myself and several friends reported at our booking-place; and taking seats on top of a pleasure van drawn by four good English horses, we drove down through Charing Cross, across Westminster Bridge and swung out into the current to the Derby.

It was a splendid day. A sharp rain in the night had laid the dust, cooled the fever of the earth, and moistened and refreshed every spear of grass, and every root and twig.

It was scarcely nine o'clock, and the particular race called the Derby (the foolish people here call it the *Derby*) was not to come off until nearly six hours later; yet the street through which we were passing to Epsom Downs was already alive with traps, and every feeding avenue was contributing to swell the current.

And such a current! There was the gaily-painted pleasure 'bus; the steady-going city 'bus; the dashing four-in-hand drag, with the passengers all outside, and the richly upholstered inside filled with hampers (baskets) of food for the stomach,

and jugs and bottles of food for reflection; the two-wheeled dog cart, with four occupants back to back; the two-wheeled car, like the half of a muskmelon-shell, with its four occupants face to face, and smiling like mad; the stylish barouche; the sober hackney-coach; the impudent and never-to-be-forgotten Hansom, with its Capt. Kidd at the back, and a pair of outraged victims in the front, holding up a basket of victuals, and yelling like demons; the steady-going one-horse chaise; the carriage of the aristocrat, with dumpy, gnarled, and grotesquely-jacketed postilions jumping along with features as immovable as the works of a cheap watch; the little pony phaeton; the quaint cart of the costermonger, with the costermonger himself, and the costermonger's wife and the costermonger's children, as boisterous a crowd as is on the street we are now cantering along at a lively pace.

There are other traps of different kinds with whose cognomens I have no acquaintance, but all looking clean and nice, and none worked up for the occasion, as is the case of our carryalls metamorphosed from dirt-waggons, and embellished with cheap-coloured paper.

The English gentleman thinks a great deal of his horse, and wants a trap that will bear him proper company.

We are getting out of the bustle and rattle of the city now, and are bowling along through little brick hamlets, by glorious hedges, brick-walled gardens, and staring but merry people.

Everybody knows it is the Derby, the great race day of England, and famous the world over; and everybody from far and near is going to Epsom Downs, or is here along the roadside, watching the thousands who are more fortunate.

We are out on the road now; and there are two streams of horses and traps pouring toward the race, but not a solitary trap coming the other way.

We have got the road all to ourselves; and from the top of our van we can see in both directions a moving black mass, with here and there a white dress or hat, or a coloured parasol, to relieve the darkness.

Along the roadside are hurrying pedestrians; and boys who turn somersaults, and disclose the wrong side of their pants, for the trifling sum of a penny from some good-natured party; and filthy-looking women, with dirty babies in their arms, begging, for the love of God, for a penny to buy food, and swearing like a trooper when the occasion required.

Here and there is a weary child, ragged and soiled, curled up on the cool grass, and

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fast asleep, dreaming of the glory that his little legs have failed to bring him to ; and by him or over him step the walking throng, hesitating not to "chaff" broadcloth and sauin, but careful not to disturb the sleep of tired rags.

What a grand impulse is this of a hurrying, giddy English throng to guard the slumber of a soiled and tattered waif ! And he is thus sleeping, unconscious of the haste, the noise, and the shrill gaiety passing about and over him, rests as quietly and retired as if on the roof of Schuyler Colfax's house. Miserable boy ! how can he be so happy under a monarchical form of government ?

I could not help but think, if he had been on a Yankee road, going to a Yankee race, the case would have assumed a different aspect. Even the recording angel would have some difficulty in accounting for him.

The farther we left London behind, the denser became the crowd of vehicles, and the more numerous grew the hampers and jugs. Facetious individuals with false noses and false whiskeys attract a torrent of observation ; and every one passing or being passed was screamed at, and screamed back again, until our faces were as red as a country schoolhouse, and our throats too sore to breathe through.

Here and there on the way was a public house, whose presence was made known by the momentary blockading of the road created by the teams turning up to its door ; and, rattling by them, we see all the paraphernalia of a boisterous crowd enjoying itself. Here are several traps unloading ; others spreading a lunch, or balancing bottles and jugs ; hostlers plugging the noses of the animals ; postilions running about ; people shouting and laughing their way in and out of the house ; negro minstrels making discordant uproar on inoffensive instruments ; and waiters, drivers, and passengers butting into each other, and trying to get into a rage, but ignominiously failing.

Pretty soon we came in sight of the railroad, and saw train after train, loaded to its fullest carrying capacity, shooting rapidly across the landscape, and on the way to Epsom.

It was noon ; but the people were not tired. Three full hours we had been on the way ; but there was no abatement of the spirit or chaffing.

Every odd man, every man with two women when he ought to have had but one, every man with no woman, every woman with a sunshade, every woman without a sunshade, everybody in general, everybody in particular, was chaffed.

It was a day when all England was demo-

cratic ; when no man became responsible for his language or actions, as long as he confined them within the bounds of decency.

To an American unused to such licence and have it legal, unused to such boundless good-nature in a mob and have it universal, the scene was most inspiring.

Being an American, I banged my heels into the roof of the 'bus, and laughed like a lunatic.

I was laughing like that when we came in sight of the Downs, the grand stand, the picketed carriages, the booths, and the bubbling confusion of a great concourse of people.

This was the racing-ground at Epsom—the Downs, so called.

From familiarity with a place through notable events connected with it, we are apt to ascribe to it features peculiar to the events in question, and which are not common to any other place.

Yet, after all, the Derby is but one race of many scores on a race-track. Epsom Downs is a piece of open country. The greater portion of the track is on the slope of a ridge, which has a similar slope opposite. The track is full a hundred feet in breadth, I should think, and is of turf, not in any way distinguishable from any portion of the Downs. The racing is in the saddle, and not by driving.

There is nothing remarkable about the turf, or the earth under it, or the trees and hedges in the distance. They are just like other turf, other earth, and other trees and hedges seen from a distance.

No one, unless mounted on the grand stand, can see the whole track at one view. A ridge in the centre obstructs the view, but affords room for eating-booths and extraordinary side-shows.

I am not over here to describe the race, the wagers, the time, or the emotions of the beholders. These are matters the interested are already acquainted with in the daily papers. I merely tell what I saw among the people ; for that was all new to me, and entertained me.

Yet wherever I might go, I could see only a part of the track. Shortly after our arrival, a race came off. I was right in front of the grand stand, and flattered myself that I was taking it all in.

I had about six square inches of room, and was enjoying myself. Pretty soon there was a cry of "Here they come !"

The crowd, which had up to this instant remained comparatively quiet, here commenced to agitate ; and, from trying to see the race, I came to have a well-grounded

anxiety as to whether I should ever see my childhood's home again.

I lost all interest in the race; in fact, I forgot all about it for a moment, and fell to struggling with the mass to save my life.

The more I kicked and pushed and protested, the narrower space I was penned into. I began to feel scared.

I told several of the people about me, that, if they didn't quit pushing, I would bring them before the highest tribunal in the land, but it had no visible effect upon them; although we cannot look into the hearts of men, and tell what they suffer, especially in such a crowd as I was now in.

But the race was over in a moment; and the crowd surged away to the paddocks, leaving me a chance to get out and feel of myself. I lost no time in getting across the course through the line of carriages on the other side, and up the sloping ridge to the amusement and eating vans. In front of these there were not now many people; and here I could sit on the turf and shake my fist (figuratively) at the black mass of people opposite, and the white mass of masonry back of them.

I imagine racing in England occupies a more elevated position than racing in America. Here among this throng were nobles, priests, and peasants, everybody excited, everybody thoroughly interested.

There were other features different from the same scene on American grounds. There was a great deal of loud talking and swindling, and grit in the ham sandwiches; but there were no broils. When one man fell over another, he don't move away without explaining "what in h—ll he did that for;" but he turned round and said, "Beg pardon, sir;" and the other man said, "All right," and brushed himself off without any ado.

There are impossible feats on the horizontal bar, of course, and wild Indians, and men with one eye in the middle of their valuable heads (which with two good eyes would not be worth anything), and other monstrosities; but these are common to all countries which are civilized and have religious freedom.

But there were other sights which I never saw before, and which interested me by their novelty. The most favourite recreation was the cocoanut game. It consisted of ten to twenty stakes (the number varying according to the capital of the proprietor) held upright in baskets of earth, and sustaining each a cocoanut. Back of these, as a guard, was stretched a strip of canvas. There were also a number of stakes, about fifteen inches in length, to be thrown at the stakes holding the cocoanuts. A penny entitled the thirster after cocoanut to three of the short stakes.

The cocoanuts were placed in a line, with a space of five feet between them. The thrower stood at the front, about thirty feet off, and, after having spit on his hands, fired away.

If he knocked down a stake, and the cocoanut fell outside of the basket, he was entitled to the luxury. I don't know how the proprietor (who stood among the stakes, and reset them as they fell over) mounted those cocoanuts; but it was rarely that one of them dropped outside the small basket. They went in there with a precision that was highly exasperating to the thrower, who, however indifferent he pretended to feel at the commencement of the game, grew deadly earnest as he saw his chances dwindling.

When several engaged in the play at once at a single stand, it made bettler work for the proprietor down among the standing and flying stakes. His own cocoanut appeared to be the only one he was in danger of losing.

I don't know how it would feel to be struck in the pit of the stomach with one of those stakes; for, although I had some curiosity to learn, I carefully smothered the feeling. But I imagine, from their weight (about two pounds), that a man running against one with his abdomen would have a very large and respectable funeral, although he might not get around in time to attend to himself.

I have said there was a canvas guard up to prevent the stakes from flying too far, or hitting innocent people. Once in a while a stake hurled by some vehement admirer of cocoanuts would go over the canvas, and alight among people who never pretended not to feel surprised by the occurrence.

One man kept at the sport until he won five cocoanuts.

I am thankful to this hour that I did not have to sleep with him that night.

Some of the proprietors used sawdust cushions and cheap dolls in place of the nuts.

Once in a while some lady would try her hand at throwing the clubs. When she commenced, every married man left the neighbourhood with precipitation. The others remained until they got flattened out with a wipe along the jaw; when they jumped up, and left too.

One lady in throwing a stake struck an aunt by marriage, and broke in two of her teeth. The aunt was standing in rear of her, and, having got a tent between both, thought she was comparatively secure. It only teaches us how mutable are the things of this earth. I don't suppose the people on the grand stand were really safe at the time.

There was the game of skillets, a sort of

ed in a line, with clumsy ninepins, the pins being knocked over by a huge flat circular block of lignum-vita thrown by a person standing off some thirty feet off, and fired away. Light or ten feet.

The platforms used were of course boards; and, when the pins came down among them, a stranger with his back to the affair was easily pardoned for jumping straight up in the air without premeditation.

There were all sorts of people about me, and most all English. There were men with heavy top-boots, and others with leggings, and others in full suits of velvet, and others with knee-breeches, and many in corduroy, and a few with flaming red vests reaching down to their hips.

I didn't hear the uproarious bluster in the betting, characteristic of the few American races a kind Providence has permitted me to attend. The excitement of the men in the wagering was of that intense kind that permitted of but little noisy escape. But enormous sums were exchanged in a very quiet way; and the losers didn't make any complaint, although they sought to exert no control over their lower jaws.

I was standing on this central ridge I sprang off, and opposite the grand stand and its thronged wings, when the Derby race took place. I saw the horses go around to take the position (for they do not start from the grand stand, and make the circuit of the course in a heat, but take position back, and make but three-quarters of the course, and wind up at the grand stand); and knowing it to be the Derby, the famous Derby, I watched the proceedings intently. Away up the course, on each side, was a mass of speckled black and gray, which were the people. The course could not be seen for the multitude; for they thronged every space. Then the police, the wonderfully efficient London police, swooped down upon the occupiers of the course; and, in a very few moments, not a single human foot pressed its soft turf. It was free, and shone up among the dense mass of people like an emerald band around the neck of a mortified individual. A rather pretty simile, I take it.

All of us strained our eyes to the long sweep of course visible to us. Every breath seemed to be held in abeyance; and for a full moment there was a dead silence, where but an instant before was a Babel of voices. Then came the cry of "There they come!" And sure enough, there they came around the turn—the fleet horses, with their monkeyish stired jockeys on their backs, just as you have seen it in the public prints a score of times.

The tails of the animals stuck straight out, and they tore down that course as if some cruel devil had been fooling around them with lighted camphene. We could see them bound over the greensward between the lines of the massed humanity, and hear the shouts of the people as the red shirt, and blue shirt, and white shirt, and yellow shirt whizzed past.

Then they reached the grand stand, and the black and gray multitude surged like a stormy sea out into the course again, and moved irresistibly up to that point.

The great Derby was over; the event of the year had gone to be numbered with the past; and thousands of pounds were lost and won, and thousands of expectations realized and blasted.

And after that the enormous throng of people, with their twenty thousand vehicles, began to look about for the home-start; and from that time until near midnight the huge army was in motion.

Many hundreds of people had come to Epsom by the cars to-day who had previously gone by road. On this day there can be no class distinctions in the trains—the greasy and dirty and profane crowd in with the clean, the upright, and the decent; but the dust of the road is so blinding and strangulating that many run the risk of indecent language and putrefied breaths to get rid of the dust.

But it had rained the night before, and the road out was as free of dust as the kitchen of a New England farmhouse; yet many of the gentlemen taking the road had provided green veils, which were idly twisted about their black and white hats, and added a picturesque effect to the scene.

If the drive out was a season of gayety, the drive in was a grand carnival.

The frolic now became more definitely boisterous. Each of the drags, and many of the omnibuses, were provided with bugles. Scores of men had taken on false noses and whiskers, or adorned themselves with little wooden dolls of pliable limbs, which they worked in all directions, according as their taste suggested, or the occasion seemed to demand. These dolls were stuck in their hat-bands, pinned to their breasts, or held in the hand. I do not doubt that there were at least five thousand of them on the line homewards. It is an odd conceit; but crowds are given to odd conceits.

There was also another feature of the procession which was not quite so harmless as that of the dolls. It was the pea-shooters with which the outside passengers had provided themselves, and busily used on passing fellows, to the great danger of their eyesight.

We finally got away from the grounds,

skillets, a sort of

and took our place as a particle in the mass which was rapidly melting off and escaping through the channel of the highway to London.

The road was thronged, was frequently blocked, and at no time passable at a greater speed than a walk.

But the chaffing, and flying peas, and convulsive dolls continued without abatement.

We branched off to another road for relief, but succeeded only in reaching another and equally strong current of leather, flesh and wood, and jumping into it at the first opening, our gaily-coloured van was swept along with the current.

What a jolly, rollicking crowd was that! How they huzzaed and sang and laughed, and chafed their neighbours and villagers, and sounded their bugles!

Every one of the numerous villages of brick and cobble we passed through contributed its enthusiastic witnesses to the pageant; and, as we rolled through the paved and narrow high street, we were saluted from every door and window, and saluted in return with a vigour that showed there was nothing small about us.

Old men in the procession whooped with the rest. Middle-aged and fleshy women, resting back in their seats, shook sandwiches and vegetables at their turbulent fellows; while others, mounting their handkerchiefs on their sticks, swung them to the breeze, or waved wine-bottles and wine-glasses above their heads.

Men, women, and children, in the carriage, on the walk, or in the window, threw kisses, winks, amorous glances, and rather broad innuendoes, at each other, with a freedom that was appalling to a stranger.

Some of the ladies looking over garden-walls or from lattice windows, did not seem to appreciate the delicate attentions spooney young men were levelling at them from the top of the 'buses and drags; but others answered back as cordially as was sent to them.

Here and there on the green turf, by the roadside, a family had drawn up their trap, and, with a white cloth before them, had spread out a tempting meal, and were doing ample justice to it, cutting, chewing, drinking, and shouting in one breath.

Here, in a garden to a public-house, in front of which were a stamping and noisy crowd of men and horses, were long tables hastily set, with scores of our fellow-travellers taking tea, ale, wine, and sandwiches as coolly and as calmly as if the road, which a hedge separated from them, was not trembling beneath the weight of an uproarious Derby crowd.

It was nine o'clock, and still daylight, and we were three hours on the road; but yet we had not come into London.

All about were broad green fields, acres of smooth turf and beautiful park, hedges and gardens, blossoms and scents, cottage and hall.

The roar of the multitude grew in magnitude. Imagine a hundred and fifty thousand people bent on having fun, and hurting nobody, let loose through two noble highways, and you get an idea of the society I found myself in.

It was such a good-natured throng, and susceptible to sensation! It laughed at a hedge, screamed at a tree, shouted at a cloud, and roared at a breeze.

We came into the suburbs of London like a victorious army encumbered with spoils. The crowds on the walks grew denser as we progressed, until it did seem as if another universe had turned out to meet us.

The chaffing grew fearfully thick at the stage; and little boys, with each a pound of flour held together by the feeble offices of an index-paper bag, stole surreptitiously alongside our vans and cars, and donated us the pound of yels with a heartiness that spoke well for their generosity, but wore on the paper. The party on our van looked like a crowd of indignant millers trying to climb a fence.

CHAPTER XI.

STREET SCENES.

It is only of such sights as may be obtained from the top of an omnibus that I speak. These are common to the eye of every pedestrian, and are the contrasts to his own city which most directly appeal to him.

If I should go down into the depths and ca- woe in this great city, I am afraid I could not paper enough in Paternoster Row to give the details of the poverty, crime, and habit of the denizens. To tell the truth, the more I go about London, the more painfully am I impressed with the impossibility of seeing a of it, or even half of it. I wish I could be certain of seeing one-third of it during my sojourn of six weeks. And yet there are Americans by the thousand who remain in London scarcely one week, and hasten on to Paris to stay a month.

The streets of London do not claim attention by their breadth, straightness, or comeliness of buildings; but the life and animation characterizing them from nine o'clock a.m. to twelve o'clock p.m. attract, and quite frequently fascinate the stranger.

London is made up of Englishmen, Americans, and foreigners; and the last-named are so scarce as to be immediately noticeable.

and still daylight, and the road; but yet you see the green fields, acres of fun park, hedges and scents, cottage and multitude grew in magnitude and fifty thousand fun, and hurting in two noble highway of the society I found.

Broad jaws, sloping shoulders, red cheeks, axen hair, side whiskers, gaiters, round black-coats, stiff hats, canes, umbrellas, and eye-glasses—all English. There is the large Englishman just coming along in a suit of check goods, with broad chest, swelling stomach, fat cheeks delicately checked with veins. The stick he carries in his hand is strong enough to knock down a horse. I was going to say a bullock, only I recollect having seen a man at a cattle-market knock down a bullock after bullock with simply the index-finger of his right hand; so I say horse advisedly. He uses that stick too, and you can distinctly see every time he places it down on the pavement. He wears a high hat. Right behind him is a thin young man in a black suit, with a round-top hat, a light axen moustache, blue eyes, a scarcely defined line of hair on each cheek. He has a cane also, but carefully guards against striking the pavement with it. He wears a prominent nose. And next to him is a pair of very flowing side-whiskers, a suit of black with white waist and enormous seals, blue eyes, red cheeks, and a stick grasped in the middle, and carried at an angle of forty-five or less degrees. Then there is the oldish man, with very little whiskers any way, in rusty black, with a silk hat that seems to have just come from a beating a score of boys out of a yard. He has a forelock combed to the front; has wavy eyes, and a nose that requires a great deal of attention, but is neglected, I think I have seen him before. About these are men in caps, heavy white aprons, and loose sack-coats, who are either porters or mechanics. And among them all is the London boy. I never get tired of studying the London boy. There is so much of him!—not individually, but collectively. Individual

he is slim, with generally a white, unhealthy face, spindling legs, and rather narrow back of the head. He wears pants tight to his shrinking shanks, and a cap that makes him look like an orphan boarding with a maiden aunt, who, in early life, met with a disappointment. He is a poor boy, without doubt, always on the street, and always in the way. I never saw such a boy in any other city. He is not quarrelsome, not saucy, not addicted to smoking; and I never heard one of them swear, even under the most favourable circumstances. To tell the truth, I never heard them say much of anything.

He is a helpless youth, addicted to store windows, rubbing against buildings, and toppling over obstructions. He has a dreadful tendency to be always backing up against something, and always missing it, to the detriment of his bones.

Only they do not fall with sufficient force to break a bone. I have seen one of them slide from the side of a lamp-post, turn a part somersault, recover himself, hit up against the post again, slip off the curb, and gradually get down on his back in the gutter, taking in all some dozen seconds to do it; while an American boy would go down, and stave a hole in the back of his head, and make a doctor's bill of eighteen dollars, in less than a second.

But the English are so conservative!

We don't see such quaint-looking characters at home as we do here. The oddities of the several nations are so blended in America as to be materially dulled; but here, where there are no new and diverse elements coming in and uniting with the native, the quaint is well defined and well preserved.

I have always thought that Dickens and Cruickshank were fearful exaggerators; but I have met with a revulsion of feeling.

But whatever that is odd, in figure, dress, or speech, to a visitor, seems to be all right to the people here, sacredly as they are devoted to chaffing.

Into a restaurant the other day came a man who was a marvel of angles and antiquity. He was over six feet in height, but would not weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds. His clothing was black, and most wonderfully ill-fitting. He wore a black stock, over which his sharp chin dangled in a desponding manner. There were black cotton gloves on his wonderfully long hands; and he carried them as if they were full to the brim of precious liquids.

His was a large mouth, of the shape of a letter-box aperture; and his very red and very prominent gums shone conspicuously through. He had a large nose of the colour

of the gums ; large, watery eyes. His hair was light brown, rather thin, and plastered down to his head, his cheeks, and his neck. A rusty-looking black hat with an enormous crape band completed the spectacle. He was a clergyman, without doubt ; and a dissenter, perhaps. Remembering that a graveyard was near, I moved about uneasily ; but the attendants and gullets took no particular notice of him.

He bought a penny bun, asking the price in a sepulchral voice ; and stood in the middle of the floor, and ground away at the insignificant bread as if he were a grist-mill, with a half-ton of corn in each clutch.

The photograph windows are objects of great interest here as elsewhere ; but it is noticeable how fond the English are of viewing the pictures of royalty. Wherever they are exposed, there is sure to be a knot of intense admirers. I think they attract even more attention than the pictures of bare-legged actresses ; and would say so if I were sure of being believed.

I suppose every one of us who come here has an unquenchable longing to look with our own eyes upon a member of the royal family. It is not to admire them that we have this desire ; but we want to abhor them. I think that is the feeling. I made many an effort to get at the royal family, that I might abhor them, before success crowned my attempts. I have gone twenty miles to abhor a single member of the Queen's household.

There are but few advantages to the many drawbacks of being royal. A royal person in business has the advantage, when travelling, of not having to look up an hotel, on arriving at his destination, under the torturing supervision of a hardened cabman. That is about the only advantage I can detect. But to offset this is a multitude of disadvantages, and it takes a multitude to do it. The Queen goes nowhere really. She is the ruler of all Britain ; but I wager there are hundreds of streets in her own city of London which she never saw. How often she has heard of Cheapside, and wondered how it looked ! How much she has read of the gaiety of the watering places, and sighed for just one glimpse ! How frequently she has been told of the excitement of the Derby road, the exhilaration of a ride on the top of a stage coach, the fascination of legerdmain, the glory of the ballet, the comfort of old inns, the rustic beauty of England's farm-houses, the glitter and charm of the lighted shops, the wonders of the underground railways, the delight of a soda-water fountain in full blast, and many, many other things

which the commonest subject enjoys, at which she is eternally shut out from !

She has her palace and her walled gardens ; and, standing there, she can show to the people of London, " Here you cannot come." But they, with their miles of streets and multitude of glories, can jaw back at their Queen, " Here you can't come !"

I never go by these walled gardens, but I think that there are just as envious eyes on one side of the masonry as on the other.

She can walk there as much as she likes, and by herself ; but there is no swapping scene gossip and preserve receipts over the gate with the woman in the next house ; nor can she run out in the afternoon to see Mrs. Jones shawl, and to show her own.

What does she know of neighbourly comforts ? What does she know of the exquisite enjoyment of badgering a shopkeeper into lunacy over a paper of hairpins, or of the subtle excitement of hoarding up old rags for exchange for new tin ?

However, I was going to speak of royal photographs ; and to show that the sandest longings for what we have not got, rather than the enjoyment of what we possess, is common to us all, royal or ragged, we need but to look at these photographs.

Now, when were these pictures taken, who took them ? and how came they in the market ? Did the Queen and the other royal members go to the galleries of the market, whose imprints are on the cards ?

Certainly not.

Why not ?

Because no photograph gallery on the face of the earth is built large enough to accommodate them. Imagine the Queen going down two pair of narrow stairs in quest of a photograph gallery, with four and twenty noble men in advance, and a half-dozen knights in advance of them, and fourteen squires ahead of the knights, and then, back of her, twelve waiting-women with skirts four yards long, with four bishops back of them, the lord mayor back of the bishops, all the foreign ambassadors back of the lord mayor, a couple of scores of diplomats and soldiers back of the ambassadors, a large assortment of knights and lords back of them, and the high sheriff of London bringing up the rear in rich cloth and gold lace.

What photographer could stand that ? And, if any photographer could, his stairs and rooms couldn't. A nice spectacle it would be—wouldn't it?—with the lord mayor sitting on a spittoon, and each ambassador with a bottle of chemicals.

Imagine the Queen sailing around with that throng in quest of a paper of hair-pins ! And that is just the way the wretched wo-

subject enjoys, at all. But to come back to those pictures again.

and her walled don't know where they were taken, or there, she can't whom they were taken; and so we solve

"Here you can't difficulty by giving it up. But how their miles of street they in the market? There is no other

can jaw back y than with the consent of the parties themselves to the artist to make copies.

alled gardens, but here we have the gentlemen in sitting nature, for the gratification of their friends; y as on the other. standing and leaning posture, by the side

much as she like a pillar, or in the midst of a field (there is here is no swappi scenery quite so striking as that made by

ripts over the gal photographer), for the gratification of their next house; nor ally and the paying public. Then we have

own. to see Mrs. Jones ladies in sitting posture, becomingly at- ed, for the gratification of their friends; ing of neighbouring cost in reclining postures, with the bosom in

know of the exquisi bared, for the gratification of those vo- a shopkeeper intinuously inclined.

hairpins, or of t Whether photography or perverted royal- arding up old rag- should bear the condemnation of this last, some one tell.

g to speak of royal The ladies are so modest-looking, and so show that the same modest in speech, that I am inclined myself

have not got, rath believe that an unscrupulous photogra- what we possess, he has been fooling with royalty's head

or ragged, we need a flash actress's body. They say the royal sons are passionately

otographs. They say the royal sons are passionately set to number one. When one of them

se pictures taken t sides over an event,—such as breaking een and the oth and for some important enterprise, or lay-

he cards? galleries of the ma the corner-stone of a public building,— is given a silver spade or trowel to do the

ork. This trophy belongs to him by right the performance of duty. But he does not

it sent around to the house after the money; he shoves it into his pocket at the Queen going

s in quest of a ph wide-awake active prince, with a plea- r and twenty nobles exterior, picks up many a penny in this

half-dozen knights, and thus keeps the wolf from the fourteen squires ahead.

back of her, twelf from the top of the omnibus we frequent- ts four yards long, low archways, up which we catch a

of them, the low use of business that astonishes. They ps, all the foreig the business lanes or courts of London.

ord mayor, a couple width is generally eight feet, sometimes soldiers back of the de more, and sometimes a trifle less, I

assortment sorry to say. They are paved with flag-

g them, and the high, and you enter and leave them through

g up the rear in re arch. In this narrow, choked way are

houses, book-shops, chemists' shops,

could stand that even dry-goods shops; not dingy whole-

r could, his stair places, but bright, showy retail shops.

nice spectacle were probably let into the sides of the

with the lord mayo dings which form the lane centuries ago,

each ambassador ore people became progressive, and de-

ed to spread; and they are too valuable to

ling around with up. There are a score of such places in

paper of hair-pin- city limits,—the old city, I mean. And

the wretched wo

then there are little courts of no pretension, which seem to sneak along between two buildings, and suddenly disappear in the yawning door of a public-house; but on approaching the door, you see a narrow way to the right or left, a sort of forgotten entrance to a backyard, and, pushing through it,—two cannot pass it at once.—you are in a bustling street or court devoted to business or residences. The immense house of Routledge & Sons, the well-known publishers, is in just such a court.

We occasionally meet a man pushing a cart before him, and keeping well in the gutter. He has a pile of sorry-looking meat before him. Once in a while he stops; and a boy or girl comes to the cart, gets a piece of the meat, pays him a penny or so for it, and retires, and he goes on. I was watching him the other day, when I observed him draw up before a cat standing on the walk.

I heard him say, "Well, Kitty, is that you?" and then cut off a piece of meat. He held down his unoccupied hand, and the cat dropped a penny into it. This freed her mouth, and enabled her to take the meat which he now passed her. Then he said, "Good-bye, Kitty," and trundled away; and the cat stepped into the opposite store.

I have frequently seen dogs come out to trade with this cat-and-dog-meat merchant; but I never knew one of them to bicker about the price.

What a lesson this is to humanity!

Sitting on the top of the omnibus, we find there are several popular institutions missing. We don't see any street shade trees, rarely a hitching-post, still more rarely a street-sweeper, and no milkman's rattling cart and cheery beli.

The milkmen here are called cowkeepers. That is a pretty name; but they don't keep cows, which rather dims the lustre of their escutcheon (whatever that is). They get their milk, as we do ours, from outsiders, and carry it around in two cans suspended from a yoke carried over the shoulder. That doesn't look as pretty as our four-wheeled, gaudily-painted affairs; but it suits Londoners, as it doesn't deprive them of sleep, and it gives the carrier an expression of thoughtfulness (especially when the cans are full) that is quite captivating.

Londoners don't seem to like noises. They have nothing but the clocks to apprise them of the working and knocking-off hour; no nice cast-iron bell in a cupola, rung by a bullet-headed youth; no nice whistle on the top of a mill. They don't like such things, these Londoners don't. But they have chimes,—forty of them within the space of

a quarter of a mile,—that not only ring out the hour in a strain that drives you mad, but sound every blessed quarter in the same manner. You don't much mind them through the day, when the carts and waggons take off the edge; but when in the still night you are on your couch, dreaming that an angel is bending over you with a harp in one hand, and a post-office appointment in the other, it attracts your attention, and seems to disturb the angel.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE MILDEW.

London has several world-known churches. St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and St. Bartholomew the Greater, are prominent in the number.

Four-fifths of the noted men of the past with whom the American people are acquainted lie buried in London, and within a radius of ten miles. Their ashes are glorified on tablets of stone, and still flourish in the neighbouring vegetation.

As a theatre and sepulchre, Westminster Abbey and the Temple Church are the most prominent; but, as a landscape view, St. Paul's Cathedral is the most conspicuous. I should like to say that its majestic dome with glowing ball of gold is the first indication to the traveller of his approach to the wonderful city; but truth compels me to write that it is a man in blue, who demands your ticket.

St. Paul's is hemmed in by narrow streets, and dingy buildings devoted to commerce. It stands at the head of the crowded thoroughfare called Ludgate Hill, where it divides the stream of life, which meets again at the other side, and forms Cheapside. The diversions are called St. Paul's Churchyard; the one on the right or river side being devoted to the wholesale trade, while the other is given up to hosiery, dry-goods, and fried tripe.

The building itself is an elaborate example of what London smoke will do. It was built of a whitish stone, and, when erected, must have presented a very fine appearance. But the two hundred years which have intervened since that time have worked a wonderful transformation. The sides of the pillars and other prominences exposed to the steadiest wind-quarter are blackened. The surfaces generally are alternately black and grayish white; and the appearance now is as if it were a dark building emerging from a coating of frost, the blackened portions first receiving the rays of the sun. In the cool of early morning this impression is so strong as to involuntarily startle the beholder.

The presence of stone is imposing. You part feet rests upon it, without a bright-tinted serviceable carpet to intervene. You stretch out your hands to grasp it; you lift up your eyes and contemplate it.

Everything about the altar, choir, and pulpit, is rich with colour, and massive in conception.

In painful contrast are the places of the worshippers. Their sittings are beneath the dome, and extend away back through the nave to the front entrance. At the front the seats are straight-backed and hard benches, painted chairs. Back of these are long wooden benches, of repulsive simplicity. They may only advantage of these benches is brought out during an especially interesting service, when the humble worshipper can use them to elevate himself above those who do not care to make themselves so conspicuous. Ah!

These benches are seamed and scarred with the knife of the autographic fiend. Some of the bases of the pillars are in many cases singularly blasted.

About on the walls are notices prohibiting people from walking about during the service. In an American meeting-house such notice is ever seen. There, when the service commences, no one thinks of straggling about the church; for every American meeting-house has a deacon fifty-eight years old, with steel-blue eyes, and a beard like a curly comb, alongside of whom the faintest Spanish Inquisition tones down to a circle of performance.

The bearing of the Englishman in his visit to church is most respectful. They are a devout religious people, and in all outward forms are not lacking. The Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and all other sects not of the Church of England are here called dissenters; and their places of worship are not known as churches, but simply chapels. They are not consecrated to God with the forms of the Establishment Church, and are, in consequence, not considered as being strictly holy temples. Dissenters themselves further this custom. They title by always speaking of their temples as chapels. They do not say "going to church," but "going to chapel."

The Englishman, on going into his church, takes off his hat; and everybody who is in company with him is obliged to do the same. No one is allowed in their churches at any time during service or a week-day, with his head uncovered. I have seen the sexton of a country church, at work in the churchyard, on occasion to enter the door several times within an hour; and on each occasion he removed his hat.

The Englishman who is a dissenter is, as

is imposing. You particular in his chapel when there is no out a bright-tinted service.

ne. You stretch out I have been to several services at St. you lift up your hands, and on each occasion found policemen in attendance,—in an official capacity, the altar, choir, and course. It was a novel sight. There was your, and massive too a certain degree of novelty in seeing a congregation waving to and fro, coming in the places of time going out during the service, always in tings are beneath traction, always animated, always pleasant y back through the cheerful; and then to step out of the dance. At the front arch, and find the walks alive with smiling tacked and hard people, and the omnibuses and cabs thunder—these are long wading over the pavement as if it were a Mon-ve simplicity. They morning or a Saturday evening; and benches is brought still, as twilight came, to find the y interesting service in a blaze of light, and men, women hipper can use these children in Sunday toggery going in and e those who do nothing out.

s so conspicuous. Ah! brazen-faced men, and impudent eamed and scartomen, and hardened youth, why do you tographic fiend. Come and go at the front of the saloon? Is in many cases sure no back-door in England? Is it all in America?

re notices prohibit. Forgive the digression. about during the s. We have looked at the bass-reliefs, stared n meeting-house at the paintings in the summit of the dome e. There, when representing, with poor light, scenes in one thinks of scripture history), taken in the vista, and for every American a wondering gaze over the inner mass acion fifty-eight years of theological masonry, so different from our es, and a beard like arm-tipped churches at home; and now of whom the fane open on the finance. There are a num- nes down to a circle of vergers within these pious walls, who, upon the payment of admission, conduct

Englishman in the visitor into the crypt, and up the wind- ul. They are a dark staircase of cold and gloomy stone to all outward forms to whispering-gallery, bell-tower, and hall. Methodists, Baptists is a sixpence to go down into the crypt. and all other and it is cheap. I never before got so much rch of England and woe for a sixpence. It is a flag- senters; and the floor and many low arches, lighted by ot known as church jets; for it is always on exhibition, is they are not consecrated sacred place of the dead. They lie all ms of the Establishment here. Under nearly every bit of flag- consequence, not only are one or more bodies, as the inscrip- holy temples. Time on it tell.

urther this custom. Then we pass to an inner crypt, and stand g of their temples before the sarcophagus containing the re- not say "going down of Wellington. The vergers taps a particular block of stone in the side, and going into his church notonously explains that there lies all everybody who is mortal of the man who "basted" d to do the same. Napoleon. One is deeply affected. Beyond churches at any time the hearse, whose ponderous wheels were x-day, with his head of the cannon his noble army captured the sexton of a corner the French. Over it is the gorgeous the churchyard, black velvet pall which covered it as it pro- several times wound on its mournful mission through the h occasion he remained of London. Its tinsel is faded; and a moths are picknicking within its sombre

o is a dissenter is as if there was not an ounce of cam-

phor within sixteen thousand miles of the spot. I don't mind moths much myself; but my wife always goes for one when she sees it.

Farther beyond is the sarcophagus of Nelson, the famous naval hero, and one of the noblest of England's best. A feeling of sadness came over me: it always does when standing before any sarcophagus. The most ostentatious whipping I ever got was for spelling the second syllable with a *ff*.

We afterward ascended a staircase of solid stone to the first corridor in the dome, which is called the whispering gallery, from the fact that, while it is almost impossible to make one hear in hallooing across the space, yet, by putting the face to the wall, an ordinary tone of voice will go way around the vast space, and appear to be in the wall behind the listener wherever he may stand. It is not patented, I believe.

From the whispering gallery we go straight to the tower, which was on our right as we entered the church. This is the bell-tower. The other is in a state of chronic scaffolding. We approach the bell by a series of stone steps starting from the wall, and sustained only by themselves. There is no newel-post: each step depends for position on the rest in the wall, and on each other. The vergers tell you it is just as secure as the earth; but you can't help preferring the earth as you wind up, and think of your business.

I walked up stairs for about four miles; then I stopped to reflect. I believe there are other things to live for; and so I retraced my way, and for a fortnight after felt as if my thighs were stuffed with lead.

We pass down Ludgate Street, under the bridge of the Dover and Chatham Railway, and are in the Fleet. Passing through its crowd for a way, we come to what is called Temple Bar, which now divides Fleet Street from the Strand, but which was once the city gate on the road to Westminster. When the Queen goes to the city, she passes through this gate, the keys of which are given her in token that the city is surrendered to her; or some other tomfoolery to the same effect.

It is a gateway without the supporting walls. There is the main gate, always choked with teams, and the smaller side-arches, and two effigies of stone in the costume of seven hundred years ago. From this gateway, many centuries ago, were suspended, on poles, the heads of those who sacrificed themselves to the fury of the reigning parties.

A head thus exposed for a couple of weeks became so damaged by the action of the weather as to rarely be of any value to the owner.

It is all intensely historical about here, and I enjoy riding over the ground on an omnibus. Just before we reach Temple Bar, and on the right, is a projecting front of a building, ornamented with bright colours and gold-leaf. It is a hair-dressing saloon. Just under the coraice is the announcement that the building was the palace of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey. There is an archway with a ponderous wooden gate; and passing through this arch brings the curious traveller into a region as foreign and unexpected as Stonewall Jackson used to be. Here are the buildings and squares which go to make up the Temple—that abode of lawyers and law-students, which corresponds to Lincoln's Inn in Chancery Lane, and Gray's Inn off Holborn.

We pass down the alley-way into the open air. Just before us is the famous Church of the Knights Templars of eight hundred years ago.

It was the Church of the Templars centuries ago; but, when they were overcome and annihilated, it reverted to the Crown; and King James the First gave it to the lawyers, who were already occupying the tenemented buildings about it, and which they rented from the Templars three hundred years before.

It is a grand church, with beautifully tinted and arched ceilings, elaborate pillars, bright coloured tiles, oaken seats, an exquisite altar, and a grand organ, the choice of the Tammany Judge Jeffries.

Scattered over the floor of what is called the Round, being a circular building between the porch and choir, are the prostrate effigies of those brave knights, who, eight hundred years ago, left Merrie England, lovers' joys, the theatre and skittles, to wrest Palestine from the ignoble Saracens.

If I am not mistaken in my history, the reigning king at that period cheerfully encouraged this remarkable filibustering expedition, as it rid him of some noblemen who were rather prejudiced against his tenure of office, and who were too sharp for him, and not sufficiently sharp for themselves. However this may be, it is just as well they went. Had they remained behind, and kept their health long enough, Cromwell would have *croqueted* them. Under each one of these effigies repose the remains of a filibuster. I presume—although I have no other authority—that each one of these effigies is an exact copy of the original, not only in dress and accoutrements, but in features.

They were not remarkable men in height or breadth, but, dressed in the present

fashion, would have made respectable-looking bank-clerks and book-keepers.

They were like ourselves of to-day in thought, in feeling, in hope, in purpose, in ambition; just like ourselves in every respect, excepting the liver. They had good livers. No man with a diseased liver would go prancing around Palestine with a halftan of old iron and steel about him.

They feared death just as we do; they had the same clinging to life that we now have; although in our heart of hearts we do not give them credit for it.

I never realized it before; but I do now.

I am standing within a few feet of all that is left of those men of whom I have heard since a child, in song, in romance, and in history. So long ago is it since they were clothed in flesh, that they have seemed a myths to me, or beings who were born to live tragically, die tragically, and make an entertaining reading for future generations.

They came back from the Holy Land covered with glory, and filled with rheumatism; and I will wager all I own that the glory was frequently forgotten in the rheumatism.

Just opposite the porch, as I came out of the church, I found another arched opening, and, passing through it, I came into another court, flagged to the uttermost inch, and banked about with a wall of sombre brick tenements. The law-students are here also, and in the middle of the court is a pump, and close to it a sewer-opening, and into the opening a girl with one eye is pouring a pail of slops. I stop to look at her. She is the only one-eyed girl I have seen here. But it is surprising the number of one-eyed men who are to be found haunting the back-streets and alleys of the city.

Across in the farther corner is another and a smaller arch. I pass through it to a lane, and down the lane a few steps, and come to a flagged plaza. Across it a most refreshing sight comes to view. There is a little patch of turf, gravelled walks, and trees; and in the centre is a right lively fountain, filling the air with its grateful spray. Do you recognize that fountain, dear reader? Do you remember the bluff, hearty fellow who courted Sam's sister in "Martin Chuzzlewit"? and cannot you recall how he and the modest maiden watched the play of the fountain in silence, and then sought each other's eyes, and read the sweet revelation? I hasten back to Fleet Street, under the impression that it has fell through the outer crust which Professor Tyndall talks about, because, although within a few yards of its multifarious noises are not heard here.

I pass through Temple Bar and emerge

de respectable-looking
-keepers.

elves of to-day in
hope, in purpose, in
selves in every re-
er. They had good
diseased liver would
destine with a half
about him.

ust as we do; they
to life that we now
heart of hearts we de-
it.

ore; but I do now.
a few feet of all the
whom I have heard
in romance, and in
it since they were
they have seemed a
who were born in
cally, and make en-
ture generations.

om the Holy Land
filled with rheuma-
r all I own that the
rgotten in the rheu-

rch, as I came out
ther arched opening
I came into another
utmost inch, and
wall of sombre brick-
idents are here also
the court is a pump-
opening, and into the
eye is pouring a pas-
at her. She is look-
e seen here. But the
er of one-eyed men
ating the back-street

corner is another ap-
through it to a land-
w steps, and comes
it a most refreshing

There is a little par-
and trees; and in
ely fountain, filling
ful spray. Do you
dear reader? But
heartly fellow who
"Martin Chuzzle-
recall how he and the
d the play of the
d then sought each
the sweet revelation
t Street, under the
y through the out-
yndall talks about
n a few yards of
re not heard here.
e Bar and emerge

the Strand, and down the Strand, across
Charing Cross, through Whitehall, and
under the very window out of which
Charles the First stepped in full
view of a frightened people trying to justify
themselves, and submitted to having his
royal head chopped off. Beyond is West-
minster Abbey. Black and gray, soot and
stone have done their work right well; and
the frost effect is reproduced here, although
not so elaborately as at St. Paul's.

There is the customary graveyard about
the building; only, in this case, the bed is of
hard gravel, instead of turf. Here and there
in the yard, which is more like a common,
are gravestones let into the surface, and
marking the resting-place of some one who
rested as near the famous walls as he could, and
dropped down where he is, apparently con-
tented.

When this Abbey was built, what are its
dimensions and cost, I refer the reader to
history, etc., for the information. If I have
not to give the length, width, depth, age, and
cost of every historical building, I shall give
up the trip, and go home.

The interior beauty of this grand struc-
ture excels the exterior in that it is not
marred by smoke; but it is sadly marred by
the partition and stalls of wood which choke
the central pillars. I entered it, on my first
visit, at the side entrance, and a service was
just commencing. I took a seat, and watch-
ed the people drop in. All the while the
service continued. The singing and responses
were beautiful when I did not look at the
little boys in white robes who performed
them; but seeing them yawn, and eye the
people reproachfully for dragging them out
early in the morning, considerably modi-
fied my enjoyment. After the service the
singers came down from their stalls, and fell
to work collecting admission fees from
those who desired to investigate the build-
ing.

But it is hardly to see the building, or its
adornment, that an American comes to
Westminster. The edifice is attractive to
as an historical tomb. Within its walls,
but principally under its floors, are buried
the king, the wit, the poet, the genius, and
the soldier, from Edward the Confessor down
to the Livingstone the Confounder. All this
wonderful pressure of history is right here.
There are no branch concerns.

There is so much of tragic history sur-
rounding the lives of these people, that it
takes some moments to grasp the fact that
you are at their very graves, treading where
they trod, and seeing what their very eyes
rested upon. You would fain stand there
for hours, and panorama before your mind's

vision all the scenes and incidents which
made them famous; but there is the verger
going through his monotonous drawl, and
poking you along farther into the maze.

That is the great nuisance of sight-seeing
here. You are rushed about from point to
point; and, from trying to store your mind
with impressions, you fall to looking out for
the safety of your legs. You are up to your
neck in romance, and over your head in his-
tory; and your whole performance is a reck-
less and aimless effort to claw your way out.
The impressions which you receive are but
transitory; they come and go like a flash;
and, after you are bowed out doors, you feel
as if you had taken a prominent part in a
boiler explosion, and are just about as clear
as to the details. I passed by scores of kings
and queens and peers entombed, I walked
over acres of others, and wondered how they
could be so careless with their dead. I got
up from the service which I witnessed on en-
tering the building, and found I had been
sitting on an entire family.

I was glad when we reached the chapel of
Edward the Confessor—that unapproachable
fraud of the eleventh century—because here
everything is so unique and antique, that
even the verger could not prevent me from
noting it. It is but a panelled portion of the
grand nave of the church, and was built by
one of the multitudinous Henrys.

In it is the lofty shrine, the most imposing
in the country, of Edward, the weakest and
most insignificant of England's kings. At one
side of the chapel, near the entrance, is the
tomb of Edward the First, who, being a tall,
gaunt chap, was appropriately dubbed
"Longshanks" by an affectionate people.
The tomb of Longshanks is remarkably
homely; but is warm and comfortable inside,
I presume. There are several sculptures
along the walls representing the Confessor
seeing the Devil dance on some money-casks,
having an interview with St. John the
apostle, and blind people recovering their
sight by washing their eyes in his soap-suds,
and other equally sensible and important
phases ascribed to his life.

But the object of most engrossing interest
is the chair in which Edward the First was
crowned six hundred years ago. It is a
rough specimen of work, and in America
would have long ago "made the kettle boil;"
but here it is not only preserved, but used,
as every reigning man and woman since his
time have received their coronation in it.
Time has destroyed what beauty there ever
was to it, and the unsparing knife of the
autographic demon has been even more
aggressive than the scythe.

Beneath this emblematical chair is an

irregular shaped stone, nearly black, and weighing about fifty pounds, on which the ancient Kings of Scotland were crowned. It is said to be the same stone on which Jacob rested his head when he had his wonderful dream; but, owing to an indulgence in a plate of cherries quite late the night before, I was not well enough to give that credence to the story which it undoubtedly deserves.

One very objectionable feature of the Abbey management is the permission given to bullet-headed young men to make copies of the brass effigies on the tombs. This is done by covering them with a sheet of white paper, and reproducing the impression by rasping over the paper with a smooth bit of wood. When you were a boy, you did nearly the same thing on a cent, but, I charitably hope, without any idea of what it would degenerate into.

There were two young men engaged in this devilish work while our verger was grinding out the programme. I tried to drive them through the opposite wall with a fiery eye, but was not successful. I wondered why the verger didn't call for an axe, and split them open from — But he didn't.

Finally, just as I was about to crawl under one of the tombs, out of hearing, a tall Ohioan in the party, equally distressed with myself, called out, —

"Come, young gentlemen, don't you see you are disturbing people?"

They looked around,

"I should think you would know better," he went on to say, "than to bring such work in a place like this. If the sacred and holy associations of this temple, with its illustrious dead, don't soften you, I will."

They didn't say anything; but I saw by their looks that they decidedly preferred the illustrious dead as a softener; and the rasping was not resumed in our hearing.

CHAPTER XII.

TREATS OF THE BARS AND BAR-MAIDS.

The great number and novel appearance of the public-houses (or bar-rooms) immediately attract the visitor, especially if her is dry.

They are located, for the greater part, on corners, and are quite uniform in appearance, and quite different from other places of business. They stand forth boldly, known in day by their yellow-panelled fronts, which extend half way up and are completed with a single plate of French glass, and by their marbleized pilasters; and at night by the numerous gas-jets, which fairly flood the

place with light. The panelling is either of oiled oak, or grained to imitate that colour; and the whole front is made as extensive and attractive as possible.

There is no shrinking behind "oysters in every style," billiard-saloons, cigar-stores, and green shades. They invariably have two, and in many cases three entrances; and are subdivided accordingly. These compartments are indicated on the glass of the doors; viz., public bar, private (or luncheon) bar, and jug (or wholesale) bar.

The bar stands very near the entrances, — with a view, perhaps, to discourage lounging by visitors, — and is almost uniformly tended by young women.

This is a novel sight to an American, and makes him curious as to the crowd whom these maids serve.

Drinking in England is common to all classes. Ale or sherry is served at the family dinner and supper; and, just before retiring, the family have their grog. The grog in question consists mainly of gin, cold or hot.

The divine, the hard-headed merchant, the scheming lawyer, the industrious farmer, all close the day with grog or wine.

Many of them don't appear to care for the liquor, but drink it because it is the national custom; and no family is expected to be without a single liquor, while those whose means permit have numerous kinds.

I have frequently seen rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey, with two or three kinds of wine, brought out of an evening for a party of four. Accompanying these are the genial soda and the soothing seltzer.

With such a state of society, it follows that the bar-rooms should be open and attractive.

The young women who attend the bars are lady-like; and the people who drink there are, as a general thing, well-behaved. Sometimes the former hear something unpleasant; but they are given time, after the day is over, to retire and have a good cry.

The liquors are not displayed in gaudy decanters; and the reason is obvious. They are sold by the measure, and not by the glass. Of the alcoholic liquors, there are fourpenny and sixpenny's worth. These are the usual drinks. The amount called for is drawn from the wood into a measuring pot of pewter, and then emptied into the glass. With this is served cold or hot water; and the Englishman, after filling up the glass with water, pours the fearfully diluted spirit into his stomach. In the lower saloons a "tuppenny-worth" worth of liquor can be bought.

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Whiskey is a modern beverage with them;
for, ten years ago, it was but little called for.
Now it is much sought after. The principal
saloon-drink is ale, and the next gin.

Mixed or fancy drinks are unknown, only
as American history informs them.

But an immense quantity of malt liquor is
disposed of here. It is far superior to the
American ales, in that it is devoid of the bil-
ious-producing ingredients so common to
those ales.

Every family has its ale; so does every
workman; and in many branches of business
it is part of the contract, that the labourer
shall have his pint of ale daily. It is served
in the hospitals and to the charity children.
It is given to visitors, and helps forward
church convocations. To the English it is
like water. *Water?* Why—But I will let it
go. It is one of the best jokes I ever heard.

When water becomes as common in Eng-
land as is ale, the finest drainage ever inven-
ted will not save the country.

They drink differently from what we do.
Noticeably they dilute their liquor until its
identity is sunken from sight. And, again,
it is common to many to purchase a pint of
ale or a sixpenny worth of gin, and divide
it by alternate sips with their friends. This
is quite common among the labouring classes.
I have seen a brawny working-man take his
wife and her mother into the bar, and dip
their respective noses into the same mug
with a freedom that was refreshing to the
friends of democracy. The man generally
helps himself first, which is hardly etiquette;
but self-preservation is the first law of nature.
There are three kinds of ale,—pale, bitter,
and mild. The bitter is the favourite, and
pint tankards of it are in popular demand.

Until midnight these saloons are in full
feather. They blaze with lighted gas; and
the saloons on the Strand are of themselves
sufficient to illuminate the entire thorough-
fare. A ride down that street or Fleet Street
between eleven and twelve o'clock at night
is a constantly-recurring carnival. The illu-
minated theatres discharging their audiences,
the hosts of lighted carriages, cabs, and om-
nibuses, the throngs of gay men and still
gayer women, the bright saloons, and the
many street-lamps, go to make up a scene
that fills the stranger with surprise and de-
light. Pouring in and out of the saloons is a
never-ceasing throng of ladies and gentle-
men.

One minute after twelve, and those daz-
zling palaces are dark and silent. Midnight is
the hour by law established for closing the
saloons, and the English people have an un-
pleasant habit of enforcing their laws.

This is one reason, perhaps, why Americans
do not linger in England.

The multiplicity of young women in the
saloons and other places of business in Eng-
land is really marvellous. They are the bar-
maids, hotel clerks, drapers' assistants, re-
freshment-vendors, theatre ushers, &c.

And thus England has rid itself of the great
female suffrage horror by giving its women
something to do.

I know of no place, unless it is in San
Francisco, which makes more of a display of
its cigar and tobacco stores than London.
We can understand it in the former place,
where everybody smokes, and many chew;
but here in London, where you may pass a hun-
dred men on the street with not one smoking,
the shop display is a phenomenon. The pipe
is the favourite; but that is generally smoked
indoors. I presume the reason Londoners
do not smoke more frequently on the street
is out of regard for the atmosphere, which
already contains about all the smoke it can
stand.

The prices of cigars are lower here than in
America; but the quality is inferior. A
twelve-cent cigar is very high-priced, and the
six-cent weeds are the highest price in general
use. In the small villages it is difficult to
find a higher priced cigar than four cents.
Their people do not use them, and the tran-
sient trade is not sufficient to pay the keep-
ing.

Chewing-tobacco, excepting the plug, can-
not be obtained in all England. One tobac-
conist in London tried to smuggle some of
it here; but, our American chewing-tobacco
being an adulterated article, his whole stock
was confiscated. He confidently told me
there were other ways of amusing himself less
costly and injurious than smuggling fine-
cut tobacco into England for the edification
of travelling Americans.

He had a brand manufactured in Balti-
more. It was pure fine-cut. It was like
chewing fiddle-strings.

There was a man named Phillips staying at
my hotel. He came from Pennsylvania, and
was an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Before
he left home, an Englishman told him he
could get tobacco and everything else in Lon-
don. He didn't bring any tobacco with him,
because of this information from an English
source. He told me that sea-sickness was a
box at the opera in comparison to the agony
he endured. Had it not been for the pros-
pect of getting "solace" in London, he would
have jumped overboard, and had the com-
pany sued by his wife's father.

When he got here and found no tobacco,
his grief was terrible. It was like the Dan-
bury boy's ball which fell into a ditch; it

knew no bounds. He haunted the tobacco stores. He paraded the streets like a spectre out of health. He chewed bits of cigars, smoking-tobacco, and all the ravellings out of every pocket in which he had ever carried tobacco. He would talk by the hour of the tobacco he had seen thrown away because of its being damaged, and distinctly remembered having thrown away a paper of tobacco himself twenty-two years ago last March. With equal clearness he remembered every occasion he had emptied his pockets of the tobacco-dust accumulated therein, "and," he shrieked in a burst of remorse, "flung it away as if it had been so much worthless sand." The point on which he dwelt with the most pain was the fact, that, for a period of six months, he voluntarily went without tobacco some twelve years ago. He invariably shivered and turned white when reverting to it.

When Schenck, the American Minister, returned to London from his journey home for a bride, Phillips went at once to his house in the almost hopeless hope of getting a chew—"just one little chew," he said to me.

But Schenck didn't use the weed; and the poor devil came back almost wild with disappointment. The next day he returned to America, solemnly promising, that if Heaven spared his life, he would find that Englishman and kill him. And he will keep his word.

And now we come to shaving.

It is a little singular, that a city occupied and sustained by over three million people cannot afford the luxury of a human shave. There are barber-shops, or hair-dressing saloons as they are called here, in abundance, and they all shave; but it is evident that shaving is not their "main holt." In their signs they bargain to do curling, cutting and shampooing, but barely a word about shaving. And it is just as well they don't brag about it.

Better, I think.

My first shave was undergone in a shop on Great Portland Street, in the fashionable West End. I got there so as to have a luxurious shave. It was a hair-dresser's shop, with a cheerful array of wooden skulls covered by the wrong hair. In a back-room I found the barber's assistant, a little girl; she called him through another; and he speedily emerged, wiping his breakfasting naps on his tonsorial apron. I was glad to see that he had thin whiskers, light coloured weak eyes, and a feeble voice. I was glad to see such a man, because I had learned from Dickens that there were very few of any other kind in England.

He had been eating his breakfast. All ordinary shopkeepers live on the same floor with their places of business, and through the glass door can be seen at the proper time partaking of the sweat of their brow.

This is not only convenient, but saves the hire of another clerk.

Having wiped his mouth, he bade me take an ordinary cane-seat chair in the middle of the room (and the apartment looked as little like a barber-shop as the garret of a hypochondriac), and fell to work in a most mournful manner to hunt up the various instruments for the business.

These found, he spread a napkin over my bolt-upright form, and began the shave. I asked him if any one had borrowed his regular chair. He answered mildly in the negative "You don't mean to say," I expostulated, "that you shave the myriads which go to make up life in this straight-backed, hard-bottomed chair?" He said he did, and that the chair wasn't worried much either.

I learnt from him that the English shave but little, and do the most of that themselves. It would not pay him to get an American chair. I learned the same story elsewhere many times since then; and I have not yet seen one of the barber-chairs so common in America.

There are cases where an upright stick, with a cross-piece at the top, is nailed to the common house chair. As it is permanently fastened, the victim's comfort during the shave depends very much on his anatomy. Once in a while, I dare say, some one gets into the chair who corresponds in length and shape to the man for whom it was first arranged; then there is comfort: otherwise the cross-piece is as likely to tear his scalp, or injure his spinal cord, as to let him off unscathed.

The shaving went on, in this case, without injury. I sat up as long as I could stand it with my mind on the operation, and then I peppered him with questions. I asked him about his country, and his queen, and his taxes, and his sufferings, and elicited from him either a plain negative or affirmative to all the questions. Finally he put the razor up, pointed to a basin and towel, and stood patiently waiting my movements. Wondering why he did not clean my face himself, I took advantage of the basin and towel. When I got through, he said, "Three ha'pence, sir;" and I understood by that that the procession was over. If I had asked him, he would have arranged my hair, brushing it by machinery; but I was too dumbfounded to say anything, and walked mechanically away.

They do differently in some of the shops.

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asking you if you will have your hair brushed, but not offering to do it unless you wish. The general price of a shave is twopence (four cents), and fourpence (eight cents) for the brush. They all do their brushing by machinery, and after tumbling up your hair, and fracturing your scalp, go at it with hand-brushes, using the comb sparingly.

We Americans are a nervous, active people; and the English are represented to be slow and methodical. We lounge in the barber's chair for a quarter-hour at a time, and make the operation of shaving a positive rest and refreshment. This reminds me of an incident. An American recently, visiting London, asked an English friend for a good barber-shop. The Englishman took him to where was a conspicuous and comforting announcement,—“A good shave for a penny.” The American went in, took the cane-seat chair, and passed through the operation in a sort of inexplicable stupor. When he got through, and had partly collected his thoughts, he ventured to ask the barber what he meant by going through such an infernal performance. “Well, you see,” said the barber, with exasperating complacency, knowing his customer to be an American, “the English people are so fast in their ways that they never could wait to be shaved scientifically, but must sit down and have it over in a minute, and be gone again to business.”

“Oh!” exclaimed the bewildered American, as he put his hat on wrong, and stumbled out into the street.

Having enumerated three of the daily amusements indulged in by the English, I now proceed to the fourth.

London grasps and holds the talent of England, whether we consider literature, drama, or art. It is not to England what New York is to America: it is to England what all the leading cities of ours combined are to our country. It is the repository of English fashion, English literature, English law, English art, English amusement. It is the grand focus about which everything bright, brilliant, and attractive centres.

And here the drama makes its debut and earns its success. There are scores of theatres devoted to the legitimate drama, fashionable opera, and varieties. Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres are licensed by Her Majesty and controlled by Her Majesty. The playwrights are Her Majesty's servants, and the royal troops guard these theatres. At both of these the opera in its grandest conception flourishes nightly. The Strand abounds with theatres, and scores of others are scattered about the great and wonderful city.

When it is considered that a hundred and sixty thousand strangers pour into London daily, some idea of the preparation to entertain them can be formed.

The prices of admission at all the places of amusement are graded to meet the wants and desires of all. In a theatre where the private box costs twenty dollars, admittance may be gained for twenty-five cents. The Alhambra, near the foot of Regent Street, is the largest theatre in the city. As it devotes itself to burlesque operas and the female leg, it is the best patronized by respectable people, especially merchants and professional men.

To the promenade, which partly encircles the orchestra-floor, the admittance is but a shilling of English money; and this promenade is nightly filled with fine-looking men, and handsome women of a sociable turn. The admittance to the gallery is but a sixpence, and to the private boxes twenty dollars.

The terraces to the old Haymarket, of which you and I read when we were children, are divided into awkward stalls, for which the prices are from sixty-three cents to two dollars. This old theatre looks like a Chinese pagoda heavily mortgaged.

All the theatres are provided with convenient bars, tended by young women.

And these young women who tend bars in England get from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a year and their board.

They rarely found hospitals.

There is one very disagreeable feature of London theatres, and that is charging for the programmes. It is only rarely that you come across a place where the programme is free; and the fact is conspicuously advertised. As a general thing, the programme costs from four to twenty-five cents.

There are generally three pieces played,—an introductory farce, the main play, and an afterpiece. Some of the places commence at a quarter before seven, and many do not close until midnight.

The concert saloons are liberally patronized by both the doubtful and undoubted of English society. I have seen at these places the rake and prostitute side by side with the honest tradesman and his wife and children, all drinking beer, and intently watching the stage; and yet the latter heard nothing to offend them. At the tables will be men engaged in discussion, others in smoking, and many drinking; and among them move the young women attendants, taking orders, and being free from unhealthy familiarities.

I must confess, I do not understand it.

Of London it can truly be said, there is

license without offence, and law without outrage.

The Cremorne Gardens, of which you have frequently heard, are located on the banks of the Thames, about two miles below Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. It is a magnificent place,—a great garden of turf, concrete walks, trees, shrubs, bar-rooms, arbours, grottoes, dancing-hall, theatre, band stands, promenades, dining-rooms, restaurants, parlors,—and all ablaze with gas. Here the lawyer, doctor, merchant, statesman, and politician rest from their labours; and here the scarlet woman spins the thread which reaches out into every avenue of the greatest city the world ever saw, seeking whom it may devour, and quite frequently devouring them.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTH, MILDEW, AND MARTYRS.

It is said that the three greatest curiosities in London are the Tower, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; but the three in my estimation are the hackmen, costermongers, and Spurgeon.

The second Sunday morning in London I was awakened by the paper boys and the sellers of water-cresses and strawberries. Water-cresses are a species of fruit I rarely patronize. I am afraid of swallowing the grits, and choking to death. I don't wish to be understood, by my reference to paper boys on this day, that the London dailies issue a Sunday paper; because they do not.

They are rather slow concerns, are these London dailies. They crowd their advertisements into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches; they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humour and head lines, and come to their readers every week-day a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold.

These papers which are cried about the streets of a Sunday morning are weeklies, and the boys and men who shout them are scarcely less gloomy and vague than their wares.

No living man is able to decipher their meaning, unless he sees their stork. The hawkers of water-cresses and fruits are equal-

ly intemperate in articulation; and you are always surprised and grieved, on following them up, to learn that they are vending water-cresses and berries, instead of rhinoceroses and whippoorwills.

An omnibus across Westminster Bridge takes you over the Thames to that part of the great city where is the Tabernacle, Spurgeon's church. It is a severely plain building, with a yard held in by an iron fence at the front. When we arrived, omnibuses, cabs and carriages were depositing their contents in front of the doors, while hundreds on foot were surging in through the gates. The place directly in front was a solid mass of people waiting for the doors to open. And there was another mass crowding in by a side-entrance, which we joined on the payment of a small fee for the sustenance and education of young candidates for the ministry. By this dodge (that is, plan) a good seat could be secured without discomfort, and the interests of the ministry were considerably advanced. The thoughtless would call this killing two birds with one piece of pavement. We got a seat in one of the galleries, and found ourselves in an oblong building, with several tiers of galleries, and a wide spread of floor, capable, in all, of seating ten thousand persons.

Ten thousand people quietly seated, and filled with religious emotions and cologne, is a spectacle rarely vouchsafed to mortal's gaze. Here they were, spread out before me like a sheet of fly-paper on a druggist's show-case; and all the little eccentricities of a congregation, but rarely noticed in the average gathering, swelled into a volume of startling dimensions in this huge audience.

The change of position, which is but a perceptible rustle in the average body of worshippers on the close of a prayer or hymn, here became a rustling sound like the breaking away of a great body of water; and the preparatory cough or hawking as the hymn was given out arose from ten thousand throats, and became magnified into a clap of prolonged thunder.

The man who steps on the end of a footstool and tips it up, so that it frightens an entire ordinary audience, was here multiplied by thirty with the most cheering success.

And, when all the ladies took out their handkerchiefs to wipe their mouths, it seemed so much like a snow-storm, that I had put on my hat, and pulled it down over my eyes, before realizing my mistake. The turning of the leaves of ten thousand hymn books need not be described. Any imagination enjoying the most moderate health can

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est thing I can liken it to is the rolling and
breaking of the surf upon a New Hamp-
shire coast.

When I got across Westminster Bridge
again, on my way back, I got down in
Whitehall, and, passing through the arch-
way under the Horse Guards, came out at
the lower end of the Mall which skirts St.
James' Park, passing before the grand
houses of the Prince of Wales and several
noblemen, and ending in front of Bucking-
ham Palace, the town residence of the
Queen.

The Mall is a broad avenue of trees. On
the right are the homes of nobility, and on
the left is the park. The first building is
Carlton Terrace, a tenement for nobility;
and opposite is the most curious spectacle
to be witnessed anywhere in the civilized
world. It is a broad walk, which here
skirts the park, as smooth and hard as a
billiard-ball. It is shaded by noble trees,
and is beautifully surrounded by turf. Just
opposite are the French-plate windows and
French awnings of the nobility tenements.
And here on this broad walk are rough
booths retailing cakes and other sweets, and
milk fresh from the cow. There is no sell about
this last, as the cow in question is tied to
each booth, helping itself from a bundle of
hay, and preparing for the successful develop-
ment of coming agricultural experiments.
Almost the entire walk in this section is
littered with these booths and their refuse;
and what is left from them is occupied by
their customers,—hungry and aspiring juve-
niles and servants.

George the Fourth is responsible for this;
and it is in illustration of the conservatism
of the English. In a freak, and when occu-
pying Carlton House, he directed that so
many poor people should have the right to
establish booths of this kind on the broad
walk opposite, and that the permission
should pass as an inheritance to their heirs
for all time. Frequent efforts have been
made to recover this ground to its legitimate
use, and wipe out the disgraceful excres-
cence from the beautiful Mall, but without
success. It has passed from generation to
generation, and will undoubtedly pass down
to the farthest generation, without relief,
unless some of the successors become less
mercenary than the present possessors, and
take what they can get for themselves, and
let their heirs look out for their own sus-
tenance.

The houses of the Prince of Wales and the
Duke of Edinburgh are on the Mall. The
royal family live happily, I believe. Photo-
graphs of the Princess of Wales dancing her

children on her back are on sale. This is
not "put on." She is an amiable lady, a
devoted wife, and a model mother. The
English are very fond of her. The Duke of
Edinburgh wears a striped shirt, and is
generally photographed with one leg over
the back of a chair, which imparts a grace
and majesty to his person that are quite im-
posing.

I was in a crowd in Cheapside the other
day when the Duke and Duchess drove by to
attend the opening of a new school building,
and saw scores of the English run along
with the carriage, on both sides, and almost
put their faces into the windows in their
eagerness to scan the features of their be-
loved royalty. How different are the Ameri-
cans! They would have stood on the walk
like a row of dummies, and never thought to
have poked their noses into the carriage
windows. I sometimes think our people
will never learn good breeding. The Duch-
ess is a girl of seventeen, with very red
cheeks and a ball-room expression; and he
is a big fellow, with a coarse mouth and
sleepy eyes, but good-looking withal, and
having a finely cultivated ear for profanity.

Here, also, is Marlborough House, the
best-looking of the lot. The Duke of
Marlborough lives here, and is a man deeply
interested in mechanics. He offers a number
of hundred pounds to the man who will fly
safely from the roof of his house. He wants
to get up an excitement, and sell sittings in
his tree for a guinea each, I fear. But I
hope he is sincere about it. There was a
man here with a flying machine, who con-
templated making the experiment; but
having descended on his crown from an
altitude of five hundred feet, the fall drove
the idea out of his head.

But here is Buckingham Palace, the home
of the best of Queens.

The open space before the huge iron fence
is of gravel, which, night and day, is being
crunched under somebody's feet. Men with
hats which seem to be constantly inviting
the sun to strike the occupants down, and
red coats rather crusty in the tails, are
patrolling at the gates. It is an immense
building, with no natural beauties between
it and the fence excepting an occasional
grocer-cart and pair of black pants with a
red stripe down the leg. But it is a large
building of brown stone, with a most am-
ple garden back of it, enclosed by a wall high
enough to suit the most exacting coal-
dealer.

That reminds me that they don't cart
their coal about in loose bulk here, but trans-
port a great deal of their ice that way, which
they shovel into sidewalk-hatchways; but

their coal they carry in bags, one hundred pounds to the bag. Judas Iscariot carried the bag, you will remember.

The most attractive object to me about the exterior of this four-story slate-roofed palace is the coat-of-arms—over the gateway. It is the English coat-of-arms—a lion and a unicorn on their hind-legs, squaring off at each other. I can't tell the number of hours I have remained planted in front of that gateway, admiring those figures; and for nearly an hour this Sunday afternoon I stood leaning against the St. James' fence in a trance of delight. The lion has a smile on its face. It is the first lion I ever saw laugh.

I have seen thousands of these coats-of-arms, but never saw a sedate lion: he is always laughing, as if he were the funniest joke he ever heard of,—being matched against a unicorn with a barber-pole between its eyes. And it is absurd, when you come to think of it; for a lion could whip a unicorn around a stump, and have its barber-pole in front of a milliner-shop, inside of nine seconds.

But I like to see a lion look pleased. I think we were all intended to be happy. A lion that won't laugh is no society for me. As for a unicorn, I am not much that way. I enter heartily into the life-sentiment of a lamented friend, who, years ago, went to a better home; which was, "Goldarn a unicorn anyway!"

I made my way by omnibus to Smithfield, —a large square near to Holborn, and famous the world over as the scene of martyrdom. In Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is a picture of it; and while its surface is much changed since the triumphs of Bloody Mary, and the buildings reproduced in the sketch are gone, yet those which now stand are exact copies of them. If one could shut his eyes to the modern market of brick, glass, and iron, which supplanted its famous predecessor, he could easily imagine he was moved back several centuries, and could almost smell the burning faggots. The buildings look just as deserted and gloomy as those which once chilled my blood in the print.

This square has been a slaughter-pen in its time, and has witnessed such agony and despair as make the Tower of London seem a sort of picnic in comparison. That was the period when it was death to construe God's word differently than your neighbour did; when zeal for God's service was stronger than it is now, and nobody was happy. They had more religion than we of this time have; but all their generations never saw so happy and beautiful a Sabbath as this. But the burnings are abolished

now, owing to a free press and the search for faggots. There is nothing about a coal to stimulate fanaticism.

Right in the corner of the square, where a narrow street comes in, and in the first building of the next angle, is what is called a Norman archway. It is very old, as the stone of which it is composed is broken and blackened.

It is a tenement-house, built exactly over and about this arch, both for the purpose of preserving it as a relic, and to save the expense of a new arch. Through this arch the depth of the building, by the beginning of one wonderfully narrow and crooked and quainter way called Cloth Lane,—from the fact that, fifteen or twenty thousand years ago, it was occupied by cloth-dealers,—and where have a graveyard of about the eighth of a town acre, covered with rusty stones, broken bottles, and other debris. On two sides of this repository of the dead are the rear of tenements, with dirty windows, stained walls, and unhealthy-looking people peering through the glass. There is not a spear of green grass in the entire yard; but all of it is as black and despondent as the tenement walls which have choked it dead. I pass down a path between two walls (the one skirting the yard, and the other being the side of a warehouse, into which are let numerous tablets of the dead, who were too late or too proud to go into the yard, I thought), and I am at the door of the old Henry, east church in London,—famous Bartholomew, just as the afternoon service begins. I take my seat with a motley-looking congregation, and stare with all my eyes at the astonishing interior. I try to fasten my attention upon the service; but between the mouldy and crumbling walls, the reflections on the past, and a beadle with gold lace on his coat, a gold band on his hat, and a pair of active and industrious boots on his feet, I give up in despair, and collapse into a sort of stupor, which holds me through the service.

Nearly the whole enjoyment of visiting just such places as this is lost through the inability of the beholder to think fast enough.

Here is the relic of a building which, eight hundred years ago, extended to the archway on the square, and that chain was its main entrance. It was a monastery then, echoing to the footsteps of solemn monks and their impressive chanting. It has rotted away by piecemeal for these many centuries. It was hacked and cut by the grim followers of Cromwell; and to-day, this remnant, with its miserably broken pillars and walls, is continuing the struggle

press and the search before the eyes of the nineteenth century. The floor is broken; the pillars which form

the arched roof, and separate the aisles from the nave, are worn in places to such a degree in, and in the first to make one sitting near them quite nergle, is what is callous and thoughtful; the walls are musty, It is very old, and washed, and filled with doorways with no imposed is broken and stairs leading up to them; and windows blocked up, and tombs quaint, scratched,

use, built exactly over and mutilated. Back of the pulpit are two path for the purpose of three stone coffins, whose occupants, ages, and to save the ego, removed for better ventilation; and Through this arch the scattered near them are two or three tons of by the beginning of stone cornice, or window or door facings, and crooked and quailed from the wreck of the main building.

ane,—from the fact It is a singular sensation an American ex- thousand years ago experiences upon visiting this dirty and oth-dealers,—and broken-winded fabric. "Why isn't it torn out the eighth of adown at once, and a new building put up in dusty stones, broken place?" you ask. Why don't you tear it. On two sides up the body of your great-grandfather from dead are the rear dis- resting-place in the churchyard, and y windows, stained a new body in its place? But perhaps looking people peering you never thought of it. But it can be ere is not a spear done. So these people can tear down this e yard; but all of old church, and erect another: but they dent as the tenement haven't thought of it.

ted it dead. I pass When one of our home church buildings two walls (the one loses a couple of shingles from the roof, or the other being the figure out of its carpet, or the first tone of so which are let nuts paint, one church meeting follows another, dead, who were to former neighbours cease to exchange greet- go into the yard, and "to borrow a cup of milk until the door of the old Henry gets back from school" from each ,—famous Bartholomew, and pic-nics are given up, and brother- hood service begins. My love suspended, until the point is carried, motley-looking come the repair made, and a debt incurred.

shall my eyes at the But here is a church that for five hundred try to fasten my at years has been in a condition to get the whole ice; but between the congregation by the ears, and to send the walls, the reflection entire parish to the devil; but the people adle with gold lace go patiently along, raising a little money in on his hat, and in direction and a little in that, and using tritious boots on him as they get it to replace a stone, or prop a r, and collapse into pillar; and the following Sunday they drop holds me through the gently in and sit for an hour on a hard bench, worshipping God and admiring the improve- joyment of visitants. It will be five hundred years is lost through them, I imagine, before they get much er to think far beyond that; for Time appears to be about as active as they are.

a building which But there are no painted pews here; simply o, extended to the end benches, and exasperatingly backed square, and the chairs. The sittings are not stationary, but It was a man competent to be moved about like the o the footstep of settees in our Sunday schools. Did you ever impressive chanting fall over one of those settees which had been piecemeal for these moved without your knowledge by the hacked and out by "other fellow"? What happy days were nwell; and to-day show! They will never come again, you miserably broken pillars. There is no carpet. Blank stone nning the struggle are what the English delight in for

their churches. A stone floor is not so slightly or comforting as a carpet, but is better adapted for burying people beneath. You could plant them under a carpet, I suppose; but it wouldn't be so pleasant, especially in dog days.

Some of the churches have floors of partly coloured tile, which are very pretty, and would answer, perhaps, the natural craving in our country for a carpet; but, with snow on the heel of the incoming worshipper, the result would be most disastrous to the first half-dozen pews from the door.

CHAPTER XV.

A RAMBLE OVER LONDON.

There is more to see in London than is comprised within the philosophy of any compiler of guide-books. And "of making many" (guide) "books there is no end." Routledge's (English) and Pascoe's (American) are the best. But I advise my readers who contemplate visiting London to buy all the guide-books they can get hold of. Each one contains matter different from what can be found in all of the others; and the first object of the tourist should be to sift down the contents of all, and go to work in an intelligent manner to see everything worth being seen in the most wonderful city in the world. A thorough observation of London and Great Britain gives the observer a new interest in history, and confers an additional charm upon fiction; and yet all the guide-books combined fall short of the work. The chief dependence of the visitor is in prowling around. He should burrow into strange courts, and thread all passable streets. He should keep open eyes and a ready tongue, and what the former cannot fathom the latter should bring to light. The English are obliging to strangers; and, if a searcher after information does not get it, the fault must lie with himself.

The next numerous volumes are railway guides. The chief is Bradshaw's, much larger than Appleton's, so common in America, and costing but twelve cents, or less than one-quarter of the American work. Then there are a number much smaller than Bradshaw's, which can be bought for two cents each, and even less than that where a party takes a barrel of them; but it is rarely a traveller needs that quantity. Besides these, the companies themselves issue a guide every month or so,—a voluminous work, giving the time and stations on their main and branch lines, and sold for two cents. These railway guides are the very essence of all that is maddening; and there is nothing, unless it is a

contrary woman, which will drive a man so delirious as these very guides. They are making people morose and discontented, dividing families, and crowding the lunatic asylums. It is no wonder there is so much drinking here. A single page of Bradshaw's would break up a nest of hornets, and drive full two-thirds of them into drunkards' graves.

The very centre of London life is at the junction of the several streets in front of the Bank, Mansion House, and Royal Exchange. The Bank is a one-story granite fabric, about high enough to sling a five-year-old boy over; and the Royal Exchange is an open court, with statue, benches, conceited and slim-legged clerks, and greasy loungers. The Mansion House is the official residence of the lord mayor; and of a morning in "the season," his brilliant equipage, with scarlet coachmen and scarlet footmen, may be seen working through the jam of vehicles which choke up these thoroughfares. If his chariot is not in sight, the patient waiter is sure to be rewarded by the gorgeous turn-out of the lord high sheriff, with its purple and gold livery, and pink silk stockings, and powdered wigs. To a republican with fifteen dollars in his pocket this sight is very enervating.

It costs several millions of dollars annually to carry on this city government (the expense of the officers merely); and, when the price is compared with the municipality, the discrepancy is simply ridiculous. The lord mayor and the lord sheriff control only that insignificant portion of London called "the city," whose limits are no greater now than when Westminster was separated from it by fields, with the little village of Charing Cross between. All the brick and mortar and pavements adjoining are separate parishes,—with the exception of Westminster, which is a city,—and are governed by the church wardens of each parish. The lord mayor has no more to do with them than an Egyptian violinist has. But it is all called London.

Opening off from this neighbourhood is Cannon Street, where stands St. Swithin's Church. In a small recess in this church is a small stone, of irregular shape and inoffensive appearance. You have passed thousands of just such bits of rock as this, and fallen over some of them without feeling your bump of reverence elevate itself, unless you happened to strike squarely upon it. And yet this recess was built into this holy edifice solely to accommodate this stone, and an iron grating is over it to protect it from the people. They could have taken down the grating when I was about.

Centuries before your grandfather cut his first teeth, this stone had graduated in political honours. It stood in the middle of the

street; and every crowned monarch was expected to strike his sword against it, and to proclaim himself king. It is the same old stone Jack Cade struck with his weapon, much delicately insinuated that he was Lord of the London. There are many people who think the Jack Cade was a martyr to principle. Whether or I was a boy, I walked five miles through, when a rain-storm to borrow a yellow-covered box now called "Jack Cade," under the impression that it was a companion-volume to "Diary of a Turpin." I have since then had my own opinion respecting him, and never missed a plausible opportunity, when in the presence of one of the Cades, to vent that opinion with emphasis used. It was a large stone in those days; later, people got to putting their hands on it for the sake of its associations; and wear commenced to wear so rapidly, that it was taken up and put here. I rolled up my sleeves, worked my hand through the grating, and touched the sacred rock myself, and have felt much better ever since. A bootblack who was present, and overhearing the conversation between myself and friends, rolled up his sleeve also, and received bits of magic contact. He had been stationed there for two years at this spot, and never knew that was now the sacred nature of the stone. I was afraid that the money and clothing which he had heathen abroad in the past ten years had been misapplied.

When the Romans occupied London, they found the advent of our Saviour, this stone was used by them as a standard of distance. Smith's Watling-street, which is near by, is supposed to have been the Roman road which ran across the centre of London of that day, and extended the full length of the county going north. None of us know who are the descendants of the ancient Romans, but all of us know who are not. I refer to the road commissioner of the nineteenth century.

The post-office, just before six p.m., is the object of interest to a stranger. At five o'clock the night-mail closes to the usual post; and age; but, by paying a penny extra, a letter can be posted for it until half-past seven. Twopence will give you until nine o'clock to get your letter off, and with a heavier post you gain two hours more. I judge by the time that the night-mail leaves at eleven o'clock, and instead of keeping the bags open to the mail until that time, as is done in America, they close them to all but the fees after eleven o'clock, and thus add an important item to the post-office revenue. At five minutes past six o'clock the rush to the letter-box is something remarkable. The crowd is composed mostly of clerks, some of whom have bags full of letters; and during the five

ruined monarch was in question the flutter of letters as they sword against it, into the opening can be plainly heard in the middle of the street, if it doesn't look like rain.

that he was Lord Villin a few rods of the post-office is Guild many people who think the City Hall of London; and a little to principle. When on is Bishopsgate-street, and Crosby five miles through, where Richard the Third held revels. A yellow-covered box now a huge restaurant, and the famous under the impressing room accommodates city diners in volume to "Do the other day accommodated me, where I then had my rest for a half-hour wrestling with a chop and never missed a plate of cold cauliflower, and speculation in the presence of on the oak carvings, where the famous opinion with emphasis used to scratch his back when he wore in those days; better, without doubt, and on the grand of their hands on windows, through which he swore at associations; and weather. It is a singular fancy, converting so rapidly, than historical place into a restaurant; but out here. I rolled pool restaurant and a relic are both sunny hand through the plan, and the heart and the sacred rock my much are both strengthened. In this better ever since, neighbourhood are the taverns where the present, and overhills and professionals of bygone times held between myself and friends—whose walls have echoed to the also, and received out of Johnson, Hook, Shakespeare, Hood, had been stationed, and others whose names we are familiar and never knew far with, but of whose names we fortunate of the stone. I only know little.

and clothing which here Smith the divine thundered his ana- the education of a man, and Smith the wit ventilated his the past ten years his motto, and Smith the soldier strode his side, and Smith the orator burned with occupied London, and Smith the ruler gave forth our Saviour, this is law, and Smith the poet sang his songs, standard of distance, Smith the Roman statesman displayed is near by, is supposed, and Smith the Druid chanted his Roman road which he.

London of that day, it is noticeable that when anything has length of the count going on the Smiths were round.

are the descendants there are a host of Londoners who never but all of us know the inside of these taverns; never were a road commissioner's side of the Tower of London nor St. Paul's cathedral; but there are a host of those who

before six p.m., it has been inside of Newgate, which is not a stranger. At that time the Newgate Prison of Jack Sheppards to the usual point and Jonathan Wild's day is not here. A penny extra, a letter a hundred years ago, Lord Gordon's until half-past seven of "No Popery" rascals fired the old on until nine o'clock to release their fellows, and a new and with a heavier gun has taken its place.

more. I judge by the prison looks very much like the leaves at eleven o'clock on Eagle Street, Albany; only its the bags open to be blackened by smoke. There is a as is done in America, a doorway set into the wall, and ap-

but the fees after reached by several stone steps, which lets an important item to the office, where sits a little old gentle-

At five minutes with an uncompromising appearance to the letter-box of the jail itself. He is the governor, and

is. The crowd is could never be superseded; but he would s, some of whom have the most cheerful album look sick. A and during the five a man showed me over the prison. I

don't know as if it materially differs from any other jail. The court-yard, where the executions take place, and where a scaffold was now being put in readiness, and taking on its awful shape; the stocks, where the prisoners to be flogged are secured while the delicate sensation is being produced; the casts of murderers executed here, taken after the fatal choking, and all bearing the impress of it in their nostrils; the irons which Jack Sheppard wore, and which a dry-goods clerk could hardly lift; and the tri-square passage, beneath whose flagging lies what is left of those who have suffered death here,—were the chief objects of interest.

I must confess that I am just morbid enough to have lingered a few minutes in the passage of sepulchre. There was a strange interest to me in reading the rudely carved initials in the wall over where may have been the heads of the owners. Immediately after the execution the body is brought here and dropped into a hole beneath one of the flags, covered with lime (as if the poor wretch had not been slack enough in his life) topped off with earth, and the flagging is replaced; and unless some rough but good-natured warder cuts his initials on the wall adjoining, the place of his disappearance is never known.

In a brief space of time the body which some fond mother has laughingly cuddled in her arms is rotted and absorbed, and room made for the next comer.

A yard enclosed by a huge sombre stone wall separates Newgate from the Old Bailey. In through a gate drives the prison van daily with its precious freight. An underground passage communicates from the court to the prison. The court itself, although much the older building of the two, is of the same material and design, and is similar in all its outward features. There are several rooms for the holding of courts; but the most interesting is that for the trial of important criminals. In the box where Sheppard, Turpin and Duval figured is a stairway leading to the vaults below, where the prisoners remain after being removed from the jail, and waiting for their turn up stairs. The first cell is the said to have been occupied by Sheppard. The policeman who escorted me over the prison tried to make me believe that Sheppard lies buried in the lime under the passage.

I told him I had heard the interment was St. Giles-in-the-Fields; but he said bodies were not allowed to be removed from the prison after execution, and so the house-breaker must have been interred here. But Sheppard was not executed at Newgate, but at Tyburn; and it is not probable his body

was returned to the prison. Both Sheppard and Turpin (Palmer) were buried in the yard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, opposite Charing Cross Hotel; and are there yet, as contented as is possible for men of their temperament to be.

Newgate Street runs parallel with Fleet Street, and slants into Holborn. The prisoner was put on his coffin in a cart, and the procession made up of the condemned, the clergy, sheriff, prison-wardens, and hangman. Accompanied by a mixed rabble, which rapidly augmented as they proceeded, they came out into Holborn, and drew up in front of the venerable pile called the Church of St. Sepulchre, where the hero received a bouquet of flowers and a spiritual injunction, and then proceeded up High Holborn to where it becomes Oxford Street, through Oxford Street to where is now the Oxford Street entrance to Hyde Park, but which was then an open common; and here the execution took place. Sixteen-string Jack, in 1774, was the last to receive the bouquet from the steps of St. Sepulchre. A base in the stone plate in Hyde Park fence, just opposite Beresford Hope's house, bears this simple inscription: "Here stood Tyburn gate in 1829."

I suppose there is no means of knowing the number of people who gave up their lives on this spot, both for political and society offences. Seventy-five years ago there were months when twenty and thirty executions came off, and it was not until the commencement of the present century that capital punishment was restricted to the greater crimes. As late as fifty odd years ago, the laws of England punished the theft of five shillings with death. In copies of "The Gentleman's Magazine" published in 1776 are the accounts of the execution of young and old for the most trifling misdemeanors. Blacking the face when stealing at night, or even defacing Westminster Bridge, was punished by hanging. If ever a tree bore evil fruit, it was this gallows-tree at Tyburn. But who would think it? Omnibuses, drays, and carriages roll over the pavement, and children play and romp and shout on the greensward, where so many thousands met violent and disgraceful deaths with hearts petrified with despair.

In back of Oxford Street to-day are blocks upon blocks of quality residences, owned by certain dukes and earls, and rented on a hundred-years' lease to aristocratic tenants at a price that makes the English stare by its magnitude, and makes us Americans augh by its insignificance. It is a little singular, that, in this circumscribed and crowded territory, property and rents should be

less than broad and roomy America. It is so. Up at St. John's Wood, the west end of the city looks over its fences into waving fields of grain, and a story tenement can be hired for two hundred dollars a year. Try to do the same with a similar dwelling similarly located in New York City, and the owner would angle you up on the roof, and throw you and no jury could be found to blame him.

I may have stated before that the part of the metropolis is owned by a dozen or so powerful noblemen, who have ground for a land-rent, for a small sum, for a period of ninety-nine years, when it is to be given back to them, with all its improvements in proportion to the territory there really like a small amount of freehold property. I have said that the land is owned by a few noblemen, and in consequence. There are sections of land is rented for ever at so much a yard, and per annum, and is owned by numerous people. A piece of property is bought for a way for a penny a yard. Improvements in a place in its neighbourhood; and its value increases, that the holder sells it to someone else at twopence a yard; and the thing is soon disposed of to a fourth for a third advance; and so it goes, if valuation is made until it gets into the possession of another party. He pays his rent to the seventh to the sixth, and so on, till it returns to first hands.

This way of purchasing would hardly come popular in our country, and I think there is no necessity for it. But the landlord quite frequently shines about. In this section of London, west of Oxford Street, are several very handsome small but beautiful, which are private property, belonging to the noblemen own property about them, and which are for the exclusive use of their tenants. These are from an acre to three acres in extent.

The English must have grass to play on and trees to lie under, and flowers to pick. How many times, in going out of the city by the railways, have I looked down into the broken windows of wretched tenements, and found a little pot of plants struggling with its might to get the best of its surroundings.

And, not content with its great quantity of park-lands in the city, it has magnificent retreats and gorgeous places in the suburbs, and along the Thames. Of a pleasant day, the little steamers and shore-boats will be crowded with visitors; while the routes leading to Kensal-green, Hampton Heath, Crystal Palace, and other resorts, are equally loaded; and the enormous city parks do not look

roomy America. I had gone out of the city. It is John's Wood, where all these people are stowed. I look over the week.

The fields of grain, which the Thames reminds me that it can be hired for two times I spoke of this great thorough-year. Try to do the

thing similarly. I used to believe the Thames was a silvery and the owner would, and in later years came to look upon roof, and throw a turbulent stream crowded with be found to blame. Lined with docks, with numerous ed before that the people of gloomy arches, from which un- polis is owned by people have been prompted to ul noblemen, who are, and bury their troubles beneath its rent, for a small surface. By the time I had got within nine years, when it had reached and fifty miles of England, I shall its improvement, to wonder what the Thames was territory there really like.

freehold property. The river is about the breadth of average y becomes somewhat. I hardly know how else to give its There are sections. Above the city, beyond Hammer- and along through Windsor, it is a stream with delightful shores; but, property is bought the precincts of London, it is a dirty yard. Improvement with a ferocious tide. The English, their well-known love for the beautiful ourhood; and its substantial, have made a garden of the holder sells it to shore, from Westminster Bridge to yard; and the third the Temple, by the Thames and Vic- it to a fourth for Embankments. These embankments goes, if valuation road roadways, raised some ten or the possession of a feet above high tide, and faced on is rent to the sever side with finely out blocks of so on, till it returns.

chasing would have Here and there are broad flights ur country, and I least and pretty piers for the river ty for it. But the best. The roadways are very broad and y frequently shines above the river. The roadways are very broad and London, west of the granite blocks, and lines of gas l very handsome. The effect in the night from one of l, which are private neighbouring bridges is beautiful. Trees o the noblemen own have been added, and in time will add a em, and which are ul shade to the other attractions of the ir tenants. These final promenades.

three acres in extent few steps through any of the streets at have grass to go from Fleet Street, the Strand, or der, and flowers to ball,—all parallel to the river,— es, in going out of the bringing the pedestrian into a beautiful ave I looked down brilliant with blossoming flowers, and wretched tenement with verdure, through which he can plants struggling the Embankment. Fancy New the best of its surround sacrificing a quarter of its water-front nt with its great and promenades! But is London in the city, is valuable for giving the humblest of ats and gorgeous an opportunity to sniff flowers, suburbs, bringing stones into the water? Five cen- s. Of a pleasant ago, to have completed such a work amers and shore not have been remarkable; but in ith visitors; while rous, growing, struggling age, to see Kensal-green Cem force sacrificed in such a wholesale way crystal Palace, and sure is something remarkable, and y loaded; and yaging.

ks do not look the Thames presents some wonderful

contrasts. It has an extravagant tide. When the tide is full, all the vessels ride free, and the scene is an active one; but, when the tide is out, you can stand on either of the embankments, and, looking across to the other side, see a broad strip of mud-bottom along the front of blackened and tumble-down looking structures, with rickety piers, and sombre appearing vessels standing on their beam ends,—the most desolate sight you ever saw on a river, unless it is a coroner's jury. And flanking the embankments are the same mud flats, with their covering of tipsy vessels.

From above Vauxhall Bridge to the Tower of London, covering the greater part of the city river-front, the same dreary line of mud bottom, rickety, dingy warehouses, and skylarking vessels, may be seen when the tide is out, excepting when the beautiful Embankments break the line. There are no docks like those we have in American ports, with drays, barrels of tar, profane boatmen, with stores in the background selling oil-cloth pants and coats, fly-blown cakes, tarred rope, and suspicious bologna sausages. There is no place on the face of the earth where a stranger is so anxious and ambitious to get information, and where he stands less chance of getting it, than on a dock. But there are no docks fronting these warehouses, which we see before us. They are built on the river-edge; and, when the tide is in, the vessels ride against the buildings, and are unloaded into or loaded direct from them. It saves the employment of a great many men who hold up their trousers with a strap about their waists.

The river-craft is about as remarkable as any of its features. Everything is painted black. The steamboats which ply on the river, from London Bridge up as far as the city reaches, are diminutive vessels devoted to carrying passengers only. They are constantly darting here and there, and are well patronized. On Sundays they are crowded; and it is a painful wonder that the proprietors have not sufficient enterprise to protect their patrons from the glare of the sun. They sit low in the water, have cheap fares, and are built to stand a good deal of bumping. Their smoke-stacks are jointed, to permit of running under the side arches of the bridges. They are interesting at the first sight; but as you see no other patterns but these, you soon get heartily tired of them. The other vessels are small, awkward, cumbersome scows, with a single sail, and a huge pair of oars. They are black and dirty, lazy in their movements, open the full length, and look as if they had been carting ink in the bulk for centuries. When the sail can-

not be used, the long oars are applied. The scows are used for bringing freight from the sailing and steam vessels down the river, below London Bridge, to the warehouses I have mentioned. They are the most desponding-looking objects I ever saw, and what they mostly seem to need is a thundering kick behind.

London Bridge is the oldest and last bridge down the river. It is on the site of the two bridges which have made its name a part of history.

For miles down the river from here is the genuine shipping which gives London its commercial standing. The presence of these huge sailing-vessels and black iron ocean-steamships is never suspected by the visitor, who confines his sight-seeing to the city and that portion of the river between London and Vauxhall Bridges; but there they are, hundreds, yea, thousands of them, from every port and clime open to the traffic of the world.

But there are no steamboats like ours,—no steamboats at all but these little chaps which are constantly fitting to and fro. An American steamboat, with its ponderous and attractive exterior, gorgeous saloons and cabins, would call out the entire city, and rouse all England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

The English often speak of them and of our ferry-boats, but with bated breath.

You would hardly believe, that, for the miles of city below London Bridge, there is no other means of crossing the river except by little insignificant row-boats. These English can hardly comprehend the New York ferry-boats, and cannot understand why the waters about that city are not bridged, and row-boats used. When I have told them that there are scores and scores of steam ferry-boats plying between New York and opposite cities all the while,—each vessel large enough to swallow five of their river steamboats, and pick its teeth with a sixth,—they have gone away miserable and wretched.

There are a great many things these English do not understand; but I think I notice an improvement since my arrival.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH PETTICOAT LANE.

It is a little singular that one of the most reprehensible of London's avenues should be its straightest and its broadest. Whitechapel is a remarkable spot. It runs parallel to the Thames, in the eastern part of London, and is supposed to be the Broadway of vice and poverty. I think I am

safe in placing its width at one hundred and twenty feet, while its roadway is some forty feet; leaving a walk on each side of equal width. But merely half of these spaces of forty feet each are devoted to pedestrianism, the rest being used by the occupiers of the shops opposite for the play of their wares. I walked to Whitechapel nearly an hour, watching the people, and peering into the shops; and the absence of well-dressed or hurrying and comely finally grew monotonous. It seemed I had been transplanted into another country, and among a peculiar people.

I didn't see the mark of Cain on the brows; but the stamp of Lazarus was apparent on their attire. The shops were mostly for the vending of second-hand furniture and clothing, and were attended by those people who never can get their gage passed through a custom-house after it has been thoroughly searched.

There were an abundance of men in pants tight in the leg, short-tailed round-crown hats, and cravats of various goods. The lower classes of England were devotedly attached to spotted neckerchiefs principally of the blue ground; and they rally tie them about the neck without regard to the position of the collar, as they are so particular as to have a collar at all.

Not far from Bishopsgate commenced a street well known to the Londoner, whose name is familiar to thousands, never saw London. Generations upon generations of thieves and vagabonds it has and graduated, and bids fair to send many more generations of the same sort.

Such a reproach had its name become a few years ago it was removed, and one substituted. It is now in the direct and on the maps, as Middlesex Street, all the whitewashing in the world will blot out its old title,—Petticoat Lane.

Whitechapel is but one of the bounds of a section of which Petticoat Lane is the heart. It is but a lane, crooked enough, slimy enough to be a snake. Its entrance from Whitechapel is appropriately flanked by two low rum-shops, from whose open doors escapes a convivial steam that is in the least inviting.

I was particularly warned by the newspaper articles, and guide-books, to venture within its precincts, unless under the guardianship of a policeman. With the feeling of almost hysterical exultation, I had dwelt upon the strikingness of English pickpockets; and when I saw that Lane became especially known to me as the place where the stranger lost his

width at one hundred and kerchief at one end, and found it hanging up for sale at the other. I thought I should like to see my handkerchief thus exposed for sale, and intensely wondered who could buy it. I didn't think I could afford

rest being used for the opposite for the. I walked through an hour, watching into the shops; and passed or hurrying. It seemed as if I were transplanted into a peculiar people. The mark of Cain on the arm of Lazarus was visible. The shops were of second-hand goods, and were attended by men who never can get their hands off a custom-house search. The abundance of men in leg, short-tailed coats, and cravats of several classes of English to spotted neckerchiefs, blue ground; and the neck without the collar, as clear as to have a collar.

There were second-hand shops in abundance, meat-stalls and groceries in every direction. The lane itself had about eight feet of roadway, and from a foot to two feet sidewalk.

There were bloated women, and one-eyed men, and deformed children, and repulsive dwarfs, among the dirty horde who lounged on the walks, or loitered in the street. A striking peculiarity of the tenements was their size, but few of them exceeding two stories in height. There were no half-dozen flights of crazy stairs to climb up or fall down; no fourth, fifth, or sixth story window to topple out of, and injure the pavement.

The houses were of brick, defaced by age and dirt; and the first floors to all of them were either on a level with the street, or a foot or so below it. There were an abundance of courts and alleys adjoining, and in them the pedestrian found much difficulty in making his way. Some of the alleys were so narrow, that four people could not walk through them abreast; and, when their smallness was considered, it was really wonderful the amount of stenches they contained.

I found boys and girls here in the full enjoyment of happiness, and acting dreadfully natural. It brought the tears to my eyes to see seventy-five of them helping to raise a kite, the unbounded exasperation of the boy who had hold of the string; and, when a half-dozen of them came rushing by me with a cat attached to a cord, I felt too full to breathe; and I took good care not to breathe until they got by.

Petticoat Lane is the home of the costermongers whom we meet in the more respectable thoroughfares at all hours of the day or night.

London costermongers are an institution in themselves; they are generally filthy-looking men. Their stock of goods is displayed upon an oblong platform mounted on a pair of wheels; this they shove before them conformable to the shifting of the channel of trade. They remain in one spot, move about, as is required. Sometimes they are on the move for hours without a sale, except to attend to a customer. They

do not cry out their wares; they do not come upon the sidewalk. They are to be found in the narrow and crowded thoroughfares, as well as in the more retired portions of the city. They fight for right of way with the powerful omnibuses and leviathan drays; but I never heard of one of them being run over; and, in turn, they never run over the drays and omnibuses. They sell everything, but principally fruit and shell-fish. They nearly monopolize both of these markets. This is a good fruit year, I should judge; and that which is sold is similar in kind to ours, being cherries, pears, plums, grapes, apricots, strawberries, and red raspberries. I believe they have no blackberries here; but the English eat strawberries just as we eat cherries, and, between the acts in a play, run out to the first costermonger, and buy a paper of them. At the hotels and dining-houses strawberries are served with the stems, and the guest hulls them himself; or can eat them without hulling, if he choose.

But the costermonger who to-day sells fruit may to-morrow sell something else. He watches the market and popular taste, and rarely has the same articles on sale several days in succession. To-day he is selling fruit; to-morrow oysters and snails; the day after, fresh fish; and the fourth day, neckties. It is dreadful to think of. Let us pass on.

Green apples are a staple article here; and the little London boys, who have no apple-trees to climb, snap up this fruit with greedy haste. The other day I passed one of these green-apple stands. An English and an American friend were with me. The Englishman, pointing to the stock, said, "We use these for tarts; what do you make of them?"

"Cholera-morbus," promptly replied the American.

"Ah! cholera-morbus, eh?—that's odd," said the Englishman.

The costermongers who took up nearly all the available space in Petticoat Lane to-day were selling fresh fish and shell fish. The denizens of the neighbourhood had undoubtedly cloyed themselves with fruit and neckties, and were now revelling in snails and soles.

Snails are a favourite dish with the English. I have never thought there was anything particular to admire about a snail, unless it is speed; but the English utilize them in a happy way, and have been the means of introducing this sombre animal into a circle of gaiety and dissipation that must be a decided innovation upon its past life. The snail occupies here the position

held by the oyster in America. Being of a humbler nature, it is content to sell itself two for a cent; while the more aristocratic oyster holds itself at from five to eight cents a head. The enjoyment of eating oysters at that price has its drawbacks, and these people eat snails. A novice at opening oysters rarely hankers after the practice; but, at first sight, he would prefer, I think, to open an oyster, rather than to open a snail. But the snail is much the easier to conquer. The aspirant for its flesh adroitly introduces a pin into the front-door of the animal's habitation, and it immediately comes out to see what is up. It is a fatal move for the snail, unless it should happen to have a very bad breath.

As the English costermonger substitutes snails for our oysters, so also does he vend soles, and not shad. Salmon and soles are the favourite fish here; but soles, for delicacy and flavour, transcend salmon. It is remarkable how fond the English are of soles.

The several Englishmen returning home on the vessel which brought me here frequently conversed with me of the glory in store for me when I put my foot on English soil, and was permitted by a kind and indulgent Providence to call for a fried sole. I heard so much of the surpassing delicacy and flavour of the dish, that I began to fear I should catch some new kind of disease, and die, before I reached land; but when these people got to following me to my stateroom at night when I retired, and hallooing through the keyhole their praises and anticipations of fried sole, the prospect of never seeing the shore again was less frightful than would seem possible.

Fried sole is not a bad dish after all; but any one who had been all his life nourished on curryscombs would hardly find variety enough in fried sole.

It is the favourite dish at the restaurants, and has delicacy enough, for that matter; but it is simply a paper of pins thinly disguised: and when you hear a waiter with a sore throat scream down the recesses of an elevator, "one fried sole, quick!" the start you receive tends to prejudice you against the fish.

From this neighbourhood radiate the match-pedlars and flower-girls, who meet you at the door of the theatre, every corner of the street, at the entrance to your cab, and leave you only as you disappear in your hotel.

The wonderful number of men, boys, women and girls engaged about the streets, especially after dark, selling matches, surprises a foreigner, until he comes to

notice that the English smoker almost invariably uses a match to light his weed, and is not yet educated up to borrowing from the end of his neighbour's cigar.

The matches thus vended are fuses, adapted to burning in rain or wind. There are no skunks in this country; but, after you have got a good square pull at a burning fuse, you don't miss the skunk.

The flower-girls are equally numerous with the match-pedlars; but they are rarely seen until after dark. From nine o'clock until long after midnight they are in the street, soliciting all apparently well-to-do people to make a purchase. They are of various ages, and a flower-girl of fifty-five summer-days is a common object. Many of them are mothers, and carry about with them quivering and subdued infants. I have met such in size those as late as two o'clock in the morning, praying for the love of God that they would buy one of their penny bouquets. The Londoners do not patronize them, but, on the contrary, feelingly invite them to "out their stick." They are among the lowest of Petticoat-lane's population, and very generally take their earnings for the foundation of a magnificent debauch. Many of them are the unfortunate recipients of tickets blanks in the lottery of matrimony, and are working out their destiny with a travail of soul that I cannot describe, and, if I could, would not be understood. But, innocent and virtuous, Heaven help them!

But it is of a Sunday that Petticoat-lane shines forth in its happiest light. At ten o'clock of noon on that day it is the busiest of all the shops are the busiest. The costermongers fill the roadways; and those who feel that they have received a call to go into business, unaccompanied by sufficient capital to rent a store or buy a cart, plunk down their stock on the narrow strip of pavement which forms the sidewalk, and sing out times of attractions and advantages of their goods at a lively rate. The people in their holiday attire, consisting principally of a breastpin and a flock about and among the vendors, bickering about the prices, chaffing each other, and getting in everybody's way. I don't understand, really, why this neighbourhood is so abounding in elements of vice and contention, is yet so free from disturbances. In my three hours among its lanes and corners I saw neither a row nor a policeman. Of course, at home, I should not expect to find both of them at once. Perhaps it is because the police here are so efficient, that the simple reputation is enough, without threats to presence, to keep down the turbulent masses. And the simple secret of their success is that they have the full respect and sym-

thy of all respectable people, and, thus back-
 up, are almost omnipotent in maintaining
 order.

It is the custom of our people, on return-
 ing from England, to take, as a memento
 and object of interest, something character-
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CHAPTER XVII.

THE WONDERFUL ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

It is a long time before an American be-
 comes tired of looking at an English rail-
 way-car; then he becomes very tired of it.

Many of them call them carriages here; and a very
 proper name it is, as they are coach-bodied.

In size they are one-third shorter and one-
 third narrower than the American car, and
 the love of God that rather plain exterior.

It is a well-known fact that they are di-
 vided into class compartments. Each car-
 ryingly invite them as three or four of these compartments, and
 They are among all the classes: so the third-class man makes
 his population, at the same speed as does his loftier
 earnings for his neighbour who rides first-class, and is sepa-
 rated from him by merely an inch-board
 unfortunate recipients of partition.

The compartments run across the carriage,
 with entrances at the sides of the carriage,
 and, if I could find of the compartment. There is a seat
 on each side, made to hold five persons.

When ten people have got into a compart-
 ment, they just fill its seating capacity, and
 the light. At the one is allowed to enter it. There is a
 window on each side of the door, and a glass
 in the ceiling. The lamp is in the ceiling.
 and those wags, and is supplied and lighted from the
 ceiling. Consequently, there is no brakeman
 to assist in getting the seats before you in a pair of
 a cart, plank and

When you are seated, your knees and the
 of the party opposite can shake hands
 of their goods without rising. The upholstering of the
 in their holiday compartment makes the class. A first-class
 compartment is cushioned with blue-black
 the vendors, bickering, and the sittings are divided by arm-
 chaffing each other. The cushions in the second class are
 body's way. I don't leather, and there are no arm-rests. The
 of the third-class compartment is
 of vice and

from disturbances. In riding from Derby, the central point
 of its lanes and come England, to London, a distance of one hun-
 dred and thirty miles, you pay six dollars
 and a half to sit on a blue-black cloth cushion,

and a half to sit on a leather
 cushion, and two dollars and seventy-five
 cents to sit on a board.

The mode of heating the compartments is
 by flat cans of hot water. These cans are

about thirty inches long, ten in breadth, and
 three in thickness. There are two to each
 compartment; and, while they do not ap-
 pear to affect the temperature, they are
 comfortable to the feet. Sometimes your
 companions are hogish in disposition, and
 monopolize all they can. At other times,
 especially in the second-class compartments,
 the porters omit to put in the cans at all.
 The third-class passengers ride without them.
 The English thermometer does not indulge
 in the excesses the American thermometer
 does; but the cold of England has damp-
 ness with it, which causes it to penetrate to
 the innermost recesses of the human form
 divine. The Europeans carry lap robes on
 their travels in the cold season, and thus
 manage to keep a trifle comfortable.

The result of this style of car is, that you
 are obliged to take your seat before the car
 starts, which is not always pleasant nor con-
 venient, and to remain just there, however
 offensive your companions may be, until the
 train reaches the next station. This confine-
 ment to one small space makes travelling
 more wearisome than it is in our country.

But you never have to give up your seat
 to a lady; for, if there is no vacant sitting,
 she is not permitted to enter; and there is
 no boy with a steam-whistle voice knocking
 into fragments your discourse with the man
 across the aisle, and poking you back of the
 ear with a box of books, or filling your lap
 with opprobrious candy.

And it may be well to mention also, in
 this connection, that there is no boy to come
 along with a glass of ice-water when you are
 sweltering with heat and smothering with
 dust. I came near to forgetting that.

There is the advantage of a good loaf and
 smoke, if you happen to be alone in the
 compartment; which quite frequently hap-
 pens by accident, if you have taken the pre-
 caution to "see" the conductor.

The first-class compartments are not so
 largely patronized as Americans imagine, or
 as they would be were they in vogue in
 America, where "appearance" is almost
 everything. They have a saying here, that
 "none but princes, Americans, and fools ride
 first-class." I don't know anything about
 princes and fools; but I can see a delicate
 appreciation of the American character in the
 proverb, that appears almost supernatural.

Tradesmen, the better class of farmers;
 tourists, reduced gentlemen, and wealthy
 people fond of economy, patronize the second-
 class; while the third-class is a mixture of
 good, bad, and indifferent. Many who pa-
 tronize first-class in winter prefer the cool
 boards of the third-class in midsummer, in
 preference to the dirty cushions and sweaty

leather of the other class. But I have known a piece of board to communicate a great deal of warmth in the summer-time, when I was a boy.

The carriages are not especially attractive in colouring; but they are clean inside, as the English do not chew tobacco. They are very fond of the pipe, though; and each class has one or more smoking compartments, according to the length of the train. But you get in and out of them at the stations, as there is no other communication with the rest of the train. This reminds me that some of the third-class carriages are open the whole length, the partitions coming only to the shoulder of the sitter. One of the compartments is devoted to smoking; and the officials are particular to have the lovers of the weed get in there, although the smoke sails all over the car.

The luggage system is abominable, to speak mildly. No checks are used. The baggage is simply labelled to its destination, and the passenger is expected to look after it himself. When he changes roads, or arrives at his place, he must hurry to the luggage-van and pick out his property. To a man with eight trunks there is nothing particularly attractive in the scenery he passes through.

And quite frequently the traveller has some difficulty in selecting his trunk, unless it is small and shabby; in which case he can take the first fat one that comes to light, put it on a cab and make off.

Every precaution is taken here to guard against accident. The road-beds are in excellent condition, a perfect code of signals is in operation on every line, and active employees both guide and guard the traveller. Crossing the line is allowed only under the direction of an employee.

When a train draws up at a station it comes alongside of a platform, and the passengers must get out on that side.

Porters are in attendance to call the name of the station, and direct those who are to embark to their carriages; the doors are closed, but not often locked, and the train moves away. There is no dashing out of the depot-door with a mouthful of cake, and a bound into the car, by the dilatory passenger. The d. p. sees the train move away without him; and no profanity of his, however sincere, will bring it back.

The car-doors are not so frequently locked as was the custom a short time ago. And a very good rule it was with this style of car, as the door swings over the station platform; and, in the case of an express-train, a suddenly-opened door as it drove through the

station might seriously inconvenience a meditative person standing in the way.

The railways are not rulers in England. It is a vast business, and their lines cover the country like a web; but their projectors and builders were not permitted to drive them where they pleased.

This accounts, in part, for the great number of tunnels piercing the hills. When the owner of an estate did not want his property marred by a gaping cut, the company were obliged to go lower down, and burrow under. Another cause of the numerous tunnels is the great desire of the English to go straight. There are numerous instances where roads might have gone two or three miles around a hill, and taken in another village; but they went through the hill instead, and saved the distance, at an enormous expense.

They apparently took the item of distance rather than money into consideration, on the start; and the result shows the wisdom of the choice.

The North-western road has a viaduct which cost it five million dollars to build. It saved fifteen miles by that operation, and has got the money back long before this.

The rail is not allowed to cross the turnpike at a grade where it can possibly be helped. The exceptions are at stations in flat lands; and there a gate is kept by the station-agent; and, when a train is nearly due, the turnpike is shut off, and not opened until after the train has passed. In the large cities the road runs either above the houses or under them.

When we consider how conservative, old-foggy, and slow the English are reputed to be, we are puzzled to understand why the speed of their trains is half again greater than the trains of the nervous and impatient Americans. And, as great as the speed already is, these Englishmen are not satisfied. They are looking about for means to increase it.

The lowest speed of the English express-train is forty miles an hour, the highest sixty miles.

It is positive wickedness for a man to foot around in front of one of those trains in his best suit of clothes.

Every road is obliged to run daily a parliamentary or people's train, at one penny a mile.

The stations (they do not call them depots) are marvels of compactness, convenience and attractiveness. They are built of either brick or stone, are commodious, and have an abundance of platform-room; and the platforms are faced up with ponderous stone and surfaced with either concrete or flag-

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There are no uneven planks to catch your toes, or scale off and thrust slivers into your broken soles. At all the stations there are settees outside for the accommodation of those who prefer to wait there. Some people are convinced that a train will come sooner if they are outside looking for it; and this conviction is never weakened on discovering that they have been looking in the wrong direction.

However unimportant the station, the buildings are complete. I don't know what an Englishman must think when he sees in America such a depot as that which has for years disgraced the Hudson River Railroad at Yonkers, or that which yet disgraces the Erie Road at Niagara Falls; and I am glad that I don't.

The stations in London are monsters of brick, iron, and glass, built similarly to the Union Depot in New York City. That of the Midland Road at St. Pancras, London, is the largest station in the world. The fronts of the main stations throughout England are used for hotel purposes; and at these stations are lavatories, where, for a penny or two pennies, the traveller can have a good wash, his clothes brushed, and his hair combed. There is no need of dilating on the value of this accommodation.

Although the rails pierce to all parts of England, yet they are principally under the control of five companies—the Great Eastern, North-western, Midland, Great Western, and Great Southern. The journey from Liverpool to London by the North-western Railway gives the traveller a most comprehensive idea of the loveliness of English scenery. He will then be first amazed by seeing well-trimmed hedges of hawthorn along the line instead of broken-down fences, and finely-turfed banks instead of sliding gravel and running clay.

Each station has an agent and one or more porters. The least important way-stations have two persons in charge; and some way-stations have a ticket-collector with the agent and two or three porters. A station in America would be under the control of one, who would, in addition, take care of the post-office, run the telegraph, and do a good business in a mixed line of goods. At a place like Leicester, Cambridge or Manchester, the porters are almost without number. They are noticed by their uniforms, which consist of a stiff flat cap, black vests with alpaca sleeves, corduroy pants, and heavy shoes. I have often wondered how a railway porter would appear with a coat on.

When you have purchased your ticket, and seen to your luggage, you either select a

car for yourself, or have the porter do it for you. Just before the train starts you will be asked your destination, with a view to learning if you are in the right carriage. At different points on the way you will meet with the same interrogation from the porters of the stations. If you are to change carriages, you will find a porter to meet you at your door, who will take your hand-luggage in charge, and pilot you to a compartment in the right train. If you have a mind to give him a sixpence for the service, it is safe to try it, I believe. Of course he is paid by the company for this work; but the pay is light, and these sixpenny contingencies are inducements to accept the place.

A man got in a compartment with me the other day who wore spectacles, and carried a book under his arm, that gave him the air of being a canvasser of some sort. He had seven parcels, some quite bulky, which the illustrious porter brought and packed away under the seat for him. Then the man in spectacles said "Thank you," and fell to humming "God save the Queen," for the edification of the porter, without doubt, who did not appear to have a highly cultivated ear.

Just outside the stations of importance the train draws up, and a man in blue uniform comes along and takes up the tickets of those who have made their journey. As the other stations the train runs in without this halt; and the agent or ticket-collector takes your tickets as you step out of the compartment, or in your egress from the depot.

The English are a travelling people; but with the crowds always coming and going, there is complete order. The number of porters and police are sure to assure that, however great the throng of passengers. And these men are always in sight, always within reach. They are not arranged in line in front of a neighbouring bar, or behind a trunk, reading a paper, or discussing the last night's caucus at O'Shanty's. Every question is answered as if the man had just arrived, and this was the first question he had heard in thirteen weeks. You are not stared at when you enquire for information, nor frowned at, nor told to go go to hell—I rather miss that last.

And another thing which makes this English travelling pleasant is the restaurant—commodious, neat, and convenient—where you can get a cup of tea, or a glass of ale or gin, a sandwich, bun, or something else, for the same price that you pay in the ordinary city restaurant. A tired traveller takes a sandwich (four cents), a bun (two cents),

a cup of tea (four cents), glass of ale (four cents), or the whole for just one cent less than a single cup of coffee costs at the railway restaurant in Stamford, Conn; and yet flour, tea, and ale are no cheaper here.

Spiera and Pond are the refreshment cephalopod of England, whose arms stretch out in all directions; the body being the Criterion Theatre and *café* near Piccadilly Circus, in London. Every American visitor has seen the name posted prominently over the railway and London theatre restaurants and bars, and beneath it he has found protection from fraud.

Spiera and Pond are Australians, who made some money there, and a few years ago came to England with a body of cricketers. These men they displayed for a fee; and the gate receipts enabled them to inaugurate a system of extensive refreshment, which today makes them the kings in the business. And no kings have so grateful an empire. They employ young women exclusively to tend the bars, paying them from one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars a year and their board. A young lady, to qualify for their employ, must dress in plain black, and eschew ribbons and flowers and ostentatious jewellery.

They are better paid than other barmaids.

You have already heard of the introduction of the Pullman cars into England. There are four of the cars, and they are run by the Midland Company.

The four cars stood in the St. Pancras Depot for a month or more before being used, and were visited daily by a wondering people. Two of them are drawing-room cars, and the others sleepers. These are the first sleeping-cars in use in this country. Previously, travellers were compelled to nod away in a sitting posture; and any American who had attempted to while away a night in that position is undoubtedly surprised at the progress of the English nation in art, science and finance.

These two sleeping-cars are the only ones in use in all England; but there is no difficulty in getting a berth. They are exclusively patronized by Americans. An Englishman has a horror of being pitched into eternity in his underclothes. The English do not yet take kindly to the drawing-room cars either. They like to look through the window, at the rich, warm tints of the upholstery, and to stand on the end platforms and try them by springing up and down. But they are a little timid. And they don't know who this Pullman is. The day will come, I firmly believe, when the American cars will be the only ones in use here. Why they

have not, years ago, taken the place of the awkward and inconvenient carriages now in use, is directly due to the eminently conservative element in the English character.

The people dread changes.

But the Midland Company has entered the wedge by introducing the Pullman cars, and by building themselves cars to accompany the Pullman train, which are in exterior exactly similar to our coaches, even to the monitor roofs, but are divided inside into compartments, which are approached by a side-aisle like that running along a Pullman stateroom. The aisle, in time, will come to the centre; the partitions will come down; and all the passengers will sit looking one way, and that in the direction going, instead of one-half riding, as they are now obliged, with their backs to the engine.

There is, in the locomotives, another evidence of this opposition to change. They are small, and exceedingly unpretentious. There is no array of burnished steel and brasses, with a curved black walnut cab and French plate-windows. The engine consists simply of the boiler, smoke-pipe, and steam-whistle. Sometimes you imagine it consists entirely of the steam-whistle; but that is only when it blows. I always crawl under the seat when I hear it; I can't help it. The machinery is below. And as for the cab, there is none.

If the railway companies of England did not know that it was possible to have a house on their locomotives, the absence of it could hardly be charged as a lack of humanity; but, with the example of America before them, it is not only ridiculous, but inhuman, to leave the engine-driver and stoker unprotected from the weather.

A few years ago they had nothing but the boiler-end in front of them; but of late a sheet-iron screen has been added, behind which they can crouch when the sleet or keen air or rain comes too strong. But, when the locomotive is at rest, the driver and stoker get the full force of the storm.

I believe the claim in behalf of this style is, that the driver has a better control of the track; in other words, he is not lulled into false security by the warmth and comfort of his place. But this is nullified by the several severe accidents which have occurred through the driver being benumbed by the cold. They say, also, that the weather is not so severe here as in America. That is so; but the rain is wet enough to soak one to the skin, and there is snow and hail and frost. A man doesn't need to be frozen dead to experience pain and discomfort. But the sheet-iron fenders, with a feeble effort to curl over at the top as if approaching to a roof, is a

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concession to our way ; and the day will
come also when these locomotives will have
cabs, even if they are painted all over a dead
green, as the locomotives themselves are.

The man who is called a conductor in
America is a "guard" here. The guard
sees that the train starts on time, and then
steps into his van and takes a high seat
beneath where the roof is raised to accommo-
date him, and sided with glass, that he may
see along the top of the train on either side
of his carriage. All trains running twenty
miles or more without stopping are provided
with a cord stretched along the outside of
the carriage, over the doors, and within
reach of the passenger. In case of assault,
or sudden illness, or any other cause requir-
ing a stopping of the train, the cord is
pulled, and, if in the day, a flag is raised on
the carriage, or, in the night, a light is
shown. The flag or light is observed by the
guard, the train is stopped, and he, having
the location, proceeds to attend to the matter.
In the van with the guard is the brakeman
(a brakeman if the train is a long one), who
applies the brake to the car which they
occupy. The brake on the engine with this
checks the train. There is no brake on any
of the passenger-carriages, excepting on
some of the first-class trains, where the air-
brake is used. In the case of the shunting
(or switching) of several passenger cars, their
bringing up depends on the calculation of the
driver.

Our American style of brake can only be
introduced here upon the advent of the
American coaches.

A short train is managed by the guard
alone; and there is no baggage-master, the
luggage being taken care of by the station
agent or porters.

The guard does not examine or take up the
tickets, and has no business communication
with the passengers. He merely starts the
train, and accompanies it to take care of it.

The wages paid on the railways differ
somewhat from ours. The guard, or con-
ductor, receives between seven and eight
dollars a week; driver, ten and eleven dol-
lars; fireman, six dollars; and brakeman, from
four to five dollars.

The stockholders make more money than
that.

The freight cars, here called goods car-
riages, are of the size of the passenger
coaches, but are not roofed, being built pen-
sation. The goods, when necessary, are
protected from the weather by oil-cloth
covers.

The stranger notices the names of various
business firms on the freight cars, and is
puzzled to understand it. These cars are

private property, belonging to the firms
whose names they bear, and who find it
cheaper to furnish them.

A few evenings ago, while in a company
at a public house in a little Derbyshire vil-
lage, the conversation turned on railways;
and a rakish looking gentleman of sixty-five
years, and ferocious memory, asked us if we
knew where the first railway to carry pas-
sengers by a steam engine was located. A
Manchester gentleman promptly replied,
"From Manchester to Liverpool."—
"Wrong," said the aged and attentive indi-
vidual, "it was from Stockton to Darlington;"
and, looking about the company, impressively
added, "and anybody but a numskull
would know it." A sharp discussion be-
tween the two followed, and a wager was
laid to decide the result. They were to meet
in Manchester a week from that evening;
and looking at me, and seeing the great
variety of intelligence beaming from my eye,
I was unanimously chosen umpire. A move-
ment so wise could hardly fail of being an
omen of success, and I attended full of hope.
The rakish gent of sixty-five English winters
was not on hand; but the Manchester party
appeared, followed by two porters reeling
under a pyramid of oppressive looking books.
The authorities were consulted, and the
Manchester disputant proved right. The
Stockton and Darlington Road was built in
1825 for the hauling of coals, and the Man-
chester and Liverpool Road was opened in
1830 for the carrying of passengers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHICH GIVES A DASH INTO RURAL ENG-
LAND.

History interests us in England's places ;
fiction, in its ruins ; and report, in its agri-
cultural and social life.

Having attended the places of note, I
yearned for ruins and rural life.

I thought to get into some retired nook,
and spend the sunshine in quiet lanes and
blossoming fields. I went to Guilford to
take a preparatory look. I found the fields
and lanes to be all I desired, and the board-
bill—to be much more than I could afford.

Fifty dollars a week for two is too much
to pay in a quiet rural retreat in the midst
of a cheap country.

Then I went to Dorking because of Tony
Weller and the Marquis of Granby. I
found Dorking to be twenty odd miles from
London, in famous Surrey, surrounded by
parks and fancy-gardening, with a healthy
air, no ruins, and fifty dollars a week.

I backed away from Dorking with a great
deal of awe.

Then a good London friend came to the rescue, and packed me off to King's Lynn, in antique, historical, and agricultural Norfolk. And here I am, and here I should like to stay the rest of my sojourn in Europe.

It was a mellow twilight when the train drew up to the Lynn Station. We had passed through Cambridge and much marshy land beyond; and here we were in the old town, and in a quiet station, feeling around for a 'bus or a hearse, and fortunately finding the former.

We rolled through a quiet street, with walls of dingy brick on each side, and built as compactly as if it were a city of a million people, with land at a guinea the square inch. We passed into another and still narrower street; and I looked for signs of life and business, and found but precious little of the former, and none whatever of the latter.

We went on into another street with no change at all. I began to think I had missed the 'bus, and got into the other vehicle, after all my care. Presently we ambled on to a paved square, across it to a frowning-looking structure, and were set down in front of an archway, down whose court shone a light from a many-paned window. And this was the Duke's Head.

There was a bustle in the archway on our arrival. The boots took our luggage; a chambermaid appeared, armed with a candle; and then I found a stairway leading direct from the paved court up into the building.

And such a stairway!—broad enough for six men to go up abreast, and containing an amount of timber sufficient to build a man-of-war. It was built of oak, browned by oil and age, and its steps so polished by beeswax as to be, beyond the carpeting, unsafe to stand upon. Several centuries have come and gone since these stairs were erected. The huge newel-post and neatly-carved balustrades were made before machinery for the work was known or dreamed of; and, when I look at what the untutored sons of those dark ages performed, I am filled with awe; then I get over on the beeswax and slip and strain myself, and crawl back to the carpet, and slope gradually away.

It is a splendid evidence of the substantial architectural ideas of three hundred years ago; and the only time I can restrain my admiration of it is when I find at the bottom that I have forgotten something at the top. The house is full of narrow passages, odd nooks, low ceilings, and capacious parlours or sitting-rooms.

When I get tired of roaming about it, I

go up the paved archway, and into a paved court with low brick stables on each side all day, and watch the hostler clean the traps (carriage-traps).

There is nothing particularly exciting about cleaning a carriage, unless it prevents you from going on a picnic; but this hostler is just such a hostler as I have read of. He wears leggings, touches his cap when speaking to you, and makes a hissing noise with his lips while at work. He may miss some particular portion of the vehicle; but he never misses the hiss, but keeps it going without cessation throughout the job.

I have said there was a square in front of the house. It is full three acres in extent, and every inch of it was cobbled. So are the streets and lanes and courts opening into it.

Lynn in America is not more cobbled than this English Lynn.

This is the Tuesday market-square, and it is the Corn Exchange (all grain is called on the corn in England). Then there is the Saturday market-place, in the shadow of the venerable St. Margaret.

Lynn is built entirely of dingy brick, cobblestone, and concrete. Its streets, with few exceptions, are very narrow, absurdly crooked, and all cobbled. It boasts of seventeen thousand inhabitants, but does not cover more than the ground of a New England village of half the population. The houses are packed close together, presenting an unbroken wall at the front; and every few rods there is a long, narrow court, choking with tenement. Every street is paved, and every sidewalk flagged.

High Street is narrow and wayward in its course. The roadway is of just such a width, and, as the foundations of the houses are irregular at the front, the sidewalks are varied in their widths—either spread out full six feet or squeezed into one foot. In consequence many of the people are crowded off into the roadway, and walk there with their backs up. Of a Saturday evening both the roadway and walks are thronged with people with not a team in sight; and the scene is quite picturesque and uncomfortable.

Lynn looks, with its two and three storied houses, as if it had been beaten into the earth with a gigantic mallet.

Many of the houses have their second stories protruding over the walk. That was a very economical way of building two hundred years ago, as there was no cost for a second floor than he could get from his deed on the first. During a rain-storm the protuberances are nice to stand under and watch some body go by with your umbrella.

I am rather particular in describing Lynn

ray, and into a pavement not too much so; for it is a prototype of the tables on each side all English country towns—close built, as if clean the traps (carr) shrinking from God's sunshine and nature's beauties, and as scrupulously paved as if a particularly exciting street commissioner saw a myth, and not a flesh and blood. I have been into a town; but this hostile number of English towns in the past month, I have read of. And I have noticed no important difference in his cap when speaking their architectural features.

A hissing noise with men in smock-frocks, corduroy pants, and He may miss some hobnailed shoes are common, and are to be the vehicle; but met with on every street. There are also but keeps it going many knee-breeches and stockinged calves. about the job. I like to see them.

a square in front of. But Lynn and the country towns generally three acres in extent differ from London in one important aspect. cobbled. So are the men are not habituated to umbrellas. curts opening into it. Every Londoner carries an umbrella, and not more cobbled than would as soon think of going out without the back of his head as without an umbrella.

market-square, and it is his constant companion at every step—the (all grain is called on the promenade, at church, the play, at there is the Saturday shop, everywhere. He doesn't carry it shadow of the ven because he has a special fondness for it, or because there is any particular virtue in its

of dingy brick, cob possession; but he carries it because it is a streets, with few exhibit; and he could no more break himself of, absurdly crooked of it than he could break from any other boasts of seventeenth habit, unless he should diet himself, and cannot does not consent to be placed under a physician's care; w England village which he rarely does. He paws over shop the houses are pangs with it; sticks it into tarts; and, for ing an unbroken wall all I know to the contrary, pokes it into the few rods there is ribs of his dead friends to see what they ing with tenement died of.

and every sidewalk. The Lynn man, and the rural man in general, seldom carries an umbrella; but he is and wayward in impartial to a stick. From the nobleman of just such a width down to what is expressively called a of the houses are "clodhopper," all carry sticks. At a farm- sidewalks are varied house I recently visited I saw no less than twelve substantial sticks hanging up bread out full six feet. In consequence in his hall. They were used by himself; crowded off into them, in looking over them, I was very much re with their backs struck by a remark he made. It was,—

ing both the road. "I must be having a new stick soon." roned with people. An English town is not so cheerful ap- comfortable. There are no wooden buildings; none paint-

two and three stories white with green blinds; no gardens, beaten into the fruit-trees, shrubs, turf, and neatly-painted fence at the front. The residences, like the ve their second story, are built close to the walk, are devoid of colour (except the dingy colour of the walk. That was bricks or cobbles of which they are composed building two hundred), and make no pretence whatever to architectural display. That is reserved for the room on the second churches. There are a few exceptions to this from his deed on the picture; but the general aspect is depressing in the protuberance and watch some an American.

mbrella. In this town of seventeen thousand population one can count on his fingers the num-

ber of fashionably-dressed ladies (as we understand the fashion) to be met on High Street any pleasant afternoon. Perhaps the upper classes, the gentry or quality, where we should look for the latest fashions and the costliest dress, keep themselves secluded.

Perhaps, again, High Street is so narrow, so dingy, and so impoverished as to sidewalk, that Fashion is afraid to stride through it.

In the olden time of very warm politics, and in the later season of red-hot religion, Lynn and all Norfolk was up to its ears in trouble. Lynn was then a walled city, and in the country round about were walled and moated castles. One of the gates to Lynn still stands,—a square, pyramidal tower, with a narrow arch beneath, through which the afflic to the populous country beyond passes. Above are several rooms where the warder and guards were then stationed, and where now numerous doves are providing for future successes in agriculture. Here and there are fragments of the old wall, built heterogeneously of brick, stone, cobble, and mortar, and bidding fair to remain, if left to time, five centuries hence.

All the churches about here—and, wherever you find a cluster of houses, you find a parish and a church—are of pretty much the same pattern. They were built by the Catholics; are of gray stone, brown-shell car stone, or broken flint. The last is used promiscuously with brick in most of the structures. The flint is an irregular-shaped stone about the size of your fist when you are not feeling particularly mad, with a light-coloured surface. When broken, the inside shows a steel-blue colour that makes a very tasteful facing to a building. But when these old churches were built, the flint-stones were put in whole, or, if broken, mixed up with brick, without any regard to details, but looking merely for a symmetrical whole.

The building consists of a high square tower at the front, with flat top. Running back from this is the body of the building, with very steep roof and Norman windows.

They are pretty much all alike in outside appearance, the only difference being in the number of windows. I should judge they were built under one contract, and from one model. The walls are plastered; the ceilings are of oak-timber, plain or carved; and the floors are of flagging.

Frequently there is a matting; but generally the flagging is bare, the only warming influence to it being the eulogies of the dead they cover and keep down.

We have the dead all over the buildings

There will be fathers in the porch, aunts in the aisles, uncles in the transepts, with cousins and grandmothers under all the seats.

Many of these churches, although in parishes scarcely numbering forty houses, are over five centuries old. The family of the lord or the squire of the neighbourhood are assigned to near the altar; and here, on curiously-wrought flagging, are the virtuous deeds and characteristics of the deceased set forth.

The English people revere their church-buildings, but more especially the windows, doors, and fonts. They have a church in Lyen which is called the St. Margaret,—a very large and venerable pile.

Now, you take a thoroughbred churchman, and he will spend an entire day with St. Margaret and a sandwich. He will stand for an hour in front of one window, and, after he has collected his senses, will discourse fervently upon the sweep of its arch, the delicacy of its tracery, and the firmness of its spandrels. He will walk thirty-two times around a font in a sort of ecstatic blind-stagers. I could cut out something equally beautiful from a bath brick with a jack-knife; but I shall not do it.

St. John's Chapel is a dependency of St. Margaret, and historically is of no consequence. But a rector of St. John's has saved his chapel from oblivion.

You see the dead were irregularly planted, as must necessarily follow four hundred years of interment in a two-acre lot, laid out and inaugurated as the people of that period were proud to do, believing, without doubt, that the Almighty could have no use for the world after they departed from it, and would straightway destroy it. So these different grave-stones presented a very much broken front to the eye, from whatever direction they were viewed. The rector was displeased with that. He said harmony was one of the chief objects of life; and, to produce a little of the chief object, he pulled up the grave-stones, and set them out in symmetrical rows. They look very pretty now; but, as the signs were reset without regard to the location of the parties who had been doing business beneath them, the effect is not exactly picturesque upon the mind of the survivors. In fact, they don't know where to look for their dead, but have to drop the sad tear at random. This is unpleasant to the friends, and must be somewhat embarrassing to the deceased. But one of the objects of life is gained.

There is another church quite famous: that is St. Nicholas.

Part of the stones that form the floor to St. Nicholas were once set off with brass effigies and epitaphs; but in Cromwell's time

much of this metal was torn up and carried away, and marks of the violence of those days are to be seen in nearly every church in this section.

The tomb of Robinson Crusoe is in the church. It is just inside the south porch, and I had walked over it several times before I had discovered it. His faithful companion is here too, I should judge; as the standard reads that Mr. Crusoe was buried on Friday.

The first day that I was in St. Nicholas Church I witnessed a wedding. I was going to stay to it, as it revived too many painful recollections; but Mrs. Bailey was determined to remain, as she wanted to see an English service. She said that it was much different from the way performed in our country; much sweeter and more impressive; and she must remain to see it.

About three o'clock the next morning I was awakened out of a sound sleep by the question:—

"What do you suppose she paid for the bonnet?"

The marriage took place pretty much as such events come off anywhere. There were the head victims, and four maids and "best men"; also a few immediate friends; in addition, a number of women from the neighbourhood, bare-headed, bare-armed, and flavoured like the back end of a fish-market.

When the ceremony was over, I had an illustration of the stability of the English house service. A stranger asked the parson who was being married; and the sexton said—

"Mrs. Aguinley's cook."

"Ah!" grunted the gentleman, and moved away, looking indescribably grateful.

There was no asking who the man was; poor devil; nor her name, poor dear; nor where they came from; nor what he was engaged in. It was simply—

"Mrs. Aguinley's cook."

And that explained it. Reverse the place. Put the scene in America, and have the same question asked, would that be the answer?

Mrs. Aguinley's cook!

Which cook? The one she had last week or week before last, or that she has now? And what is her name, pray? But, more particularly, what is his name? and where does he work?

Ah, dear reader! this is England, this England of ages; and the woman who that day led to the altar was Mrs. Aguinley, the cook, and had been her cook for twenty years, and would go back there to be her cook for years and years to come, God willing. His place may be here to-day, and there to-morrow, for he is a mechanic; her place

was torn up and carried here for ever. And every man and woman knows that Mrs. Aguinley has a cook, and nearly every chund being Mrs. Aguinley's cook is to be respectable; and that's all of it.

There is one person in Lynn whom the porritor cannot well avoid noticing: he is the town-crier. He dresses in a suit of blue, and wears a high silk hat with a broad gold band and a gold lace on the wristband of his coat, and a cord down the front of his trousers-leg. There are three weekly papers in Lynn, whose columns are open to all; but Mrs. Bailey, of property, holders of meetings, &c., as she wanted to but yet the town-crier flourishes, and keeps his appetite, in spite of the press. Every day or so he makes his appearance in the market square, and, after ringing his bell to attract the attention of the populace, proceeds to thunder out the various notices entrusted to him, very much to the edification of the little shopkeeper across the way, the hostler of the Woolpack, and three dirty little girls nursing a baby, and numerous other people on the steps of the central ornament of the square, who are quite frequently his entire audience.

His tones are stentorian; but he does not look blown. He divides his talk by dividing his sentences: this has, I regret to say, a tendency to mar the original text. To be a market-town is to be a town of some importance. The market-day is not, perhaps, so active as were the market days of the time when railways had not made distant places easy of access; but still there is a great deal of significance to a market-day in the nineteenth century. That of Saturday is a minor institution. It is held in the shadow of St. Margaret's Church, and consists of numerous booths, presided over mostly by women, where are vended hams, beads, turnips, prayer-books, veal-cutlets, and buttons; also poetry and eels.

The vendors belong in Lynn or the neighbourhood, and are well patronized. Why they should assemble together thus once a week for the purpose of trade is a matter I am intently studying up, but feel hopeless of discovering.

The Tuesday market consists of booths, as before mentioned, on the square in front of our inn, a grain-market held in the Corn Exchange building opposite to us, and a cattle-market held in a rail-bounded square a few blocks away.

The material difference between the occupants of booths on Tuesday and those on Saturday is, that the former are not residents of Lynn, but are a sort of vegetable and tape Bohemians, travelling by waggon or push-cart from market-town to market-

town. They are well patronized, notwithstanding Lynn is abundantly supplied with merchants, who look upon their gipsy rivals very much as a man would look upon a streak of lightning,—something unpleasant, but hardly to be averted.

Monday night they begin to arrive; and, as the twilight sets in, they fall to and put up the frames to their canvas. I believe they work all night, as they very well can; for in England, in the summer season twilight follows daylight till about ten p.m., and is again succeeded by daylight at two a.m. It is never dark.

But the cattle market is the most interesting in Tuesday's proceedings. I can walk for an hour at a time through the sheep lanes without weariness. The sheep (and the animal predominates here) are no different from the sheep at home; but the people are who attend them. Here are corduroy clothes, hobnailed shoes, smock frocks, and little round hats in profusion. Here also are striding, red-faced, bluff-hearted English farmers, with drab suits, high silk hats, and the inevitable and inextinguishable stick.

Here is the constant "ah!" and "oy!" and "unh!" and "whey-whey!" and "aye!" sounded by high and low. Here is the "bloody lot" stigmatized, and the "blasted eyes" apostrophized, and the "dirty beggars" threatened. But amid all the hurry, discussion, yelping of dogs, and bleating of sheep, cannot be distinguished a single oath. I don't understand it. It makes me lonesome.

CHAPTER XIX.

BRINGS US TO ENGLISH FARM-LIFE.

When I broached to a London friend my desire to go among the English farmers, and learn something about them, he gravely shook his head.

"The English farmer," said he, "is a curious specimen of perverse humanity. He is reticent, suspicious, jealous. The farming country of England is divided into the large estates of noblemen and squires. These estates are subdivided into farms, and rented out to the men who form a most important class in this country. They hold these farms by good behaviour; and it is the tenant's ambition to keep his place all his life, and bequeath it to his oldest son on his death. Many of the present possessors of farms were born on them, as their fathers were before them; it is not only their home, but their ancestral hall; and they guard it against the advances of rivals with jealous care. Many a man has lost his farm through

some indiscreet remark made in the presence of a neighbour who coveted his place, and lost no time in creating an unfavourable impression of him at head-quarters. Then, again, as his farm is not his own, but always, so to speak, in the market, he is careful to keep the proceeds from it a secret; so that, if he is doing well, no neighbour will strive to get his farm by bidding higher, and thus increase the price of his rent to retain it. There are other things, perhaps, I do not understand, that go to make the English farmer tight-headed; and while I am quite certain none of them will treat you disrespectfully, yet I am positive you will not get a chance to go over their farms, or mix with their households; and, as far as gaining a knowledge of them is concerned, your mission will be fruitless."

When I got my letters of introduction, and started down into Norfolk, I made about as gloomy a procession as ever entered that blossoming section of England. I would make a strong push for help; but it was a melancholy resolution. One of the letters was to a farmer. I hung about Lynn three or four days, just as a boy who has shirked school and the chores hovers about the desired but dreaded homestead at night, mustering up courage to present that letter. This gave time for the author to get a note down to the farmer in question; and, the next day after its receipt, the tiller of the soil was in Lynn hunting me up, and from that time forth the hospitality and kindness which flowed from that one letter were simply remarkable. The English are hospitable to a fault. We found every house open to us, and everything done to make us forget that three thousand miles lay between here and home. The contrast between this and the picture drawn by the wise Londoner needs no paint to bring it out.

There is this important difference between holding farm property in America and farm property in England.

In the States it is the rule to own the farm. The proprietor is thus his own master. If the farm is not a profitable one, his sons go West and start one for themselves; if it is profitable, they either run in debt and mortgage it, or go to the city to distinguish themselves behind a store-counter. If they are not aspiring or dissolute, they take the farm, and work it during their generation; and all the risks their father ran as to succession they now incur. If there are several sons, they cannot with their families exist on this single farm; and in this case there is a split up of either the farm or the family, and quite frequently of both. In the exceptional case of a rented farm, the tenant,

being a true American, stays on the farm as long as it will pay, or until he sees another in reach that will pay better, which he at once takes. He educates his boys to a profession, so they shall not have to work enough; and farming runs out of the family upon his death. With the English farmer the farm is altogether an inheritance from his father; that is, the lease of it. His ancestors are buried in the little village churchyard, and he has a pardonable anxiety to have his bones rest with them. The English farmer is just as shrewd and as sharp as a Yankee brother; but he is far more conservative. The love of home is so woven into his nature as to be a part of it; and his family homestead, although merely his means of subsistence, is sacred in his eyes. To the oldest son goes the farm, and he, in turn, gives it to his oldest son; and while sheep and mills, and offices are filled, still the farm is kept in the family from generation to generation. This explains why the estates of noblemen have remained intact. But one family since the day of the Conquest, and are nearly as intact to-day as when the Norman pirate awarded them to his clansmen, warring rabble. The oldest son takes the homestead; and the others, if there be no surpluses to give them a start in life, start themselves for work or work for their brother. I am aware that much can be said against this peculiar disposition of property; but there is this much in its favour,—the place is kept in the family, and reaches that perfection which age invariably brings to one management. Twenty years ago, a man who has been accustomed from infancy to one arrangement of rooms and added on, rarely cares to make a change. And the pair is made here and there, as time requires; but the landlord is seldom petitioned to pull down the old house, and erect a more modern one in its place; and if he incurs such expense without solicitation, it is an extravagance which has no parallel.

This generation lives in the same room as the generation before them occupied; and the generation used pretty much the same furniture, and had before them the same walls, which their fathers and mothers used and looked upon. So we find to-day in old farmhouses crooked passages, low ceilings, brick floors, yawning fireplaces, mincey panes of glass, latticed windows, huge doormen knockers, and monstrous four-poster beds, which serve the people who contributed to the revenue of the Virgin Queen. There is the kitchen in a Norfolk farmhouse, which I shall always remember, and which seems I could never tire of looking at. The floor was of bright-red tile, and worn into hollows by the feet of generations of flour-

an, stays on the farm until he sees another better, which he communicates his boys to a not have to work enough out of the farm. With the English farmer an inheritance for the lease of it. His little village church is a pardonable anxiety with them. The English and as sharp as he is far more comfortable home is so woven part of it; and although merely his in his eyes. To it, and when the table was set in the arm, and he, in tiddle for lunch, with a huge round of cold son; and while sheaf in the centre, supported by a fat-bellied es are filled, still teher of foaming ale, the advance family from generations of the nineteenth century sank out of explains why the night and memory.

have remained in But they needed the deep window-recess-day of the Conquer and broad benches in those days to have act to-day as when started in. There were then no mohair lect them to his clausas, with spiral springs running up through est son takes the hold you on; and, if our ancestors had s, if there be no suspended strictly on the stiff ungainly n life, start themselves for their wooing, this world of ours her. I am aware to-day be for rent.

inst this peculiar d The Norfolk parish where I spent so many there is this pleasant days is called West Winch. It is e kept in the family than a dozen miles from Lynn, and is ection which aged by Lord Clare. There are about e management. Twenty-five farmhouses in the parish. The customed from infambridge turnpike runs through the place, of rooms and added on the turnpike is the parish church nake a change. And the churchyard. The church is of rub- there, as time requires work of course, and is five hundred dom petitioned to piers old. It is supposed to be the site of nd erect a more n Roman burial-place, from the relics of and if he incurs nabs which the sexton's spade has brought citation, it is an evanlight. Noticeably among these evidences

a stone coffin. There are but few of the ves in the same road English parish churches that have not them occupied; or more stone coffins. They are hollowed retty much the upon an oblong block of stone, broad at the efore them the and, narrow at the foot, and have a stone ers and mothers up of the same shape for a cover. When we find to-day in taled up for the funeral, one of them would passages, low ceiling about a half-ton; and to be a pall- g fireplaces, mimer in those days must have been a most i windows, huge doomy and sombre undertaking. Adjoining rous four-poster has church is the parsonage, the venerable e who contributed upant of which has been here thirty gin Queen. Therears, and will remain till "called up high- ink farmhouse, wh." He has a pretty home, embowered in mber, and which, and guarded on every side by flaming re of looking at. Ties. Opposite is a public-house; and tile, and worn along the road about a mile, where was once of generations of flourishing market-town, but is now a

cluster of a half-dozen houses, are two more public-houses; and, as they sell nothing but liquors, I don't understand how they make out to support themselves.

About a quarter-mile off from the road is a common of two hundred acres; and along this common, with a lane ingress and egress, live the bulk of the inhabitants of West Winch, being farmers. Each farmer has the privilege of pasturing so many cows, hogs and horses on this common. Once or twice a year, at about three o'clock in the morning, the farmer is awakened from refreshing sleep (which only those who till the soil and edit newspapers enjoy) by the cry of the "common driver," who, having been born after Lindley Murray's death, shouts in stentorian tones, "Wake up! the common's to be drove!" The farmer jumps out of bed and into his clothes, and in the dim light of morning watches the drivers get together the cattle. They are then counted; and, if it is found that he has more than his share on the pasture, that farmer wishes he had died years before his birth. His extra stock is confiscated, and he is shut out from the privilege of the pasturage.

My friend has two hundred acres which he farms. He has the most of it in wheat. It is a singular feature of this climate, that, while their grain is up above ground when the soil of New England has hardly escaped from the fetters of frost, yet the harvest is no earlier than ours. He cut his grass the 1st of July, and his grain the middle of August. He has four men and two boys in his employ. They are the farm labourers you hear so much about through Mr. Arch and other agitators. I am not qualified to carry on a discussion of the English farm labour question. There is much to be said on both sides, perhaps, which is not heard. They have agricultural lock-outs here, where the labourers of a section, in answer to a behest from their Union, make a strike for increased pay, do not get it, and are shut out from work. Much destitution naturally follows; but then they are in a great measure compensated by processions, flags, bands of music, speeches, and beautifully-framed resolutions. All of us can get along well enough without bread and clothes, and might, possibly put in a few more weeks on this globe without processions, flags, and music; but we couldn't exist fourteen minutes in the absence of speeches and resolutions.

The farm labourer here dresses in corduroy pants, wearing an over-shirt of coarse white stuff, which reaches nearly to his knees. It is called a smock-frock. He is further

adorned with a coarse wool hat having low, round crown (of the shape of a bowl), and a narrow brim rolling up at the sides, and a pair of very heavy shoes, whose hobnails leave a distinct mark in soft earth and the dust of the road. Pictures a hundred years old give this same costume, excepting that the corduroy trousers reached only to the knees then, and were finished with black stockings. The stockinged legs are occasionally seen now, but are not common. As a sort of homage to that fashion, the labourer of to-day ties a red string about his pant-leg just below the knee. I asked a gentleman why they did it, but he could not explain. I said I didn't see any sense in it; and he dryly added, that perhaps the wearers of the red string didn't see any sense in our wearing two buttons on the back of our coats. However, we wore them. This soothed my curiosity.

The labourers support themselves and pay their own rent, living in little plain stone cottages near to the farms—cottages which the lord of the manor has erected for their accommodation. The wages which they aspire to, and which in some sections is paid, is three dollars and three quarters a week. In some places they work for only two dollars and a quarter a week. In busy times, the wife and those of the children old enough go into the field. Some of the farm labourers, with an income of less than three dollars a week, support a family of four or five. Awful, isn't it? But, dear reader, do you remember that, before our unhappy war, common labourers in America received but six dollars a week? I knew of one who had six children, making a family of eight, who succeeded in keeping out of debt on six dollars a week; and in those times he paid more for his clothing than the English farm labourer pays, and it wore him a less time. It is not extraordinary for a pair of English shoes to last over two years, and a pair of corduroy pants to wear five years. The latter can be bought for less than two dollars. I do not wish to defend the system of wages in England, neither do I desire to drive the poor and helpless into corduroy breeches. I think the farmers ought to pay their help all they can; and I hesitate to attack them, for fear they do. It is said (and it must be so, as I have the word of several London gentlemen) that many of the farm labourers never touch a mouthful of meat from one year's end to another. But they get along very well without it. I have seen hundreds of them and their families; and a radder-faced, brighter-eyed lot of people I never saw, even in a hotel where there is an abundance of meat. I

honestly advise all farm labourers to have clear of meat in the future, if they think their health.

They have roses on the walls of the cottages, of course; they smoke (and are from beginning to chew), and they have their beer. If they prefer beer to beef, whose business is it? Their rents are not so high as those of an American farm labourer, who lives by the sweat of his brow. Twenty dollars a year is the highest I believe. There are places where the benevolent wealthy have erected model cottages at a still less rent. On the estate of the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham, there are quite a number of these cottages, built of stone, with peaked roofs, containing but five rooms, with a bit of garden attached. The rent is fifteen dollars per annum. They are neat places, well ventilated, and free from lightning-rods. In fact, there are the same few lightning-rods in all England, which is remarkable, considering the enormous people's dread of a thunder storm, of which they are always careful to speak in their most respectful terms, calling it a "tempest" applied to the weather.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE ABOUT THE FARM.

In discussing the relative wages of the American and English labourers and mechanics, it is well to take into consideration the value of their labour. The American farmer's wages are equivalent to those of the English farmer, but the harder of the two. If he is on a farm, he must be up and at work, churning and milking at five o'clock; and he has but little time to spare until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. He boards with the farmer, who sends him to bed when there is nothing more to do, and drags him out again as soon as it is published enough to see the shortest way into his clothes. And during the day he works like a will, spurred up, not by beer, but by the Egyptian taskmaster, who works him into a maniac himself, and can't be made to stand why everybody else should not be the same. I have been there myself, dear reader. If he is a mechanic, and doesn't tend to his business, and do a reasonable amount of work in the time, he is charged.

The English farm labourer gets to bed not earlier than six o'clock, has his dinner at eight, dinner at one, and knocks off at six. In most of the farm villages there is a piece of land divided up into what are called allotments, and each labourer can have an allotment (about a rood) to cultivate for himself by the payment of from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars a

There are cabbages, and pea-vines curling about pea-brush (the roots turning bilious at

the progress of the tops), and lettuce, and pie-plant (under which a rubber ball rolls, and is not discovered until the season is over), potatoes, radishes, strawberries, raspberry and currant bushes, and fruit-trees.

The grass is just the same in blade as ours, and leaves exactly the same tint on the seat of a pair of white linen pants,—the only greenback in circulation here. What we may miss in the view are tomatoes (which are hardly established here as an article of food), beans, and our elaborate squashes.

There is not a corn-field in all England. They call our corn maize, and use large quantities to feed stock, but import it principally from America. I have seen three stalks of corn since being in this country. Two of them are growing in Shakespeare's garden at Stratford, where they share with the immortal bard the admiration of American visitors; the other is fighting for dear life in a flower-pot in an Edinburgh hotel. They say they have no frosts here until the middle of October. But they don't need them before that: the weather is cold enough without them. It is now the middle of August, and we have hovered over a fire for the last four days. The fire is in a grate, of course. The English won't use stoves, because they like to see the flame, it is so cheerful and cosy. Once in a while I like to feel it; but I carefully refrain from saying so. I have seen an Englishman sit shivering for an hour in front of a fireplace, his face lighted up with a smile. He liked to see the fire, it was so cheerful and cosy.

They don't have beans either: I mean the white cooking-bean. They grow a yellowish-brown bean—fields of it—of the colour and nearly the shape of a marrowfat pea. This is the only bean they harvest for the winter; and that they grind up, and feed to their stock. When I told them of our white beans, ripened in the field, and cooked during the winter and following spring for the table, they looked so unfriendly that I dropped the subject at once. They don't have pumpkins—those great yellow fellows, which make such grand pies and such rich milk. They have a little summer squash for the table, but they know nothing of the big fellows shown at the American fairs. They wouldn't eat dried beans; but they do eat crows. To tell the truth, I have concealed one or two crows about my own person in the past month. It is not the carrion-crow: O heavens, no! But it is the other crow, which lives in the farmhouse trees, and is here called a rook. He looks just like his carrion brother; and I don't know how they distinguish them apart, unless it is by their breaths. When a man is partaking of a crow-pie, he

doesn't want to be inquisitive. It marks his festivities.

Their standard fruits they cultivate at the house and fence walls, as their summer garden is not sufficiently continuous and powerful to ripen the fruit without the auxiliary support of the stone and brick. But there is not a vine-pleasure in seeing a tree nailed up to a wall like a grape-vine. In such a position it looks more like a criminal than a friar's man.

The English use heavy horses, and all are required for the work. I have told you how heavy and substantial are the English carriages; but they are half worn-out with samer alongside of the English farm-roads. Their carts measure four feet around the wheel and the rest in proportion. A farm-wagon weighs a full ton, and will carry a weight nearly four times as great. This huge load is propelled by from three to four horses, rarely four, driven tandem. I have never seen a load of farm-stuff drawn by blighted abreast. Why, with their splendid cows and small farms, they should deem it necessary to have such monstrous carts and waggons, can only be explained by the fact that their forefathers did so; to be sure their forefathers are safer to copy than than their American cousins. I believe I spoke in one of my London letters of a great number of little ponies in that way. They are plenty all over the country. Before they were suddenly introduced into England many years ago, when a tax was levied for every horse of twelve hands in height. The over. We are descended from the English.

The people near the common in the car. Winch have a lane which scoops around the shape of a crescent, taking in the road above and below the church. We call it a lane. It is about thirty feet broad, has a good road and perfect sidewalk, a four-foot hedge of hawthorn on each side. This hedge was in blossom when I was there, and, besides being additionally beautiful for this reason, was also pleasantly fragrant. These complete sidewalks are common in England. There is a road in Derbyshire, running between two towns, which for a mile has a good sidewalk as you will find in an American town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Part of it is of fine gravel, and part is of concrete, and the third and greatest portion is of flagging; and along the whole is a curbing of granite. The villages which it connects cannot boast unitedly a population of three thousand. It is a delightful walk along these roads and lanes, with the broad publichouses at convenient distances, with beautiful fields, and comfortable

inquisitive. It marks houses, and flowering gardens, and numerous windmills, on the right and left, as they cultivate their goods vans, and gaily-painted gipsy-vans, as their summer-houses, and heavy, substantial farmer and continuous and powerful traps, and respectful and civil about the auxiliary touring men meeting you every little while. But there is not a day passed many an hour in this pleasant a tree nailed up to it for healthful recreation. The English themselves are great walkers. I have seen fashionable young ladies walk to and from church, at miles distant, and not brag of it either.

heavy horses, and all the farmhouses about West Winch work. I have told the ivy growing over them. It is very substantial are the English indeed, and is generally accompanied by half worn-out, with dampness and red lice. The gardens the English farm-roads are abundant with holly, which, in your feet around the red berry, forms an inspiring adoration. A farm-wagon to the winter social gatherings. Like and will carry a hedge and some other shrubs, it is great. This huge mass green and bright through the winter, from three to four had robs that season of many of the disagreeable. I have no features which we New-Englanders are in-stuff drawn by mixed to put up with. They have no such with their splendid cows as we do; no such frosts as occasionally should deem it to dip down two and even three feet into the monstrous carts of New-England soil, slaughtering the most be explained by the early of wintering plants. But we have got fathers did so; a best of them in two particulars. Our are safer to copy as are a trifle longer than theirs in the my cousins. I believe; and we have autumnal tints and an London letters of Indian summer, and they have neither. The the ponies in that have to their trees simply bleed to death over the country. Before the frost reaches the sap, become introduced into English ash hue, and drop unnoticed and un-when a tax was levied for.

twelve hands in height. The favourite trap in the country is a ended from the English wheel. There are two kinds. One the common in a car capable of holding four, two on each which scoops around, with their knees together, and their ent, taking in the turned to the hedges: the other holds low the church. But also, two on the front-seat and two on about thirty feet on the back-seat, each pair facing in opposite perfect sidewalk, motions, with the backs of their heads of hawthorn on each side. When you get in at the back of blossom when in a car, the thills bob up to the animal's being additionally back, and make you nervous, through fear was also pleasantly at the under hand will cut the animal in complete sidewalk. The other trap jolts your bowels out common in English position on the front; and, if you are on Derbyshire, running the back-seat, all pleasure of the ride is lost which for a mile in desperate and almost maddening endeavour to keep from falling into the road. A fifteen thousand in two hours' ride on the back-seat of one of of fine gravel, and these two-wheeled traps will sprinkle the and the third and youngest head with gray hairs.

; and along the I have not yet seen a yoke of oxen. The ce. The villages English do not know what they miss by not coast unitedly a poor oxen. A country must in time be-nd. It is a delight some low-spirited and depressed that does ds and lanes, with ot have oxen to stir it up. They are like ds at convenient the wind, are oxen. One yoke of them will fields, and comfort at over more ground in one hour than a

barrel of oysters will in a day. Give me an ox for speed.

There are no tin pedlars here to cheat and swindle, and leave the doors open. There is but little tin used anyway. In the dairy they use great earthen dishes for the milk, and a servant-girl has to drop one of them pretty hard to break it; but as servant-girls rarely get over twenty-five dollars per annum, their mind naturally runs into other channels than breaking dishes.

Sheep are an important stock with English farmers. The English people are fond of mutton as an article of food, and have it quite steadily. When they tire of mutton, they have lamb. Beef they never neglect. They are the most docile and uncomplaining of people when beef is around. Their sheep are the best in the world, I believe. You have seen pictures of shepherds with the proverbial crook in their hands? I didn't think a party could be a shepherd without this crook, any more than a man could be the leader of an orchestra without a pair of pants. I was glad that the first man whom I saw tending sheep carried one of those crooks. I didn't know what a crook was for, but always believed it was a badge of the occupation, whose origin I could not fathom, handed down from century to century since the time when sheep were invented. Imagine my genuine disgust when I saw this shepherd use the sacred crook to capture the straying animals by catching hold of one of their hind-legs and tipping them up! The awful truth came upon me like a flash; and I sat down heavily, a broken-hearted man. I had thought it a beautiful emblem, and it proves to be a hind-leg snatcher!

Thus floated the wind from another sweet vision of youth.

I don't hardly understand how an Englishman should look so hearty and rugged. He is not a hearty eater; he will "stuff" his guests, however. His breakfast is light, consisting of a small bit of bacon and an egg. At one o'clock he has the regular dinner of roast meat and boiled cauliflower. At five o'clock he partakes of thinly-cut bread and a cup of tea. At nine o'clock he has a small bit of meat, and bread without butter, and a glass of ale. After supper he takes a glass of gin and hot water, smokes a pipe, and goes to bed at peace with everybody. It is a quiet enough life; for he don't even have a nightmare to end up with.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GENERAL ATTACK ON RUINS.

To be truthful, my secret longing in

coming to Europe was to see a ruin. There is enough of romance about me to clothe a ruin, whether of church or of castle, with all the glory of chivalry. I hankered to get into a castle, to throw stones into the neglected moat, to hear my footsteps echo in the vacant corridors, to stand and meditate in the banquetting-rooms, to stride through the lofty halls, and walk languidly up the grand but crumbling staircase. All the fictions of English and French origin have one or more ruins in them; and, looking upon them as the only remaining remnants of that grand and glorious past, they became endeared to me; and I thought, from a boy up, that, if I could but go to Europe and see a ruined castle, I would be willing to give up my life and all its pleasures. I have seen the ruin; but the willingness spoken of has not yet got along.

As much in fiction accepted as gospel is dispersed by the more thorough and realistic light of matured age, so I came to suspect that the mossy castles crumbling into ruins, and ancestral halls filled with secret passages, gloomy vaults, barracks for soldiers, and a host of drawing-rooms, and a gorgeous picture gallery, were simply myths. In the first place, I came to doubt that a private building could be large enough to accommodate all these apartments and demands; and when they spoke of a long gallery whose walls were filled with paintings, I staggered, reeled about, and went down before the statement in utter collapse. For, please remember, the time of such galleries was before "The New York Independent" fell into the habit of giving away elegant and costly chromos, and no man of ordinary wealth could afford to stock one of them with oil-paintings.

We don't have ruins in our country. When a building gets old, and begins to leak, the tenants swear they won't pay the rent, and are moved out, and the glass is stoned from the windows by the neighbouring boys, and the house is pulled down, and the timber sold to some poor man, whose boy saws it up for firewood, and use the most dreadful language when his saw strikes a nail. Ruins are an injury to our country, I think. I could not understand, until I got here, why ruins should exist in active, enterprising, and crowded England; I could not understand why they were allowed to cumber valuable ground to the exclusion of valuable rentable buildings. It was so contrary to the spirit of gain displayed in America, that I could not comprehend it.

And all these romances spoke of castles inhabited in part, and ruined in the balance, or of halls ransacked with age, but never

spoke of a new castle, or of one being in process of construction. In the dead of night I have frequently awoken to wonder if castles and old halls were ever built. Rather, were they not created with the world, and by some mysterious force? If they were built by human hands, who did it? Did the tractor do it by the day, or job? If by the latter, did he lose money? Did the workmen carry their dinners? Did they eat apples from the neighbouring orchards? Did their boys have to carry them hot coffee after coming out of school at noon? Were they in favour of the eight hour system? Did they have processions on St. Patrick's Day? Did they get in debt? For Heaven's sake, who were they? what were they? The mystery shrouding these things—their needs, hopes, aspirations, loves, sympathies, and everything else calculated to establish their humanity, and give them a tangible shape in the practical eyes of this world—is perfectly dreadful.

Ruins are scattered all over England, and it is a very poor county indeed that has not half-dozen of them; and these ruins are scattered through the country portions of England alone, but can be found in the very heart of the cities, with the war of unceasing traffic beating against their walls.

There are two theories in accounting for the presence of ruins in Europe. The first is a reverential sentiment, which is opposed to desecrating what age has sanctified; and the second—perhaps less sentimental, but in the less effective—is the enormous strength of the walls. An attempt was made to quarry stone for a bridge out of Rochester Castle; but, after working a couple of weeks to secure a couple of cartloads of material, the projectors of the idea retired in despair. These ruins are not all sightly, of course; some of them, from an architectural or ornamental standpoint, are very insignificant; but they all are alike hallowed by time, and so are alike valuable. The owners are for sale of them. They treat them with great tenderness. We in America do not understand this, no more than does a woman who has no silk dress understand what people find to admire in the silk dress belonging to the woman next door. In a Scotch town there are the four walls of an old church standing in a man's front-yard. It shuts out completely his view of the street. But he wouldn't exchange those crumbling walls for a five thousand dollar fountain. Why? Simply because there are scores of families in his town who could get a five thousand dollar fountain; but all the wealth on earth, or in the waters beneath the earth,

or of one being in. In the dead of night, he sits back of those walls, and is happy to wonder if castle built. Rather, outside.

The walls to these ruins are formed of just such material as we build cellar-walls, and many of them look like the four walls of a cellar thrown to the surface by some convulsion of nature. I had an idea that castles were built of huge, evenly squared blocks of granite, with marble floors. But they are of just such composition as I mention; and how the builders ever succeeded in getting them up straight is something I cannot understand. The floors are not of marble, but of concrete. Where they are not of concrete, they are flagging; and, in the days when they were in their prime, rheumatism must have been in the heyday of its career.

The ground-floors to many of the houses now occupied are of stone; but it is not so bad as oil-cloth.

The cement in the walls of the various ruins excites the attention of many people. They say it is impossible to make as firm mortar in these days. It is hard—harder than losing an eight-hundred-dollar horse. I have nothing to say against the cuteness of the ancients, except in the matter of architecture and painting. I cannot forget that several-hundred-year-old revolver and breech-loader which I saw in the Tower of London. The ancients did many things which we are just discovering and proclaiming as our own invention, and I do not doubt that it will yet be found that they had their opening behind. But let us not anti-date.

But it is interesting to speculate on the origin of ruins. What puzzled me when I heard of ruins afar off was to understand how they became so. In what year, and on what day, and what hour of the day, did they throw off the respectable use of usefulness, and sink into architectural loaferism?

The owners are for several hundred years these castles have treated them with green loafers—corner-loafers at that. And why? Well, in the first place, they were built when protection against foes was essential as protection against weather. They were not ornamental, had no bay-windows, and were French-roofless. The walls of an old church, when civilization so far advanced that every man was made safe in his possessions, and no man was made safe by the occupation of the building, its specialty, was done away with. It became a loafer. In some instances are scores of families, as in that of Warwick Castle particularly, they were modernized and improved upon, and are to-day in business, and doing well beneath the castle. But in most cases they were deserted

for more comfortable dwellings; and, being too strongly built to be taken apart with economy, their walls were left. As for the wood-work, it was wrenched out for fuel; and as for the window-glass, where one could boast such a luxury, it was undoubtedly stoned out by the neighboring boys on Saturday afternoons. As to why the wood-work was not carefully removed, and used in parts of the new structure, I would mention that it was mostly of oak, and most respectfully refer you for full information to some carpenter who has taken down an old oaken building, and undertaken to re-use the material. Anybody who has attempted to drive a cast-iron nail into a venerable oak board will be pleased to give you any information you may desire, if he is alive.

Sometimes the occupants were forced to skedaddle from the country, leaving the house tenantless; and, the carpets of the victor not fitting the rooms of the deserted place, his wife would not consent to moving in: so the place was left to the tender mercies of poor and predatory neighbours.

It is easy enough to account for things when you sit right down and give your whole attention to them, as I do.

There are the lofty tower and arches of a Gray-Friars, monastery between two busy streets in Lynn. It rears its old and scarred figure as if in defiance of trade and all modern improvements. An iron fence surrounds it, with a locked gate; and application must be made to the proprietor of the grammar-school opposite for permission to go inside and feel of the arches, climb up the hundred and sixty steps which lead to the top, and get your back full of sacred mortar and dust. The proprietor of that school is also the proprietor of the bit of ground on which this ruined monastery stands; and he would as soon think of digging up his wife's mother, and putting her in a glass case on the front mantel, as pulling down this crazy structure.

About three miles from Lynn is a little hamlet called Castle Rising. It consists of a blacksmith-shop, an inn, a church, hall, and an almshouse, with about twenty dwelling. The hall is the residence of Lady Howard, a woman as religious as she is old. She owns all of the village, and a good share of property about it. It seems, to look down on Rising, that you could cover it with a farmer's Sunday handkerchief, so small it is; but there was a time when it had a mayor and alderman, an annual mart (which continued two weeks), and a weekly market of great importance.

Among Lady Howard's possessions is a rising piece of ground. Its walls are standing, and several rooms in one part of it are in-

habited : but the main roof is gone ; the greater part of the windows are frameless ; the beams and the flooring of the main rooms are gone ; and bushes three feet high are growing luxuriantly up the broken and ragged surface of the walls. There is a great moat about it now, filled with trees thirty feet high ; a broken stone arch bridge leading across to the gate which guarded the entrance to the outside court, but now is crumbling, and dropping piece meal upon the head of some pleasure-seeker. In this outside court is also the base wall of a chapel, which the people hereabouts readily ascribe to the advent of Christianity in England twelve hundred years ago. They seem to be enjoying better health than I do.

There is a broad green outside, where people engage in cricket ; and the neighbourhood, including the castle, is used by picnickers for a day of recreation. They don't build fires outdoors, and cook their tea, as we do in America : wood is too scarce here for that purpose. In the neighbourhood of resorts for picnicking parties, you will see on the walls of adjoining cottages such notices as these : "Hot water for tea," "Tea cooked here."

At the Black Horse in Rising, picnickers may boil their tea ; but their favourite place is the inhabitable part of the castle, where a family reside.

The family consists of a man, wife, and two young children. The man is a vagabond policeman. I don't mean to say that that is the name he goes by here ; but I call him so from the fact that he has a beat for some distance in the country, and is always moving. Only his uniform saves him from being a tramp. He dresses like the city police, with the exception that he wears a fatigue-cap instead of a helmet. You will find him, or his prototype, along almost every country road in England. They are called "walking police," to distinguish them, I presume, from the city police, who habitually go about in a golden chariot, with sixteen horses and nine footman apiece. He was off duty when I was there, and sang "God save the Queen," but irreparably damaged the petition with an accompaniment on a violin.

He was a large, burly man, and his wife a young, frail-looking woman, and the children looked as if they had just been dug up from the neighbouring churchyard for the occasion. They were poor and helpless, and, if they were not the occupants of a castle, would have probably made away with themselves ere this. They occupy this part of the castle, rent free, by permission of Lady Howard, for the caring of it, and, when not indulging in historical emotions, are boiling tea for picnickers.

Then there is a church a mile or so beyond the chancel of which is in ruins, and the tower is grown with ivy ; but the congregation is stoned up the gap, and worship in the part with becoming sanctity. They dare make it very warm for anybody who dares to carry away any of the broken stones. About two miles in an opposite direction from the castle is the ruin of a church called Bawley Church it is called ; and it is a stumpy bleak walls, with not even a floor or an inch of stone window-casing ; it, can be called a church, this is certain. It is on a rise of ground in the middle of a sheep-pasture, with nothing more fortified than a cart-path approaching. At the top of the hill its floor is now a mass of broken stones, and evidences of the sheep being well kept. Several hundred years ago it had parades and music, weddings, christenings, etc. the people who did those things have perished worse than the church ; for there is not a crumb of them left, nor even a morsel of stones which marked their burial.

Little boys pinched each other's legs, and put sharp sticks down each other's hands, and made faces at the little girls, and the maidens have flitted, and aged and experienced men and women have enjoyed their balm restorer, on this spot. But they are all gone now ; and, if they could see to-day, they would recognize nothing here except this church, and hardly the forests and hedges, and buildings, and customs of their time have flitted to come no more. Even the face of the earth has changed since then ; and unless they were a fair conductor, who wore a bustle and a pair of high-heeled shoes, they would move away with more disappointment than they had capacity for, I am afraid.

But I am losing the thread of my course. This decaying fabric belongs to a farmer who owns the sheep-pasture, and is useless to him, and hardly affords shade for his sheep ; but he will not touch it. He has the same feelings which Lady Howard has, the proprietor of the grammar-school, and with each other. And the same sentiment pervades all England. It is this, I suspect, which accounts for the people of this country taking everything valuable in the way of sculpture out of Egypt and putting it in the British Museum, fearing unprincipled dealers would steal it and carry it away.

But to come back to the castle. The inhabitable portion is in one corner, on a second floor above the ground. It is reached by a broad stairway of stone,—a rather imposing stairway too. The castle was used as a place of fortification in the feudal days, when the only law in operation appeared

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that of might, and when the stronger of
 two neighbouring barons could, and frequent-
 ly did, wrest away the other's property. To
 the tenants it made but little difference, I
 suspect, to whom they paid their rents.
 Half way up the staircase is an opening in
 the ceiling, through which the besieged, when
 the enemy gained the stairway, poured hot
 oil and molten lead on the besiegers. When
 a man got a quart of molten lead down his
 back he left at once, and rarely called again
 for the hot oil. It is a trifling incident; but
 it shows that the people of those days were
 not wholly grasping and avaricious, as his-
 tory would have us believe.

At the top of the stairway we came upon
 an open door, and passed into a unique
 apartment. It was an irregular shaped
 room of about fifteen square feet, with mon-
 strous deep recesses to the little window; but
 it was the singular blending of the modern
 and ancient furniture that excited the atten-
 tion. It was the cooking and dining room
 of the family. A huge fireplace was at one
 end of the apartment, and about it were the
 andirons and utensils for the preparation of
 the humble repast. A table in the centre,
 with venerable legs in rich carving, was cov-
 ered with crumbs, and here and there a ring
 on its surface about the size of a tumbler or
 tankard. At the side were two highly
 carved and remarkably straight-backed
 chairs. They were handsome enough; but
 no mortal could sit in one of them, and
 feel pleasant toward his neighbours. I do
 not wonder now that our ancestors were so
 prone to blood, and suffered death so satisfac-
 torily. Any man who sat in one of those
 chairs for thirty years must have found death
 as the stake or block a positive luxury.)

There was also an enormous chest with
 quaint but gracefully executed devices in
 oak, and bound about with brass. It looked
 arrogant and defiant enough as it sat there in
 the corner; but the baggage-master of the
 shortest and poorest railway in America
 would take the conceit out of it inside of two
 minutes. The chest was about half full of
 relics preserved from the castle. About the
 room were baby-clothes undergoing the pro-
 cess of drying, and exuding a delicate odour.
 On the right of the fireplace was a stair pas-
 sage leading to a large room above. It was
 not a remarkable apartment, with its bare
 walls of stone, warped oaken floor, and nar-
 row, dingy window. It was the bedroom of
 Isabella, the queen of Edward the Second,
 who was sent here by her husband on the
 discovery of her amour with a young chap
 named Mortimer. The young chap suppl-
 emented the loss of his heart with the loss of
 his head. She lived here many years after

the death of her husband, and died here; in
 fact.

We crawled up a circular staircase to the
 top of the walls, and I stood out on the
 ragged summit and looked down. One
 brief glance sufficed me. We returned to
 the head of the main staircase, and, crawling
 through a narrow passage, came into a cor-
 ridor which went entirely round the four
 sides of the main building. Its floor was on
 a level with the banqueting hall; but there
 is no banqueting hall here now,—nothing but
 the open air. The musicians were stationed
 in this corridor, and performed during the
 feasts.

There was no end of revelry in these halls
 centuries ago. Wax tapers lighted them up,
 and made glorious the satins, the jewels, and
 bright eyes of the hosts which have come
 and gone since the castle was reared. There
 is a depressing silence about the place, broken
 only by the twittering of sparrows, and the
 swaying of the weeds and nettles which
 spring from the ruins; and it seems a mock-
 ery to try to restore, even in the imagination,
 the gaiety and pleasure which once peopled
 it all.

And a vagabond policeman with a slovenly
 wife boiling tea, and playing "God save the
 Queen" on a debilitated violin, is the end of
 it all, the humiliating *finis* of a glorious
 career.

The castle, like many other ruins I have
 seen, is formed of a curious mixture of stone-
 chips, cobbles, and brick, the walls not plas-
 tered inside. How their ugliness was hid I
 do not know. Perhaps it was not concealed
 at all, but was just as we now find it. In
 such a case there must have been trouble.
 Imagine young Lord de Rowbeer, whose
 father recently came over with the Conqueror,
 dancing a set with a bewitching partner. In
 the excitement of the dance he is struck
 against by Baron Ovonner, also recently from
 Normandy, and sent spinning against the
 nutmeg-grater wall. You will have no trouble
 in imagining him getting on his feet in a way
 to conceal the damage to his pants, and with
 the blood trickling down his face, his sword
 drawn, and shaking with passion, inviting the
 baron to step out into the back-yard and get
 "nailed" between the eyes. With equal ease
 we can imagine the baron, later in the night,
 awakened from a sound, virtuous sleep by a
 lump of concrete falling from the wall of his
 bed-chamber, and striking him on the nose.
 We will not pause to listen to his remarks.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLISH CHARITY.

Castle Rising is infinitesimally small; but

it illustrates a peculiar feature of English villages. It is compact, orderly, and clean. There are no broken-down fences, strolling cattle in the road, yards filled with plantain and smartweed, nor chips and debris in front of the houses. There is not even a single gate on one hinge. However poor an English hamlet may be, there is about it a compactness and neatness which strike the attention at once. The houses are plain and unattractive; but the gardens are filled with healthy vegetables, and clean grass, and bright flowers. There are well-defined sidewalks, and a smooth, hard turnpike. Even the harshness of the castle-walls is toned down by the unbroken sea of grass about it. The Black Horse is a quaint old inn, attended by a woman, with a tiny bar, and a bar parlour with two tables, a bench all around the room, and a sanded floor. The neighbours gather here of an evening, and sip their ale, and smoke long clay pipes, and talk about crops, and the humble matters of such a neighbourhood. The inn is shaded by a huge tree; and there are two which meet together over the red-tile roof of the blacksmith shop, which is a few yards beyond. The blacksmith shop is one of stone, of course, as all the other buildings are. A few months ago, if any one had told me that a blacksmith shop could have been made of stone, I would have laughed at him. How could they build of that material so as to leave an opening, every ten inches, of an inch in width, for the wind and snow to come through? Now that we have got into the subject, I should really like to know what chance for success a village blacksmith shop would have in America in which the customer could not freeze both of his legs. Just around the blacksmith shop of Castle Rising runs a road down by the church—a hard, smooth road, with a pretty sidewalk. Opposite the church is a building setting a little below the street level, having sharp gables and a number of them, and a substantial stone wall in front. It is built of dingy brick, and would hardly elicit but a casual glance from the passing stranger; but it is one of those institutions which are common all over England, and illustrates most forcibly a prominent characteristic of the English people—charity.

The village of Castle Rising has scarcely a population of a hundred souls; but it has a Norman church, a ruined castle, and a hospital. This low, odd-shaped building is a charity hospital, for the sole accommodation of old women. It was founded by a Lord Howard, who was an Earl of Northumberland in the reign of James the First, for the benefit of old women who were with-

out pecuniary support, and were of a good conversation and prudent behaviour. money endowed it for an everlasting maintenance to his thoughtfulness and kindness of heart. It has stood here for two hundred years, and will stand here when judgment dawns.

This hospital forms the four sides of a grass court. All the rooms open out to the court. Each room for the occupation of an old woman is about eight feet square; it is where she lives and sleeps. Each is provided with a window and a fireplace. The furniture is furnished by themselves, and most of it is what they have been accustomed to since they first entered upon life. The articles here are made substantial, and calculated to last for generations; consequently, the movable features of the room do not present that uniformity which contributes one-half the dreariness to the houses and prisons. The mantels are filled with bits of china, plaster-of-paris stone ornaments; and against some of the walls were coloured lithographs of the boy, Angeline, and other familiar characters of romance and song.

There are about twenty occupants of Castle Rising Hospital, their ages ranging from fifty-five to ninety-three years. One has a dollar a week, a linsey-woolsey dress per annum, and a ton and a quarter of coals every year, and the rent free. Out of this dollar she must furnish her own food. She has the privilege of doing needlework for other light work for sale. They live comfortably, and appear to be very happy and contented. The rooms were scrupulously clean, and every article was in place. One of the old ladies were sitting by the fire, knitting. On Sundays and saints' days they appear at church in scarlet cloaks and high peaked hats,—*a la* Mother Hubbard.

The English are remarkable as the authors of endowment. The land fairly bristles with monuments of this trait, in the edifices of hospitals, schools, drinking-fountains, and the like; and, in addition, corporations, municipalities and parishes take a hand, and are doing their level best to make it land a surprise to strangers, and a delight to the Divine Protector of the widowed and fatherless.

No wonder this English nation is so wealthy, so powerful, and so famous.

I have visited several of the almshouses, and find them uniform in appearance and conduct. The most interesting is that of the village of Darwenham. There were about one hundred inmates in all. They were mostly old men and women. There were some boys and girls, and a lot of str-

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There was something startling in watch-
ing this man wrestling with the awful
enemy, which had him by the throat, chok-
ing his life, hope, gladness, and everything out
of his heart but the memory of the past and
what might have been. Dying on a pallet
of straw, with strange faces about him, and

dozen idiots. In every alms-house I
have found several idiots. An Eng-
lish physician tells me that the large
percentage of idiocy in England is due, in a
great degree, to the beer-sottishness of the
nother. The keeper of this alms-house
gave me the same opinion.

The men were dressed in corduroy, and
the women in linsey-woolsey. We passed
through the bed department; and the
keeper turned down the clothes, and pulled
up the bedding, to show me how neat and
clean the beds were kept. And they were
neat and clean. We passed into the dining-
room for the men, and saw them partaking
of their supper, which consisted of bread
and tea. In the morning this is suppli-
mented with bacon, and at noon they have
a dish of vegetables, and boiled or roast
meat. They looked hearty. In one room
there was a fire burning; and about it sat
several very old men, leaning on the head
of their sticks. They were red-eyed and
wrinkled, and trembling with age. My com-
panion, a well-to-do, bluff, hearty, generous
English farmer, had lived in this neighbour-
hood some years before, and recognized and
was recognized by several of the inmates,
whom he had known in better circumstances.
He shook hands with them most heartily,
and slipped surreptitious shillings into their
palms. How glad they were to see him!
and how their dull eyes brightened up as he
recalled past incidents of mutual knowledge.

There was an old woman who was house-
keeper for a neighbouring lord when he left
the place twenty years before. He gave his
name and old neighbourhood. She shielded
her eyes, and looked earnestly at him.
"Yes, yes, I know you," she said slowly;
but—a pause and a look,—“but you
were lame then, I thought.” “And I am
lame yet,” he said, taking a few steps before
her to show her, and looking as pleased over
her delight as if his infirmity were not an
affliction, but a genuine benefit. We went
into the hospital, and, in passing across the
court to it, were arrested by music in one of
the wings—and paused to listen to it. It
was the boys and girls singing grace after
their supper. It sounded very sweet and
impressive. In the hospital we found several
prostrate and suffering. One of them
was propped up in bed, dying from heart-
disease.

There was something startling in watch-
ing this man wrestling with the awful
enemy, which had him by the throat, chok-
ing his life, hope, gladness, and everything out
of his heart but the memory of the past and
what might have been. Dying on a pallet
of straw, with strange faces about him, and

whitewashed walls and fellow-misery to
witness the terrible and losing fight which
he was carrying on; contesting, inch by
inch, in the agony of despair, the ground
which was being wrested from him,—was
this pauper, whose boyish head of brown
hair, less than thirty years ago, was caressed
and kissed by hands and lips which thought
to ever be with him, and take him up to a
pitying God, but which were now moulder-
ing in the churchyard hard by.

Just such another fight as this took place
in this very room less than twelve hours
ago; and the victim lay stiff and ashy in a
coffin in the apartment below, with the
straw which formed his winding-sheet bub-
bling over the edges of the plain deal box.
In still another room was an old man very
sick, who awakened as we stepped softly
into his room. He said, looking at the
keeper, and speaking like one coming out of
a dream, “I thought I was in North Amer-
iky with my boy Jim: I must have
dreamed it.” “You are not in America;
but America is here,” said the keeper, point-
ing to me. It was an almshouse-keeper’s
idea of a joke. The old man brightened up
at this, and wanted to know if I had seen
his boy Jim, who lived in Sandusky, O.

I have often been asked a similar question
in this country, and hardly felt put out at
not being able to give the necessary informa-
tion; but it gave me keen pain to tell this
old man that I did not know his boy Jim.

Many of the English have a peculiar
and very startling idea of the extent of
America. At one hotel where I stopped was
a family from Michigan. I never saw them
before. An English friend said to me, “Did
you know the Fergusons before you came?”
“I did not.” “That’s odd,” said he in a
perplexed voice: “they are from the same
country you are.” I felt obliged to explain
to him that, besides the Fergusons, there
were some three other families in America
with whom I was not personally acquainted,
it was such a large place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMUSEMENTS.

I took a run down to Manchester one day,
and spent a very exciting and interesting
forty-eight hours there.

While there I visited the office of the
American consul, Mr. Newton Crane, for-
merly companion editor of the lamented
Charley Leonard on “The St Louis Demo-
crat;” and with that gentlemen I spent a
pleasant half-hour, and witnessed an incident
containing a world of suggestion. The hero

was a coloured man, who chewed tobacco under many disadvantages, having an expansive mouth, large, irregular, and broken teeth, and rather depressive looking gums.

He must have been nearly fifty years of age, and was indifferently clad. He had a pleasant, mutton-tallow voice.

He said he had called to find a means of returning to America.

"You are from America then?" said Mr. Crane.

"Yes, sir."

"What brought you here?"

"Well, sir, I thought I should like to come over and see the *mother-country*." (Sensation among the company.)

"And so you came over to see her. Did you think you could do better here?"

"Well—yes, sir. I was told by the English and Scotch and Irish people what come to our country that a coloured man generally intelligent could do well over here, and would be much thought of; and so I come."

"And you haven't done well over here?"

"No, sir, I ain't. It's kept going from bad to worse. There ain't no work to be got, an' I don't stand any chance to get what there is; an' I'm in a bad way generally, sir. I have worked for two lords as cook, but I got out with them; an' I've been a-goin' down all the while."

"Don't they treat you well over here?"

"Oh, yes, sir, they treat me well; but I don't get anythin' to eat; and thought I should like to take my old bones back to the States."

It will be gratifying to my readers to learn that his old bones were shipped in that direction the next day.

A negro at a distance is an object of admiration to the English people.

In the evening we went to Belle Vue.

Whether it is at a theatre, or any other entertainment, the Englishman abandons himself to a full enjoyment of what he beholds. So he naturally runs to gardens, as better calculated to indulge this desire; and as he builds his house as plainly as possible, and throws his weight in architecture on his church, so he looks not so much at a garden at home, but makes the public affair as elaborate as money and taste can do it.

We do not think much of Manchester, except as a manufactory of cotton-goods; and yet America has but one city as large as it; and New York, with all its wealth, taste, and reputation, has no public garden to compare with either of the two with which Manchester is provided.

The Belle Vue is the smaller, but the best known of the two gardens.

There are trips, or what we would call excursions, made to it two or three times a week from the adjoining towns and counties. It is better known to many English people than is Manchester itself, I am sorry to say.

Belle Vue comprises a museum of curiosities, a menagerie that would put to shame the travelling concerns by that name in America (by the way, I should like to see that one of the Belle Vue bears would put to flight an entire American menagerie), even scare the ticket-master, and then back home in time for an early tea, aviary, an aquarium, and a pond with many row and three miniature steam boats.

Then there is a painting on wood of the battle of Waterloo, arranged in terraces with openings among the imitated hills and ridges for the manoeuvring of troops. Several painting is in the open air, and remains until the expiration of a year, when it is taken down, and some other historical incident of tragic interest is substituted for it, succeeding year.

Opposite this is a stand for the band, where a flanking galleries capable of seating more than a thousand people; and between these galleries and the painting is a platform where three hundred couples can dance at one time. Under the galleries are extensive tea and bar rooms. One of the tea rooms is a shilling and the other a shilling department, and the shilling entitles you to a pot of tea and a half-dozen slices of bread and butter, which were neither cut nor spread by a stout mother. I have seen no caterers in England who imagine Providence has bequeathed to a popular place of entertainment for the purpose of swindling the patrons.

As the sun went down, and twilight (the mystic halo which crowns England from the disappearance to the reappearance of the sun) succeeded, the crowds increased quite visibly, and it was safe to say that fully ten thousand people were present. The elephant, which all the afternoon had been carrying loads of jolly children about the grounds with a solemnity befitting his state, had retired; and across the gravelled path I saw mounted men in armour, taking the way to the mysterious recesses of Waterloo. We mounted into the galleries with thousands of others, and waited until ten o'clock. As that hour struck, the field of Waterloo renewed the carnage and terrific uproar. A balloon, rising innumerable blue lights, suddenly started upward; rockets, Roman candles, and lights flashed forth; the hills and ridges came alive with cavalry, infantry, brigadier-generals; cannon-crackers, muskets, and musketry pealed forth their thunder.

what we would call; two or three times; battle-flags waved; music sounded; the cries of the combatants filled the air. Then a barn in the foreground took fire; and the flames rolled up through the roof, adding to their crackling and hissing to the general uproar. Charge after charge was made and repulsed; finally the French were overcome, and then the cannonading and musketry became fairly awful, and the scene closed. All, all for a shilling!

Dear reader, why not come to England? And the police were there, of course. Whether the entertainment is of public or private) furnishing, they are always about, always in the way of ruffians and rowdies, and what are infinitely worse than either, prudent country bores; and in all the lumber at this cheap entertainment, with several bar-rooms within its limits, there was no disturbance.

I had read so much of the sufferings and deprivations of the operatives in the Manchester cotton-mills, that I had a pardonable curiosity to see them. We proceeded there at once. The location of the mill we were to visit my friend was uncertain about; and, getting into its neighbourhood, he inquired of a labouring-woman on the street, who pointed out the building. As it led us in the direction she was going, we went with her; and she proceeded to a discourse. She told us that the mill in question was hardly known by the firm's name, and gave the popular name, which was a most filthy cognomen. She didn't blush when she said it, no caterers in England admitted that she was almost ashamed to speak it when she first came into the neighbourhood. We left her, where we were to turn off, with sincere regret.

We found an obliging manager in charge, who kindly took us through the different departments, and intelligently explained to us the offices of the machinery. But it was the mill-people I wanted to see, and the typical girl in particular. I saw her immediately. Her name was Blanche. She was about forty-eight years old, had a wen on the top of her head, and no upper teeth. I was satisfied.

The mill was very clean, and everything appeared in order. One o'clock was the time for quitting; and, prompt to the order, work was stopped. I was surprised at this. There are thousands of men, women, and children working in the cotton and other mills of Manchester; but the Government has them in charge, and they are most amply protected. Whatever of oppression, poverty, and suffering that is said to have prevailed half a century ago is not apparent now.

The employers have not changed; they are just as selfish and human as they were then; but the inexorable law of this country has stretched forth its iron hand over them, and the least deviation from the path of prescribed action closes the merciless fingers upon them.

The operatives get to work at six o'clock, have breakfast between seven and eight, quit at one, recommence at two, and cease for good at half-past five or six o'clock. If a manufacturer should keep them a minute over time, and was reported, he would be promptly hoisted in front of the nearest magistrate, and subjected to a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars, with the additional discomfort of having his name and offence paraded in print.

As to wages, the children earn from a dollar to a dollar and a half per week; the women from two to four dollars; and the men from five to seven dollars. The women and children wear a coarse shoe with a heavy wooden sole; and when the hundreds and thousands pass over the pavement to and from work, the clicking of the wooden soles is almost deafening. They, as well as all Lancashire working-people have an unfortunate habit of nicknaming; and so popular become these titles, that men have been known to almost forget their surnames, while their neighbours entirely lose sight of them. If a man's given name is Tom, he is called so by everybody, to the complete exclusion of his family name. If he has a son, the son's name and the father's are blended. For instance, if the son's name is Bill, he is known and ever spoken of or addressed as Bill of Tom; and so on.

I had just time to take a run out to the Pomona Palace, which is the disguising title of the companion garden to Belle Vue.

A dog-show was the principal feature, and I am extravagantly fond of dogs. The afternoon I came into the city, I found two mastiffs in the depot. In the confusion, I thought they were two freight-cars that had by some inscrutable means got off the track. I was glad to find they were dogs. The larger of the two was called the champion of England, and added other laurels by carrying off the prize at the show. It is a very nice thing in England, as well as in America, to have the champion animal of the country; for as long as shows are kept up, so long is the owner assured of an income.

This was the largest dog I ever saw; it was the largest dog any two people ever saw. I thought at first I would buy him, but partly hesitated on learning the price (one thousand dollars), and completely gave

up the idea before I saw him out of the station.

He was secured by a chain in the hands of an attendant—a man who appeared to be in a chronic state of perspiration and protestation. And he was an erratic dog. He made violent and entirely unexpected dashes at various objects or openings; and, wherever he went, the perspiring and protesting individual was sure to go. He snapped him off his feet every other minute, and in the intervals harried him over sharp-cornered trunks, bumped him against other people with luggage in their hands, or shoved him over highly-indignant but utterly helpless little boys, whose unrestrained curiosity had led them too close to the performance. The last I saw of the keeper (?) he was passing through the door in charge of the mastiff, a boy was running after with his hat, and people on the sidewalk were appropriating elevated places with spotless alacrity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TELLS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, WHAT THE ENGLISH THINK OF US.

We are all more or less bigoted until we travel. Our own institutions and customs grow to be considered the best institutions and the only true customs until we have opportunity to compare them with other customs and institutions. All that we hear—and this is to both prepare and inform you—is not exactly true. I have shown that all the English are not morose, sullen and exclusive; and I have tried to show as many as I have come in contact with that the American people are not wholly bores or assassins—the only two classes many English recognize in America.

I have claimed that the average English woman is not so tastefully dressed as the average American woman.

I am told here that the average English woman is superior in dress to her American sister, in that she dresses plainly; while the American woman arrays herself in flashy colours, and sports a swell air.

Does she?

The swell American woman dresses richly, as her husband or father well knows, but not flashy.

And, really, is a man in broadcloth and kids inferiorly dressed to the man in blue jean and dog-skin gloves? Blue jean and dog-skin are the plainer of the two suits. It is not the quality of the goods, but their style of making up and wearing them.

I am proud to think, that, while our American woman dresses in high-priced goods,

she shows admirable taste in selecting combining the colours: and there is no of women, unless it is the English and quimaux, less open to the offence of apparel.

There is a plainness that is too decided be tasteful.

And perhaps, if the matter were down very closely, it would be found the women of the middle classes in America dress at less cost than the same class in England. The English woman does not she is dressed up unless she has on a gown. Silk costs much less here than in America, to be sure; but this is by the fact of wages being much less than there.

The English err in some other things regarding us, but pardonably, I believe. the style of American journalism, especially in the Far West, to exaggerate; it is also a style to jest on tragic subjects. These generations and jests are readily seized upon English journals as illustrative of our characteristics, and sowed broadcast amongst people. It is the misfortune of the English not to understand an American joke. fatal consequence can be imagined. believe of all America just as the people the Eastern States believe of the Territories and California, when, if the truth is known, there is less cutting and slashing the Far West than in the Far East.

An able school-teacher in Norfolk saw me the other day if all American gentlemen did not either have a pistol or knife concealed about their person.

In the estimation of those who have seen him, a full-blooded American is a of perambulating arsenal, constantly shedding bullets, bowies and torpedoes.

The predisposition of the untravelled English to believe that American ladies are lacking in refinement is materially aggravated by an English playwright, who has written "An American Lady," which is rendered nightly to large appreciative audiences at the Criterion Theatre in London. The American lady exhibited is hoydenish, slangy, masculine, swaggering, bullying, and indescribably sive.

I could readily see by the expressions those in the audience near to me that I accepted the character as a very fair representation of an American lady.

An English woman on making a call to her best, which is considered as a compliment to the person called upon. On receiving calls, she takes equal care not to do her best for fear she may excel her caller, which would be a discourtesy.

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There is a genuine delicacy of feeling in this custom.

Whatever the English may believe of our institutions and customs, many of them have ennobling ideas of money-making in America.

Numbers have left here for America with a view to making a fortune in three or four years without much effort, and returning to live in a castle with hot and cold water on every floor.

Where are they?

There are others who fall into the other extreme, and I have been very much edified by intelligent but rather lengthy disquisitions on the valuelessness of our money.

Here, where the money is hard gold and silver and obese copper, the currency is looked upon with a great deal of curiosity; and people are much surprised to learn that a few trifles are still purchasable with it in America.

A man can conveniently carry around with him a thousand dollars of our money, I have been told; but a man with a thousand dollars of the current money of England in his pocket would have to be lifted about with a derrick.

But there is no doubt that it is frequently a mistake for the English working-man to go to America. Our labour-market is overstocked, and our labour is much different from what it is here.

An American manufacturer of agricultural machinery, who has good custom here, contemplated a branch factory; but the experiment proved a failure. He found and confessed that, with the higher price of iron in his own country, he could make the machines there, and pay the shipments here, for less money than it cost to manufacture in England. In the States he got the wood cheaper; but the main item was in the labour. American labour cost more primarily; but the Yankee mechanic did double the work in the same hours.

From what I have seen on the farm and in the shops and mills, I judge that the English workman does more talking, and less work, than his American brother; and a great deal of time is lost in stepping out for beer.

The wages of mechanics in England vary, like those in America, according to the market.

In the country they get from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a day, and in the city from a dollar to a dollar and seventy-five cents.

This is somewhat less than American wages; but it must be taken into consideration that many of the necessaries of life cost less here; and a very good breastpin can be

got for a quarter. Land will average well in price with that in New England; but the mechanics of England are not land-holders. They universally rent; and rents are less here, startling as is the statement, than in New England and the Middle States.

I saw a very pretty two-story house, with an acre and a half of very highly-cultivated garden, and an acre of pasturage with abundance of stabling, rent for two hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and it was within two miles and a half of a flourishing city. It is not an exceptional case.

Taxes are high; but they are mostly the local rates. It requires money to keep their roads in the magnificent condition for which they are famed, and to take care of their poor as generously as they do.

In Norfolk county, the chief agricultural district, the rates are about five per cent., of which the Government levy is but one-fifth. England's debt is immense; but England's resources are still more immense.

The man who rents can pay the rates and taxes on the property, and thus vote: without so doing he cannot handle the ballot. These rates and taxes are about one-quarter the rent, and are deducted therefrom.

Suppose, for instance, a man's rent is a hundred dollars; the assessment is, therefore, twenty-five dollars; and, by taking the responsibility of it, he gets his lease at seventy-five dollars per annum. If the rates decrease in any year during the lease, he saves money; if they increase, he loses.

Many prefer to go without the ballot to incurring this risk.

The mechanic in the provincial towns who earns one dollar a day will comfortably support his wife and two children, and save twenty-five dollars in the year.

This will give you a comprehensive view of the situation in this tax-oppressed and down-trodden country. I have been very particular to inquire into the condition of the working-people, because I have been taught from infancy that the acme of taxation was reached here, and that every necessary of life was taxed almost beyond reach of the common people.

By conversation with all classes, I learn that there is not that universal hungering to get out of England which Mr. Arch represents; and when I go through the lanes, and look over the broad, bright green fields, and the blossoming hedges, and the wonderfully trim homes smothered in ivy and climbing roses, I am glad of it.

Ah! indeed it is a beautiful country,—so beautiful, that even a poet might work in it.

And such a tasty people they are about their homes! I shall not be at any time surprised to find garlands crowning the dust-heaps of the streets.

I have yet to see the yard that is not a bower of ivy and roses, while many of the humble places have a variety and abundance of flowers and shrubs that would delight the most exacting horticulturist.

And the ivy and holly grow spontaneously in every garden and along every wall; while the broad sweep of lawn and park, and perspective of wooded avenues, on the estates of the wealthy squire or nobleman, are charming to a degree that is exhilarating.

Why, even in that range of precipitous hills which lie between Derby and Manchester, where the sides are so steep that you can almost see any one come in at the gate by looking up the chimney, stone walls laid up in masonry surround the humble homes, and roses fairly foam over their tops.

Aside from its historical associations, England is worth coming a thousand miles to see.

Almost every family has some relative in America, and I am frequently asked about them. He is a poor Englishman indeed who hasn't a cousin in the States.

Wherever I go I am recognized as being an American. In the cars, on the stage-coach or omnibus, in the hotels or on the road, I daily hear, "You are from America, sir?" and then follows questioning about the people, their customs, and the chances for money-making.

Our mixed liquors and slang are never-failing subjects of interest to them. They have seen pictures of American bar-tenders mixing liquors by pouring them from one glass into the other, with the vessels as far apart as the hands can be extended: and they don't understand it.

They ask me if there are such drinks as brandy-smashes, claret-punches, gin-slings, and the like; and when I tell them I am not quite sure, but think I have heard those things mentioned by worldly people in the States, they say, "Ah, how wonderful!"

I hope I haven't deceived these people.

But when they press me to tell them why Americans call some of their drinks "coffin-makers," "soul poisoners," and "dead shots," I am compelled to admit that I never heard the terms before; and then they look disappointed.

They imagine that the universal channel for the expression of ideas is slang, and repeat much that they have heard, which possesses as much novelty to me as it does to them.

They handle our slang about as 'artistic' as they do our geography: and, in this headlong particular, they never seem to realize that Canada is not somewhere concealed without the United States.

They call Michigan *Mitchygin*; and Connecticut, *Connecty-cut*. But the name of Chicago is their chief hold. Even the terrible fire was more mericiful than are the night. They complacently denominate it *Cthi-kag*. And *Cthicog-o*, *Chick-a-go*, *Chee-ag-o*; but none of its favourite rendering is *She-caggy*.

I was conducted over Christ Hospital by a young Englishman who saw that I was perous American, and, being acquainted with the place kindly offered to give me all necessary information.

He said he had a brother in America, plenty was here on a visit last summer, and friends by whom he learned much that was valuable and paid nothing in the way of slang. He was proud of the advantages he enjoyed, oysters and see that plainly enough. He frequents a room from an elaborate painting, an ancient wall, or a fine monument, to show off his accomplishments from America.

He told me in a confidential whisper that he had a pair of pants made with a pocket-peanu behind, "just as they do in America;" and of this was very anxious that I should go round. Think his house, about four miles distant, and accounts them,

I was fairly consuming with anxieties to see the gorgeous breeches; but an engagement prevented, and I reluctantly declined the invitation.

I have been obliged to give up carrying a handkerchief in the hip-pocket. The opportunity of drawing it forth, and restoring it to its place, made me altogether too conspicuous for comfort.

But I was speaking of taxes.

The man who neither owns nor rents property pays no taxes. It is neither every body nor everything that is taxed.

The last Government removed the duties from several articles of necessary consumption.

If a man owns a carriage, he pays a tax upon it of three dollars and seventy-five cents if it is a two wheel, and of five dollars and twenty-five cents if it is a four-wheel conveyance. Some of the articles taxed in our country are taxed here; others that are not. There is no duty on watches, jewelry, or musical instruments. An Englishman who owns a gun pays two dollars and fifty cents for the privilege; and, if he wants to enjoy the pleasure of hunting, he pays seventy-five cents a year. If he is no better shot than many of the Nimrods who have

g about as 'artistic' around Danbury, that seventy-five cents is a day: and, in this head loss, it seems to realize itself. The rate of interest here is about five per cent concealed without.

This is a tax-ridden and down-trodden *Mitchygin*; and *Cocoonry*; but the people who live here and there. But the name tends to the yoke have an unpleasant habit. Even the term 'looking healthy and happy.' It isn't cheerful than are the right.

dominate it *Othi-kay*. And then clothes can be bought here for *Chee-ag-o*; but one-half the price asked in America, and *She-caggy*.

daily there is presented the astonishing Christ Hospital spectacle of the citizens of a free and prosperous country coming to this oppressed land acquainted with the way to buy their clothes. It gives me all necessity. It is awful.

But we have some advantages. We have plenty of ice and oysters, two very rare luxuries in summer, and fruit here. As high as twelve cents a pound that was valuable as paid for ice in some parts of England; and a great deal of slang. He has for oysters, they are nowhere. Their advantages he enjoyed oysters; are small, and less palatable than enough. He frequents; but they pay from thirty-six to eighty-cent painting, an ancient cent a dozen for them.

nt, to show off his. The English oyster puts on a great many America. "lugh," I think.

idential whisper the. But what can be said of a country without bread with a pocket-peanuts? In the whole length and breadth do in America; and of this fair land there is not a single peanut. I should go round. Think, if you can grasp the thought, of a miles distant, and a country hoary with history, and glorified with romance, passing over the cycles of centuries with anxieties without peanuts.

atches; but an engaged. I shouldn't have thought it could do it. reluctantly decline. I have not seen a pair of boots since I have been in England. Shoes are the universal

to give up carrying article of foot-wear; and those pulled around pocket. The open by the labourers are thickly studded with and restoring it to staring nail-heads. Eight ounces of these other too conspicuous nails are frequently used on a pair of shoes.

f taxes. and some pairs used by miners have from a pound and a half to two pounds of these iron nails in them.

owns nor rents pre. A favourite fashion with the ladies is wearing black or lead-coloured stockings—I am told.

removed the duties. And there seems to be about as much unnecessary consuming here as in America.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN APPALLING CUSTOM.

The extent to which feeing is carried on in Europe, more especially in the Kingdom of Great Britain, is something extraordinary; and I propose in this chapter to speak at length of the system. The American traveller first runs against the custom on board of the steamer that brings him over. He fees the steward, the "boots," his waiter, and anybody who may be handy to him as

he is disembarking. When he gets ashore a boy calls a cab for him, and charges twelve cents for the service. At the hotel the hall porter has a trifle for taking in his luggage. The next morning he proceeds on his way, after seeing the waiter who brought him his food, the "boots" who blacked his shoes, and the hotel porter who sees that his luggage is again mounted on the cab. Arriving at the station, a railway porter officially hands him out, sees that the trunk is properly labelled to its destination, and accompanies him to the carriage door for obvious reasons. If he wishes a compartment by himself, he gives the guard or conductor twenty-five cents; and others who embark along the line have to stand some squeezing before the dispenser of twenty-five cents is troubled with company. He should not complain of this expenditure, and does not; but it is rough on the other passengers, and is pernicious without reserve. It was some little time before I could pluck up the necessary courage to tamper with a railway guard.

In appearance he does not invite confidence, being dressed in blue, with a gold or silver band about his coat-collar, which gives him that austerity of expression which is so peculiar to our conductors. The idea of approaching this dignified official with an attempt to warp him from the line of duty with a shilling is so preposterous to the newcomer, that it takes some time to conform to it. Imagine anyone offering one of our conductors twenty-five cents for special privileges on the train! The glance he would receive would glue his vitals hermetically together. But the American conductor generally receives more than six dollars a week, and can afford to glance.

Railway guards are a good deal like that noble animal, the horse. They know their friends. When they come across a traveller who gives them a shilling for securing him a compartment to himself, they mark him well; and, the next time he comes along, he doesn't have to ask for the privilege again. He receives a sweet smile worth a mint of wealth to the heart of a stranger, and is hurried to a solitary compartment, where he is assured that he can take a little comfort with his pipe, the information being inundated with significant winks. (Tableau,—shilling.) It is astonishing the number of favours a shilling will obtain from one of those uninformed satellites. But such favours are not always begrudged.

Every station has its railway porters, who are hired to see after passengers and their luggage. They meet the incoming train, as I have already stated, and attend to the

wants of the passengers. They are paid three or four dollars a week to be around, and the passengers quite frequently pay them for their help. The custom of feeing railway porters for putting your luggage on a cab, or transferring your hand-parcels to another train, has one bad but very natural result,—the first-class passengers receive the first and best attention. On the arrival of the train, it is noticeable that the door to every first-class compartment is supplied with a porter. Those who fail to secure this drop back on the second-class, leaving few, if any, to take care of the third-class. The help of the porter is quite frequently worth the fee: but a bad practice is fostered, and the recipient is demoralized by receiving two payments for one service; that is, if a railway porter can be demoralized by anything. Besides, the third-class passenger is often left to struggle with his bundles as he best can; although, in paying his fare, he contributes to the support of the man who has left him for fairer skies. But that is human nature.

Hotels and restaurants are the most important centres of the system. In the former, any servant who has anything to do with you expects a fee. When you inquire for your bill is the signal for the attack. This is the reason, perhaps, that some do not inquire for their bills. There is the chamber-maid just outside your door in the passage, on the stairs is the "boots," and in the hall the porter; and yet the people here wonder that Americans carry pistols.

Feeing is not a modern nuisance, but has generations to sanction and aggravate it. It is not so bad a few years ago, and the complaint against it was so loud and general, that the proprietors of hotels and restaurants took the matter in their own hands, and hit upon a remedy: it was to charge attendance in the bill at so much a day or meal, and thus save the guests all annoyance. Thackeray never perpetrated anything equal to it. The charge for attendance at a hotel is from twenty-five cents to thirty-six cents a day for each person; at restaurants, from four to six cents the meal each person. This was supposed to be done to secure the servants as well as to save the guests. It was an ingenious stroke. The attendance money is put into the pocket of the proprietor, whereas formerly it went to the servants; and the latter, with the importunate lines in their faces as deep drawn as ever, continue to confront the guests. And why not?

The result of this change has been to add to the revenue of the landlord, and to subtract from the already underpaid servant. The landlord, with the wages of his servant

unimpaired by the innovation, has no right to this money than he has to any other property of the guest. The complaint, which it is the result was not levelled against the receptacle of the fees, but the payee. Ad of them. The reform was supposed to hold, credulous public to be made in the interest of the travellers, not in behalf of landlords equal and, as there has been no reduction in prices of hotel and restaurant charges, thought of people are anxious to know by what process of reasoning the proprietors justify the additional item of attendance in the bills. In England the landlord one day,—

"Why is attendance charged guests?"

"To regulate feeing, which had become an abuse," he promptly replied.

"What right had servants to demand it anyway?" I next asked.

"Because that was a portion of the revenue attached to their place," he said.

"It went to make up their wages, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does it now?"

He thought it looked very much like it. Under the old regime it was feeing waiters; under the new it is feeing the landlord; and in the case of a guest who does not like to appear "small," it is feeing both.

Some of these English people pay the bills with the attendance charge, and let it end it; but the most of them, and all Americans, fee as well as pay, and find they are better served for so doing. You occasionally see on a hotel bill, "No gratuities to the servants," which looks well enough in principle. That is the reason they put it in there, I suspect.

In the matter of fees, the servants of hotels and restaurants ought not to be considered. I do not blame them, and cannot, although the system by which they thrive is frequently an irritation difficult to describe. But the remedy is not the one now employed; and no attempt whatever short of paying the help adequate wages will avail to abate the evil. The deficiency is now made up by the guest; while the landlord, who has been amply paid for his accommodation, disgracefully escapes his responsibility.

When I say "amply paid," I speak advisedly. Compare, for instance, the charge of a first-class English with the same kind of American hotel. The latter charges from four to five dollars per day (including "extras"), and presents a variety of dishes entirely unknown to the English hotel, and consequently gives the guest more enjoyment and better satisfaction than he can obtain in any English hostelry.

The English charges are—

innovation, has none. Breakfast, sixty cents; dinner, a dollar than he has to any and twenty cents; tea, sixty cents; bed-est. The complain room, forty-eight cents: total, two dollars was not levelled against eighty-eight cents.

fees, but the pay. Add twenty-eight cents as a premium on rm was supposed to hold, and you have a first cost of three dollars e made in the interest and sixteen cents per day, or what would be in behalf of landlord equal in America, with its market and labor. ean no reduction in prices, to full five dollars per day. Now, on charges, thought of all this, comes thirty-six cents a day know by what price for attendance.

proprietors justify the. So, without the attendance-money, the nance in the bills. Is English landlord is receiving a larger sum than his American contemporary, and giving ay,— ce charged guests? "less in return for it.

ing, which had been. I have said I do not blame the servants as being responsible for the feeling nuisance.

ly replied, Let us see how they share in the extortion.

servants to demand. At one hotel I stayed several weeks. I paid a portion of the revenue thirty-six cents a day for attendance. The e," he said. "boots" was an elderly party. He received

up their wages, that two dollars a week, and boarded himself.

The female servant who waited at the table got one dollar and twenty-five cents

and very much like me a week and board; the chambermaid, twenty-five cents less than the waiter. The

time it was feeling. barmaid, who managed the house, received

now it is feeling the. two dollars and fifty cents and her meals.

of a guest who does. Do you wonder those people looked for fees?

"it is feeling both. What would the "boots" have done had

English people pay the. the guests acted on their rights, and allowed

ce charge, and let the. the thirty-six cents which each paid per

of them, and all. day to the landlord to have discharged their

pay, and find they. obligation in the matter of attendance?

ing. You occasionally. The hotel had a livery attached. I hired

o gratuities to these. a trap for three hours' use, with a driver.

well enough in pri. When we got back, I gave the driver a shil-

hey put it in there. ling. It is rarely I part with my money,

es, the servants of. but I had had a pleasant drive, and felt

ought not to be. generous and good-natured. What was my

ne them, and cannot. surprise and disgust when the man asked

by which they. me for another shilling! He had no

ritation difficult. right to demand a penny, of course, being in

medy is not the. the employ of the hotel proprietor, to whom

no attempt what. I was to make my payment for the trap;

help adequate wages. but I gave him the extra shilling, and sat

evil. The deficient. up two-thirds the night assigning him to

the guest; while. various places in the dim and uncertain

n amply paid for. future. Several days later he took me out

cefully escapes. again for a half-day; and, when we return-

"Exactly: and what is your charge?" said I, with stinging emphasis on the last word.

"Three shillings, if you please, sir."

Was the man mad? I looked at him in a sort of stupor for full a minute. There he stood, with his old hat in his hand, his rusty coat looking more rusty than ever, and his hair tumbled in all directions. He would get this three shillings out of me, and then laugh in his patched sleeve at my greenness; and Saturday night he would receive from his employer payment for that day he drove me, and I would reimburse the landlord for his expenditure.

I paid him the three shillings with clenched teeth; and after breakfast I went to the barmaid, and said to her,—

"Who is that fellow who drove me out yesterday?"

"He is one of the stable-help, sir."

"So I thought. And how much does he get a week?"

"He don't get any wages, sir."

"What?"

"No, sir: he is not paid wages. He helps about the stable and yard; and, when gentlemen hire a trap, he drives them out, and what they pay him supports him."

About two-thirds distracted, I rushed out of the bar in quest of the old chap; and, when I found him, I shook his hand till his neck loosened, and told him how sorry I was to have been so cross with him for simply trying to get his living, and that he was a proper old boy anyway. In the exuberance of my remorse I even called him a zymosimeter.

It subsequently occurred to me that he might not know what a zymosimeter was: so I returned, and explained to him that it was nothing injurious. Speaking of hotel-wages reminds me that the lady who has almost the entire charge of one of the leading hotels in Glasgow receives the munificent sum of four dollars and ninety cents a week. What of her salary she does not use in building a Cathedral she intends devoting to neat bronze drinking-fountains for public use. Such a woman as that is an honour to her sex and to Glasgow.

In many of the prominent hotels and restaurants the "boots" or the head waiter not only receives no salary at all, but pays a premium for his place, and trusts to the fees for a living, and never fails of success. The same guests pay the landlord for attendance

(Do you see?).

An English landlord would think it the height of absurdity if he should find in his grocery or draper bill an item for the clerk's attendance upon his purchases; and yet the

draper or grocer could as sensibly do this as he does.

But feeing is not entirely confined to the annoyance of the travelling public. It permeates every walk of life, and exhibits itself in ways unique, and startling to the stranger. A gentleman showed me over his extensive works in Scotland. In one branch of them he committed me to the more intelligent care of the foreman. Closing the observation, I was puzzled to know whether to offer the foreman a fee. I did not wish to appear "small" in his eyes by not doing it, and yet dreaded to run the risk of offending him by making the offer. In desperation I extended the silver. It was covered with a promptness that surprised me. I visited an industrial school. I had a letter of introduction to the manager. He showed me the workings of the institution. When he bowed me out, I showed silver. One of the inmates stood near us. The manager turned his back on him, made a feint of shaking hands with me, and "scooped" in the fee. These cases are not exaggerations.

It doesn't pay to exaggerate when you are constantly travelling, and liable at any time to a fatal accident.

It may be asked why I offered the manager of the industrial school a fee. It is just like some people to put such a question, and never think of asking why the manager did not refuse it.

It is even customary to fee the servants of the friends you visit; so much the custom, in fact, that a lady-writer in one of the London papers attempts to establish the amounts which should be given. It is not said how much this demand on the guest improves the tone of the hospitality he receives: perhaps it cannot be estimated. If such an order of things prevailed in America, I fancy there would be loss of visiting by affectionate city people to dear country cousins in the summer months.

A great evil in this country is the large surplus of servants in employ. I visited a party in Scotland who keeps twenty-one servants. These are, a butler, who attends to buying for the table; an under-butler, who gives the articles to the cook; a porter, who stays in the hall, and catches flies with a dexterity that is almost supernatural; a cook and an assistant cook; a house-keeper, who looks after the linen; four chambermaids; a waiter; two scullery-maids for rough work in the kitchen; an errand-boy; a coachman, a footman, and hostler for the stables; gardener and three assistants. One-half the number would be amply sufficient to do the work. When the

family are in the city, four servants are in charge of the country-house. W four servants find to keep them busy an unoccupied three-story building is better imagined than described.

Less servants and better pay would prove a welcome reform.

In business communications the system of fees is no less rampant. An English friend owns a brick-yard. Driving out with him one day, we stopped where a building was going up, his brick being used in the construction. He had a short chat with the builder, and was about to drive away, when the latter said,—

"This is pretty dry work, Mr. ——" My friend took out a pocket-book, gave the respectable contractor two guineas, and we then went on.

In answer to a question, my companion explained that this was a toll upon which he was forced to pay, or lose the order of supplying the brick to this or any other contractor. The contractor may erect a building himself, but he is not a buyer. He did the work by the day, as the custom in England, the owner furnishing the material at the contractor's suggestion. He could thus turn the trade to the market that paid him best, without regard to his employer's interests.

If a man came to his yard for a barrow of bricks, he expected to be demanded the price of a glass of beer. If he would take his barrow to some yard where he could get it. It was immaterial to him what the bricks cost, as he did not have to pay for them. And this despicable system extends more or less to nearly every branch of business.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SKIPS FROM THE CAB TO THE HEARSE.

While on the subject of extortion, I shall like to take another pull with my ancient friend the English cabman. Whatever his fare may be as arranged by law, he has the right to demand more than that amount (and that not pretty much all the while) that he charges under the same head as the driver of a barrow of bricks, a contractor for building, and the proprietor of a hotel. Foreigners are his principal prey; and as they at home have to do with hackmen, doing the bulk of the business riding in street-cars and omnibuses, and wholly dependent on the hackman when they become sensible of his excesses, and smile themselves constantly on the aggressor against him. Thus arises much of the complaint against the class from our people.

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who are apparently not aware that the American hackman is a greater scamp than the English cabby, to say nothing of his offensive bearing.

A shilling for a mile for one or two persons, and a sixpence for each additional mile, is the highest charge here. The cabman will get an extra sixpence out of you, if possible; and, once in a while, will try for a shilling. I have paid sixteen shillings for the use of a hack to be taken a mile and a half, and a friend of mine was charged twenty shillings for the same distance. It is to be sincerely regretted that both of these instances occurred in New York, and not in London.

The law which regulates the English cab charges knows more than I about the matter. But still the charge appears to be a small sum, when it is understood that the cabman pays from six to ten shillings a day for the use of the establishment, and must drive that number of fares before he can begin to make anything for himself. They generally bite me, and it makes me mad enough to knock their heads off; and yet I am sorry for the poor devils. They have got to fleece somebody, I suppose, to make both ends meet. Still it would be much better if poor people did not have two ends.

But they don't scorch me so badly as they used to do. I have played a march on them by donning a pair of English breeches. These breeches are light-coloured, and cling so tightly to my body and legs, that, every time I bend over, the people in the next house know it. When I engage a cab, I bring my legs conspicuously to the front. When the driver looks into my open and ingenuous countenance, he is tempted to charge sixpence; but, on glancing down at my legs, he takes another thought, and unhesitatingly compromises on a threepence. The money I thus save I give to the South-sea Islanders when I meet them.

But this is not a pleasant subject. Let us talk of funerals.

The English fairly spread themselves in matters of woe. Their hearses are monuments of gloom. The body is heavy, cumbersome, and agonizingly black. They are not lighted off with sheets of glittering French plate and silver ornaments. They have no bay-windows. On top are from six to eight three-story plumes, presenting a forest of waving gloom. Among the plumes they at home have perched quite frequently the pall-bearers, doing the bulk of the dressing in petrifying black, with heavy bands of mourning about their hats, and the hackman when streaming down their backs. The driver is similarly arrayed. Accompanying the hearse there is one coach, and perhaps two. They arise much of the morning carriages, built with all the

trappings of woe; and should cremation obtain, they would be a dead loss to the owner, as they are not by nature adapted to any other but the most lugubrious work. They have no such funeral processions as we do, formed of all sorts of vehicles, from the crafty hack to the effervescing buck-board. None but mourning coaches are permitted in the line, and rarely but one of those. Neither is there a procession on foot in the city funerals. The gait of the sombre cavalcade forbids pedestrianism. You'd hardly believe it, especially from seeing the amount of woe in the appearance of the carriage; but the London funerals trip along through the crowded thoroughfares at a smart trot. It is a ghastly spectacle.

In the country the custom is somewhat different. Processions of friends precede the hearse, the men wearing the streaming bands of mourning about their hats. I witnessed a rural funeral recently. First came the doctor, and with him the apothecary,—as a sort of accomplice, I suspect; next came the undertaker, and by his side was the draper who sold the material for the mourning garments; next six pall-bearers (who do not bear the body, that being done by men engaged by the undertaker), and after them friends of the deceased. The hearse did not pass into the churchyard. The coffin was removed at the gate, placed on a rack, covered with a black velvet pall, and taken upon the shoulders of the hired bearers, who carried it to the church, and after the service, to the grave. The coffin was plain, and of oak, which appears to be the national wood for every use but fuel. There was no rough box; rough boxes are rarely used here, and some undertakers never heard of them. I was asking one of those dismal people, the other day, the price of coffins; and he said he could put me up a tidy article for fifty shillings. I told him I guess I would wait until he got in his spring styles. I am sorry now I didn't take it, as it was a marvellously cheap coffin at the price. All the boxes are made after the chilling pattern of a century ago. The country undertakers are mostly joiners and builders, and keep no stock on hand; those who do, have a dreary monotony. The English undertaker seems to have sunk into a distressing lethargy. He isn't that sharp, nervous, cheerful individual who caters to dead people in the Rocky Mountains. You don't see in the windows of the undertaking establishments here such alluring notices as "Closing out cheap to make room for new stock;" "Coffins, caskets, and cabinets below cost for the next thirty days;" "The largest stock of coffins in town for the holiday trade;" "Call and examine before

purchasing elsewhere ;" "No charge for showing goods ;" &c.

London has a "Reformed Funeral Association." It proposes to relieve the poor and middle classes from the heavy expense which they are under in interring their dead in the outside cemeteries. A few years ago the interment of the dead was prohibited in the city graveyards, and cemeteries were constructed outside. From the centre of that enormous city to the nearest outside "city of the dead" is a distance of several miles, and funeral expenses have borne quite heavy on the poorer classes. I would have thought this Act put a stop to Westminster Abbey sepulchre ; but it doesn't.

In Norfolk County they have a hearse and coach combined ; the place for the coffin being at the front, and a place in the rear for four mourners. In another section of the country the same result is obtained by a sort of carryall, capable of seating twenty people, with a platform underneath, slung to the axles for the body. This, I imagine, would have the appearance of a picnic, and impart a bright, and cheerful aspect to the occasion. It is called a "funeral bus." In the part of the country where it prevails—Sheffield and thereabouts—they have "mutes." These are chaps who carry staffs and say nothing, and are paid for hanging around and looking sad. They wear streamers, and are the genuine "trappings of woe." The idea of hiring any one to feel bad because of your death must be the very height of felicity.

Another feature of English funerals, and a not always acceptable one, is the obligation upon every one attending to wear black. It is not always possible to borrow black garments, and it is a grain or two beyond reason to expect the neighbour to go to the expense of buying a wardrobe for the occasion.

In our country the funeral generally occurs the third day after the death ; here the body is frequently kept a week, and sometimes eight or ten days ; seldom, if ever, less than five days, unless in the case of a contagious disease. The English don't intend to bury their friends alive for lack of time to prove them dead. They think our haste is indecent, and I don't contradict them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN A GROCER'S CELLAR.

We don't look for much growth in the old country. We read the figures furnished by immigration, and deduce therefrom the impression that we receive the surplus

population of the mother-land, and that cities which go to make it up remain about the same figure. We have also known London to be a colossal city ; but the great bulk of Americans (including myself) do not realize that it is a city of enormous vitality. Of its size, no one, not even Londoner, has a proper idea. And yet their city, vast as it is, is growing at a marvelous rate. Its population is supposed to be nearly four millions, and it is growing every hour. It is not a mushroom growth, though the figures appear so ; but it is constructed as solidly as that portion of it which took form under the careful and tedious surveillance of the fogies of the sixteenth century.

Approaching the suburbs in any direction from the heart, new streets and new buildings are found. Where were fields and hedges five years ago are now paved streets and compact walls of masonry, with parapets, necessary policemen and hydrants.

One of the Chicago cities of England is Leicester. It is in the red-brick region, and mean by that, that the brick used in the construction of its houses is as red as the which we use. Leicester and the neighbouring city of Derby are built with this material, and, the moment an American strikes its neighbourhood, he assumes a pleased expression. It is rarely he meets such a brick there, red anywhere else in English building.

Twenty-five years ago, Leicester was half so large as it now is. Its present population is a hundred and ten thousand, and I believe that there are one or two cities in the United States which have not doubled their census in the past quarter of a century.

Leicester is, consequently, more modern than many of its contemporaries ; but it can show by occult evidence that it was in place of some importance several hundred years before Edward the Confessor made its appearance. In fact, Leicester combines the extreme modern with the extreme antiquity.

In the depressed portion of the city, a creek or river, neither deep nor wide, runs ; this is a low bridge, strong and substantial as they build everything in this country, but not noticeable. It is called the Bridge. I do not know how old the bridge is ; but it is certain that its arches were here four hundred years ago, as at that time the bridge became conspicuous in tradition. We see a great many old structures travelling through England, of which there is not a scrap of information as to the date of origin.

Over this bridge, four hundred years ago, Richard the Third marched his armies to the fated field of Bosworth. When he

other-land, and that he struck his heel against one end of the parapet; and an old woman who observed the incident prophesied that his head would be broken against the same stone on his return. He was defeated on Bosworth field, and killed there; and the excited people of Leicester saw the naked body of their monarch brought across that bridge growing at a marvel on the back of a horse. All Leicester had is supposed to be combined its resources for days to make merry in the presence of their king, and now he was brought back to them a naked mushroom growth; but it is and outraged corpse.

I wish I had the power to describe the careful and tedious wall of agony which came up from their aching and bleeding hearts at the sight of this horrid spectacle. Only they didn't wail; they didn't wail worth a cent.

In fact, so careless were they in bringing in the anointed body, that the head, hanging down the horse's side, struck the stone in the parapet that his heel had grazed, and the skull was broken.

Richard was no longer king; he was a bleeding, dust-covered, disgraced corpse. And these Leicester people dragged around his body in derision; and they threw it over the bridge into the little river, and left it there for eel-bait.

It was very quiet and beautiful by the old bridge in the summer afternoon that I stood there. The houses about it were old and English building. Little, with drooping lattices and moss-grown roofs. The scene was very quiet, very cosy, and most beautiful. The house that stood at one end of the bridge, and part way in the water, had an inscription on one of its stones to this effect:—

"Near this spot lie the remains of Richard the Third, the last of the Plantagenets. 1485."

That was a long while ago to die. While we were looking at the place, and speculating on the probabilities of Mr. Plantagenet's whereabouts, a Leicester physician drove along with whom my party were acquainted, and stopped to spill a little information in regard to the weather. We learned from him that a few months ago, when labourers were dredging out the stream, they came across the skeleton of a man. He heard of the discovery shortly after, and went to the workmen to get a sight of the bones, and perhaps preserve them for the local museum, but they were gone. He believed that it was the skeleton of the defeated and disgraced king, preserved until now by the chemical qualities of the bottom of the river. Some one else had entertained the same belief, and had taken the skeleton and shipped it up to the British Museum at London, where it is now doing duty in the

Egyptian collection as one of the Pharaohs. When the English people find a skeleton they can't explain, they send it to the British Museum, and label it "Rameses the Third."

The two most important features of the city, in the estimation of the Leicester people, are the remnants of the occupation by the Romans.

One of these relics I found in a corner grocery. My friend invited me in, and I followed, thinking he had some business with the proprietor. It was a small grocery, with the proprietor and his wife and a clerk in charge. My friend exchanged a few words with the proprietor, who lighted a candle and started for the cellar, followed by my companion, who beckoned to me. I pricked up my ears at this, and picked up my legs, too, as I thought they were going to sample some old liquors. We went down into the cellar, and the proprietor lighted a gas-jet in one corner; and then I saw a sight that made me catch my breath abruptly. It was the other relic left to Leicester by the Romans. It was the parlour-floor of one of their palaces. The light from the gas shone down upon thousands of square bits of stones of various colours, set in mosaic, representing scores of different patterns. It was very beautiful. The stones were set with wonderful skill, each joint being perfect, and the figures represented with marked fidelity. There were kegs of salt fish, and barrels of oil, and boxes of soap, &c., about the cellar—a grotesque society for this elegant workmanship. The bit of floor was about eighteen feet square, and about three feet above the level of the cellar. Two sides of the square ran into the cellar-wall, and the full extent of the whole piece is not known. It may continue in the adjoining earth for several yards.

It was discovered when digging the cellar; and its value being recognized, it was carefully preserved. There are portions of Roman flooring in the British Museum in London, but they were brought from excavations in Italy; and, although laid just as in the original, still they have lost, in their transfer, much of their interest. But this bit in the Leicester grocer's cellar is not only of general, but also of local interest. It is now exactly as it was laid two thousand years ago. It was formed just here by people who were standing just where we stand. And this cellar, which hasn't echoed to an excitement any more remarkable than that contained in the remarks of a clerk who incidentally raps his head against a beam, was once a blaze of light, and resounded to the merry shouts and gay laughter of revellers in togas and sandals. It is hard to realize it

and smell the oil and groceries at the same time. But it is so, thank Heaven!

The mosaic floor is some five or six feet below the street. Some very important changes have taken place in the world since this place was on a level with the street.

That voracious institution, the British Museum, not satisfied with robbing Leicester of its skeleton, is moving its grasping fingers toward this Roman floor.

What Leicester should do is to buy the grocer out, convert the building into a sort of pavilion, publish a romance with plenty of love and poison in regard to it, and charge an entranced public a shilling a head for admittance. I throw out these suggestions in a perfectly disinterested manner, and Leicester is welcome to benefit herself by them without cost.

One more incident, and I am done. P. T. Barnum was once here. He came to buy a suit of clothes. It is a remarkable coincidence that I bought clothes in Leicester. But the difference in the transaction, and which may border a trifle on the supernatural to some people, is, that he went there for clothes and didn't get them, and I didn't go there for clothes, but did get them. However, we will not say any more about that, as I do not wish people to get the impression that I aim to praise my own clothes.

But this suit that Barnum went after belonged to the late Daniel Lambert. It is now in possession of the proprietor of one of the Leicester papers. Daniel was a resident of this city, and held his first levee here. He was a remarkably sensitive man, and felt offended by any reference to his size. Mr Lambert was a whale on legs. A good idea of his enormous size is gained from this suit, of clothes. It consists of a jacket, waistcoat, and a pair of pants. The pants at the waist are as large round as a railway turn-table; but in length of legs they are a humiliating failure. The armlets to the vest, or waistcoat, look very much like tunnel openings; and the pockets thereof are so large, that Tom Thumb, when here, stood comfortably in one of them. The wearer, had he carried a timepiece at all, would have been obliged to resort to a town clock with an iron cable as a chain, and import his seals from the California coast. His pants were drawn on by a derrick; but he was put into his boots with a pile-driver. Such was Mr. Lambert.

And a mighty useful man in a house where they made their own carpets.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HOME OF BUNYAN.

I was at the National Agricultural Show

near Bedford, when I became aware of the close vicinity of the little village of Elstow where John Bunyan spent a good share of his life. Late in the afternoon I started across the fields in the direction of the village, following what we call a cart-path in this direction. The path became less distinct as I proceeded; and in a short time I found myself in front of a farm-gate leading into a rather extensive barn-yard, and I was what oppressed by a suspicion of dog. I didn't dare get over the gate, and there was nobody in sight. This was a delightful predicament. I spread out my legs, and peered between the bars of the gate in gloomy expectation. I had stood there some ten minutes undecided what to do, when a woman appeared in the door at the other end of the yard, and, seeing me, ran back into the house. Immediately after, a man in a smock and sadly-wrinkled corduroy pants came out. I learned my errand, and, after eyeing him a few seconds, let me through the yard, and followed closely after me into the road at the front.

I must get another hat.

A short distance from this farm-house brought me into what struck me then, and will always remain in my memory, as the quaintest village street I ever saw. There was no regularity in the width of the street, or the height or design of the buildings. Many of them had sharp gables, and the panes of glass—forty of them to a window, and sunken doorways, and projecting stories. There was not a modern feature in the entire avenue; and the houses were built as closely together as if they were the heart of a great city, instead of being in the midst of unlimited fields. I didn't see the buildings which go to make up the ancient village of Elstow; but I am confident there were not more than fifty of them; with but three exceptions, they were the habitations of the poor. A few steps down the street brought me opposite the pulpit house, as ancient and as stony as its fellows. The windows were of lattice-work, and swung on hinges. Those on the first floor were open, and a girl leaned part way out of one of them; while two healthy-looking boys stood on the outside, and kept her from falling out. On a bench the other side of the door sat two old men, both smoking, dividing between themselves a pint tankard of ale. Learning from them that the house of Bunyan was still standing, and was a short distance down the street, I pressed on, and a moment later reached it.

A not very pretentious shell is that which contained the germ of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It stood where the street commenced

I became aware of a little village of Elstow, a spent a good share of the afternoon I spent in the direction of the path became less and in a short time of a farm-gate leading to a barn-yard, and a suspicion of dog in the gate, and then this was a delightful out my legs, and passed the gate in gloomy there some ten minutes, when a woman at the other end of the ran back into the house, a man in a smock and corduroy pants came and, after eyeing me through the yard, led me into the road at

that. From this farm-house struck me then in my memory, as the street I ever saw. To the width of the street, the sharp gables, and the of them to a window, and projecting up not a modern feature, and the houses as if they were city, instead of being in fields. I didn't go to make up the w; but I am confident than fifty of them; and, I thought, they were a few steps down the opposite the pulpit as stony as its fellow of lattice-work, those on the first leaned part way out two healthy-looking, and kept her face to the other side, both smoking, and served a pint tankard them that the house was a shilling, and was a shilling, I pressed on, and

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to straggle into detached cottages of homely exterior, and low in size. It was a warm afternoon, and the door stood open. Over it was a board with the inscription, "Bunyan's Cottage." I stepped to the door, and looked in. It was a room about ten feet square. The furniture was excessively plain and cumbersome, as is to be found in the cottages of the English labourer. A woman forty or fifty years of age, and a girl about twenty years of age, were the only occupants of the room. It looked as little like a show-house as can be imagined. The work of the house went on without interruption; meat was fried, soup cooked, and bread made, without the least reference to the associations of the spot. Here Bunyan spent the greater part of his life; and in the kitchen he has partaken of many a humble meal, eating his soup without a fork, and incidentally inquiring the particular need of cooking things to death.

The elder of the two women took me up stairs into the garret, and showed me the room where John slept, and pondered over the great question he was wrestling with. Then we returned to the kitchen, where I signed my name, and, being a trifle hungry, asked if I could have a cup of tea and bread and butter. I thought it would be something to tell of in a grocery, when I became an old man and full of rheumatism and snuff, that I had eaten a meal of victuals where the youth Bunyan had taken his bread in his hand. There was an abundance of gooseberry bushes in the garden; and so I had a plate of the fruit with the tea and bread, and took them on a bench just outside the back door. The bread was dark, and there was no milk for the tea, and the sugar for the berries was lumpy and hard; but I straddled the bench, and chewed up the food and fruit, and gulped down the tea, as decorously as the hero himself could have done it, although I was far less deserving of it. While I was eating, I learned that the family took care of the cottage for the rent, and were in nowise descended from the famous preacher. The women were lace-workers, and the husband and father was a labourer. The younger of the two worked at her trade in the garden near to where I was sitting, and plied her needle with such marvellous dexterity, that I was fascinated into asking her how much good lace-maker would earn in a day; and he told me a half-crown, which is sixty-three cents. That ended the conversation, and I returned to my supper.

There is but little to learn of Bunyan's habits of life from the people of Elstow. They were born since he lived, and have preserved no traditions. I talked with my

hostess and several old people of the village; but they knew nothing of Bunyan: all they knew was Canada. Some one had left Elstow fifteen years ago for Canada, with £12,750, or nearly \$65,000, and had bought Squire Wilson's place, and was making great improvements about it. These people I talked with had no especial feeling against Bunyan; but they thought the time could be profitably employed in conversing about Canada.

They never lived so close to Canada as I have.

The church which Bunyan attended, with its belfry-tower standing by itself (the only instance of the kind I have seen), is a unique-looking fabric. It is built of clipped stone, and is fairly wrinkled with age. The belfry tower I climbed to the summit, where I got a good view of the quaint village and the beautiful country around it. The roof was covered with lead, and the surface of the lead presented a new and most astonishing phase in the history of autographing. It was covered with diagrams of soles. There was not a square inch of that roof that was not thus marked. Many of the diagrams had the owners' names, residences and dates inscribed within; but the bulk of them were simply the skeleton lines of the size of the foot. I had already put my foot down against promiscuous autographing, and so had these people. It was the most delicate piece of sarcasm I ever saw.

I told the sexton to get out of the way, as I was going down stairs; and I went just as fast as my legs could carry me.

From the belfry I passed into the church, and spent a half-hour gazing at its antique appearance. I found at the door, as I have found at the door of many of the older English churches, a box for contributions towards defraying the expense of restoring the church. It needs restoring, does this old church of Elstow. The walls were broken in many places. The oaken seats—Bunyan's is pointed out—are seared and seamed by age, and mutilated by the active knives of the little boys of this and many preceding generations. It is safe to believe that Bunyan's boyish knife contributed largely to this mutilation. Elstow Church has its effigies in marble, and also, hanging high up on the wall, the leather jacket and sheet-iron cap of Thomas Hillay, who went to Palestine to shake up the Saracens. Thomas himself wouldn't stand much shaking up at the present time, I fear.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SHOWN UP.

Stratford, upon the River Avon, needs no

particular mention, in that it is just like other English villages. The stranger cannot fail to notice that it is strongly associated with Shakspeare, as there is the Shakspeare Hotel, and Shakspeare's stores, and Shakspeare's street, &c.

I stopped at the Red Lion, it being the most presentable house. I was at once made aware that Washington Irving had stopped there. I had my breakfast the next morning in a little room on the first floor, which had his name in brass letters on the door; his picture was also on the wall; also his autograph and volumes were on the stand. The chair in which he sat before the fire and meditated, and the poker with which he stirred up the fire, and the mug with which he accelerated his meditations, were also there. I should like to have stayed there a week, it was so comfortable and snug in all particulars. Being in want of a shave, I learned that there were two barber-shops. I got a good shave, removing the lather with my handkerchief, and paid a penny for it. I asked the old gentleman who did the business if he had any bay rum. He said he hadn't. I asked him if he wouldn't take up the floor and see; but he declined to. That ended the conference.

I found Shakspeare's house, on a street leading to a station. The old lady in attendance proved to be an intelligent and amiable body, and I enjoyed my visit with her. The first room into which I stepped, and which opened directly from the sidewalk, was rather barn-like in appearance. Its floor had been of flagging; but it was now splintered as if a pile-driver had spent the night in it. The old lady explained that the apartment had been used many years as a butcher shop.

The room contained a little rough furniture, but no other object of interest. The walls were of stone, whitewashed. It was the living-room of the house; and here the young poet ate his bread and molasses, and got it over his clean apron; and it was here he came after his London spree to recuperate.

The next room, also to the front, contained the museum, being not only a collection of his relics, but embracing other articles quite foreign to the purpose. There was an extra admission to this. There were several hundred portraits of the bard both here and in the room above. Vandyke had him worked over into a very respectable-looking Dutchman, and other painters had been equally liberal with their own impressions of how the immortal B. should look.

I learn from these pictures that Shakspeare

wore ear-rings. This was quite a blow to me. I despise the man who wears ear-rings; he has weak eyes, and unkempt hair, and a bad mouth, and is most generally found shambling along on the tow-path of a canal. And no Shakspeare wore ear-rings, and was undoubtedly partial to canals. Where there is not a picture of Shakspeare, there is one of Garrick, who first put the red-hot coal to his combustible productions, and started the flame which lights to the uttermost parts of the earth, owing chiefly to there being no international copyright law. The two rooms above were somewhat restricted about two of their edges by the steep roof. However, they were full of his chairs, and the desk with which he studied at the school, and the table on which he wrote some of his plays (all clumsy and coarse, and all of oak, of course), some of his manuscripts, and a few of his originally-printed works.

We returned down stairs to another apartment, which had been used by the Shakspeare family for a back-kitchen. I paused here for a moment to reflect. In imagination I could see the adolescent genius, bare-legged and bare-headed, holding open the outside door, and carefully sheltering his person behind it, while his mother hurried out into the rain with the tubs for the water. It strengthens one to pause in the hurry of life, and think back on the past. I often do it.

Here was a register, where I inscribed my name, and thought of the future, when it would be put up at auction, and, after spirited bidding, be knocked down to some intelligent marquis for a hundred and eight pounds.

I mounted a stairway, and reached the little bedroom where Shakspeare was born. The walls are closely veined with the lead-pencil autographs of thousands of people, and the panes of the only window are scratched to that degree with names as to be almost worthless. Walter Scott figures among the rest. Nice way to show respect for a man, marking up his house! The first wave of the tremendous noise the immortal was to make in the world started in this humble apartment. It is just such an uninteresting room as a New England farmer generally reserves at the top of his house to store his seed-corn. The old lady took me thence to the garden, and gave me a bunch of posies, and talked tenderly and reverently of the dead poet. She said the entire charge would be eightpence. Cheap enough.

Thence I went to the church, a grand old building in an enormous churchyard, and looked upon the tomb of Shakspeare. The church is much like the others of the established faith. Shakspeare and his wife lie

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buried within the altar-rail, and some others of his family with them. Charges reasonable.

"New Place" is the name of the house where he dwelt after getting his reputation and some money. Part of the cellar and the grounds, surrounded by a high wall, opposite a pleasant-looking hotel, and on the corner of the street, are all that is left of the place where he died. At the house next door I found a lady who conducted me over the grounds. She took a great interest in Shakspeare. I am afraid some one had been around the day before trying to imbue her mind with doubts of Shakspeare's pecuniary welfare. She talked like it. She took me over the garden, with its trim walks and fine turf and elegant cabages, and said, "Does this look as if he suffered for the necessities of life?"

"It does not," I promptly affirmed.

"It doesn't indeed, does it?" she added.

"I hope to never die if it does," I declared in a firm and unbroken voice.

Then she showed me the extent of the foundations of the building, and said—

"Does this look as if he suffered for the necessities of life?"

And I said, "It does not."

And she said, "It doesn't indeed, does it?"

And I said, "I hope never to die if it does."

Then we went into her house, and she showed me a museum, and some of the mouldings which had once decorated the walls of the parlours in "New Place," and said—

"Does this look as if he suffered for the necessities of life?"

Whereupon I observed, "It does not."

And then she remarked, "It doesn't indeed, does it?"

Which led me to asseverate, "I hope to never die if it does."

I then paid the charges, and decamped.

When I first went there it struck me as being rather odd that the old tenement in which he was born should be standing, while his far more elaborate residence should have dwindled down to the cellar walls. Some time after his death it passed out of the family's hands, and a late owner tore it down. He was a clergyman, and didn't set much store by Shakspeare. I told the old lady, if she would be kind enough to point out his present abode, I would step round there and kill him: but she said he was not about Stratford now.

Next in order came the residence of Anne Hathaway, at Shottery. Those whom I asked said it was just across the fields, about

a half-mile. These English people are regular Peabodys in giving you distance. You think you have only a half-mile, but are surprised and gratified, on examination, to find that they have smuggled in an extra mile without attracting your notice. That's what I call true delicacy. I followed a broad pathway across several fields, and came into Shottery, with its forty or fifty buildings, all antique and frigidly simple. Anne's cottage was on the opposite side. It sat with its end to the road, and was long enough to be occupied by two families, as it indeed was. The family that lived at the end toward the road had all the relics, leaving the other tenants nothing but the privilege of sitting outdoors and cursing an inhuman world.

The woman in charge here was angular, and forty-five (these figures refer to her years, and not to the degrees of her angle). She was poor; the house was poor; her father and husband, who were sitting inside, smoking, were poor; and the dog which they kept was poor, but his spirit was not crushed. The garden was a mass of irregularly-kept flowers of the simple kind, with a few cream-coloured roses and a great abundance of weeds. A rickety gate opened at the corner of the building into the broken stone path which led by her door and the door of her aggrieved neighbour. Across the path from her door was a little well with no curb; and she let down a rusty tin pail, and hooked me up some delicious water. Then I followed her into the house, and was made acquainted with her father, a very old man, who was hugging the fire-place, although there was no fire in it, and pulling away at a pipe. He was eighty odd years old. I wanted to ask him if he did not think smoking was undermining his constitution; but concluded not to, as it was growing late.

It was a wonderful fire-place; so broad, that the old gentleman sat comfortably within the jamb winter evenings, while a roaring fire was in progress. There was room for another chair and occupant on the other side. The room was good-sized, and thoroughly begrimed with smoke and age. A number of strings of onions were hanging from a beam overhead. The furniture was clumsy, and blackened by time. Here Anne and Will sat and sipped beer and nectar. Poor Shakspeare! The great burden of courting was not lightened to him by peanuts. He died without ever seeing them.

I went up a rather trembling old stairway of oak, much similar to that in Bunyan's house, to the room where Anne slept, and pondered, undoubtedly, when her folks had

company down stairs. I well remember what a terrible bore company was to me when I was in love.

It was a little room, with drooping ceiling, and bare—no, the walls were not bare; they were as closely vained as those in Shakspeare's birth-chamber, with lead-pencil marks.

Anne's bed took up a good part of the room, and near the foot of it was the stair-opening. Whether she ever got out of bed for a drink in the night, and fell down that stairway, history does not say.

On the bed were the quilts and clothes which Anne's industrious fingers had woven and ornamented. Time and moths had eaten into the work; but the skilful needle of my guide had repaired the breach.

She is a Hathaway herself by marriage, and is becomingly proud of it. I planked my name on the register, and confidentially told her, should any one come along and offer her twenty pounds to cut it out for him, not to do it. I don't believe she will.

The autograph of Dickens was there. It was written so lamely, that some subsequent visitor had recovered it to posterity by writing beneath it, "This is the name of Charles Dickens."

Dickens was sitting on a stone near the well when the book was brought to him for signature, he being a man of too much talent to get up and go to the book. The penful of ink hardly proved enough to go round; hence the indistinctness. The man who wrote the explanation was a direct encourager of anobbery.

When I left, Mrs. Baker picked some flowers. Outside the gate I met a little girl with a single rose, which she offered for a penny. A little farther on, I was besieged by a half-dozen more on the same errand.

The people about Stratford treat the memory of Shakspeare with great reverence; but the author of their most favourite literature is not Shakspeare. A prophet is hardly appreciated in his own country. Shakspeare has a world-wide reputation, and his writings are quoted everywhere; but in Stratford the sayings of another are lifted up to public view, and that other is nameless. His birthplace is unknown; his grave is a mystery. Wherever the English language is spoken, his famous utterances are before all eyes; but he himself is as if he had never been. I refer to those two well-known lines—

POST NO BILLS HERE!

COMMIT NO NUISANCE!

Why are not the impassioned breathings of Shakspeare painted in black letters on white ground, and nailed to the walls of Stratford-upon-Avon? That's what's the matter with—that is, I mean why are they not?

In conclusion, I wish to say that the number of visitors to the old habitation of Shakspeare is not by any means large. Stratford is out of the way, and rather awkward to reach. If Shakspeare's birthplace could be moved to some more convenient place, like Derby or Manchester or Leicester, on some through line of travel, the number who would visit it would be one hundred to one in its present situation. The extra fees thus obtained would very soon pay the expense of removal. I have spoken to several English people about it, and they are strongly in favour of having it done.

CHAPTER XXX.

GIVES A FEW OF THE PECULIARITIES OF AN ENGLISH WINTER.

Clear, cold, and crisp was my Derbyshire Christmas. I wouldn't have missed spending the day in England. As England is the embodiment of all expressed by the term "home," so we may expect to find in its resources the proper observance of a home festival.

Derbyshire had taken on a little snow and a freezing rain nearly six weeks before, and had not yet got rid of it: in fact, for eighteen days this section of the mother country had good sleighing. But three days before the dawn of the glad anniversary the winter heavens tumbled down the contents of the treasury, and the entire earth was whitened. Derbyshire was very proud. Many years had passed since anything like it had been seen; and now there was no other part of England, not even along the Scottish border, which could point to eighteen days of good-sleighing. Firmly but kindly old Derbyshire levelled its index-finger at this achievement, and all England stood abashed.

And yet there was something grotesque in this pride. A woman with a camel's-hair shawl and soiled stockings, a boy with a sled without irons, a man with a fob without a watch, are in just such a pitiable state as Derbyshire finds itself with its eighteen days of good sleighing.

If there is a sleigh in Derbyshire, if there is a sleigh in all England, I know of it only by rumour: I have not seen one, neither on the road nor in the barn. The children have no sleds. I saw a boy visiting in Derbyshire who said he had a sled at his home.

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He was a rosy-cheeked, honest-eyed boy, and I believed him. Then there was a boy in Lewes who pointed out to me, one day in autumn, a very steep street which he rode down in winter on a *bona fide* sled. He was a slender lad, with a pale face; but there was in his face such an expression of true worth, that I took in his statement at once.

I suppose there were some two hundred boys and girls in this Derbyshire village, and they had facilities in the way of coasting enjoyed by no other children outside of Switzerland; but they had no sleds. There was not a sled in the whole village. They had good skating and skates. It hurt them worse to fall than it does American children; for they are not so used to it. You could see at once, by the awkward way they fell, that they lacked practice.

But the fact that there were no sleds struck me as being a stupendous miscalculation or mistake on the part of Nature. I said to a little boy—

"Where's your sled?"

"I ain't got one, sir."

"What do you ride down hill on?" Then I hastily changed the query to, "I mean, what do you do for coasting?" because I knew what he rode on.

"For sledging, sir?"

"Yes."

"I don't do it: I hain't got nothink to sled, sir."

"Do all the little boys here go without sledging? Don't any of them ride down hill?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Some rides on their feet; and some has a smooth stone, and rides on that."

Then I told him what the American boy resorted to when he had no sleigh—such as an old straight-backed chair, a jumper made of two staves, a length of stove-pipe, or even a piece of oil-cloth. I told him how a jumper was made, and he went off to see his father about it. I saw the old gentleman the next day, and asked him if he had fixed the boy; but he replied in the negative.

However, I was determined that the jumper should be made: so I set about to tell him the way. I got down on my knees, and draughted the fabric on the snow. I figured up the expense at almost nothing. I enlarged upon the joy and comfort a jumper would bring to his heir's heart with all the eloquence I could hoist; but he didn't fire up at all; he smouldered away as before. He thought it was a good idea to make a jumper; and then he smiled feebly, and began to talk of America. If it wasn't for America, I could make more progress with this people.

These swift-running English trains have been busy for the three days preceding Christmas, taking people here and there for the holiday. Along the complicated mass of iron threads have been woven the jolly gatherings and blessed reunions which crown this day to all hearts. For once in a whole year the railway octopod of England is not a feeder to London, but a drainer thereof. Every train which leaves St. Pancras, Victoria, Charing-cross, Waterloo, and Ludgate-hill is loaded with the hopeful and fun-loving of London people. They go with bags and hampers, and pipes and sticks. There are the old and the young, the nobleman and the plebeian, the merchant and the clerk, the politician and the statesman. It is the English Thanksgiving—a time for feasting and praise, for union and congratulation, for giving and taking.

But those trains were full. The limit prescribed by law was in this case disregarded, and every seat held as many as it could; while the floor was filled with fat hampers and the nervous feet of the travellers.

I never saw such uncomfortable and pleasant travelling as was on the London train down to Derbyshire. There were three ladies in the compartment; and their hats were on wrong, owing to the crush; but they laughed all the while. One old gentleman laughed unbrokenly for a half hour because his hat fell off and somebody stepped on it.

It was strictly an English crowd bent on fun, and bound to have it at any sacrifice, except of decency and good temper. I was pinched up to that extent, that I could use only one lung to breathe with; but I grinned all the way at their chaffing. And we all grinned at each other when there was nothing else to do. We couldn't help it. It was like a bursted pipe of good humour. It kept bubbling up and gushing forth without any effort on our part.

I stood down at the little station the afternoon before Christmas, and saw three express trains go by. They were long trains, and they were heavily laden.

I watched the signal-post, and saw the announcement of a train passing the lower station on its way to us; and then I waited, and looked in the direction of its coming.

Finally the front of the locomotive appeared around the curve. The air was full of frost. It rose up in waves from the valley, and veiled the hill tops from sight. Beneath this canopy so white and beautiful came the flying train. It could not be heard. It might have been standing still, for all the sound that came to us; but, as it drew nearer, we could see it vibrate under the

mighty pulsation of its power. It grew larger and larger; the vibration increased till it seemed to be fairly staggering on its frail path. We all instinctively drew back as far as possible from the track, while it seemed as if a weight were oppressing both brain and heart. It was the Manchester Express, one half hour behind time. It was a seen but unheard monster, coming toward us with awful velocity.

Within fifteen seconds of its appearance around the curve it shot through the station with a roar that was deafening; and, before we could catch our suspended breath, it had plunged into the tunnel, and was gone.

"What rate of speed do you call that?" said I to my friend the station-master, while I vainly strove to suppress a shiver.

"About sixty miles an hour; it is behind time, you see," he explained.

Nearly every home in that Derbyshire village was full of happy guests. There was happiness in the air and in the trees and hedges; it flamed up in the red cheeks, and flashed from the bright eyes, and rang out in the hearty laughter and glad shouts.

The music commenced at midnight. As the two hands of the village clock met at the figure twelve, the chimes rang out their glad song; and so the day was ushered in, and even its light met and escorted into Derbyshire by the cheery bells. All through England, in city and village and hamlet, the Christmas chimes were sounding out the glad news, "Christmas has come!"

And it had come, the dear Christmas Day! It had come to this home country, with its freight of joy and domestic peace. It needed no chimes, no trumpets, to proclaim to a stranger the gladness of the day.

After breakfast the sounds of music came up the hill. The village band were stationed in front of the squire's house, and were straining their brass throats to the utmost.

Through the village streets went bands of the musical villagers with violin and cornet, and drum and cymbal, stopping here and there to serenade a neighbour, and catch up the willing pennies to make a Christmas cheer.

All outdoors was bright and sunshiny, and shouting and laughing; while indoors was bustle and business. The home was a miniature bower. From the walls hung wreaths and festoons of evergreens; and suspended thereon were mottoes and scriptural texts, worked with the glistening holly-leaves; and sprigs of holly, with the red berries shining through, touched off the windows and the doors. Drawing-room, dining-room, and kitchen fared alike. In the first named stood in secluded grandeur

the Christmas-tree, bristling with gifts, and gleaming with white wax tapers, waiting for the electric touch to turn the sombre green into a dazzling glare. And in the servants' hall was a destructive feature in a pendent bough of mistletoe, holding oranges and sugar-plums. There it hung, an object of apprehensive delight to the red-cheeked maidens and the fat butler and his grinning corps of assistants. All through the day the girls moved about, waiting impatiently for the coming of the night; while the long-jointed men and boys followed them with their lecherous eyes, or winked audibly at the mistletoe.

After nine o'clock at night the serenading parties increased. I notice the negro character takes well over here. Four-fifths of those engaged in playing and singing before the houses were arrayed in burnt cork and striped shirts. Then the principal instruments were banjos, tambourines, and bones. I examined one of the banjos. Every string was alike, and stretched to varying tensions. They played on them, they thumped them and knocked them, and swung them over their heads. I listened to one of them for about ten minutes, and then I wondered if these people are really opposed to slavery.

And so I passed my English Christmas, and a pleasanter day it could not be possible to enjoy. But they do need a Santa Claus badly.

New-Year's is not made much of here, excepting in some sections. In Yorkshire and Lancashire they give presents. Manufacturers and merchants are expected to make presents to their customers. Sometimes one will get off at the trifling cost of five pounds; but others are not so fortunate. One manufacturer of my acquaintance was taxed one hundred and thirty pounds last New-Year's, and he says tender remembrances are growing more costly every year. It is a singular practice; but it has the sanction of centuries, and is very much admired by the customers. If an old woman buys six shillings' worth of needles and tape in the course of the year at a store, she expects a present at New-Year's. Some of the customers the dealer rarely sees until New-Year's Day, when they come in with their unfortunate patronage. But to refuse them would be to incur their enmity, and to get up a very undesirable reputation in the neighbourhood. And these customers are rather particular in the matter of gifts. If it is not what they expect, they freely discourse on its demerits, and show a lively disposition to remain with

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It must be a genuine pleasure to do business with a discriminating public.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FULL OF EXTRAORDINARY FACTS.

Of the hospitality of the English people I have already spoken in as glowing terms as I am capable of framing.

It naturally follows that a hospitable people should be good eaters. These are, excepting at breakfast, when a very little does them. The late supper is responsible for this, I suspect.

It is always hearty, and consists, quite frequently, of cold meat, fish, bread and butter (precious little butter the English use), salads, hot pickles, tarts, and other things calculated to make a bilious party go raving mad in the night; and the whole is topped off with grog and tobacco.

After a man has got one of these suppers concentrated in the pit of his stomach, he is in a condition to commit almost any atrocity, and goes to sleep very much in doubt if he will awake again, and somewhat inclined to hope that he will not. Speaking to an English friend, after one of these meals, on the scarcity of butter and fresh bread at the English table, he explained that fresh bread and too much butter disagreed with the stomach. I didn't say anything; but I looked from the ruins before us up to the clock, which marked 11 P.M.

The English are very careful of their stomachs.

There is an accompaniment to each meal which strikes a stranger most forcibly. It is their way of saying grace. They are the suddenest people in this respect that I ever saw, and have a way of firing off their gratitude which is most startling. The text is something like this,—“For what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful;” and this, by some families, is slid in most unexpectedly; and it comes so rapidly and so abruptly, that I have occasionally missed it entirely, hearing only the word “about,” preceded and followed by a subdued whistling. There being no abatement in the work of the table at the time tended to make the impression the less distinct. The giving of thanks, where it is the custom, at the end of the meal, has frequently cut off a mouthful of food, so swift and unostentatious has been its coming; and the conversation and happy laughter flowed along with scarcely a break in its current, and those who were to finish did so, and everybody felt contented, and looked edified.

This is quite in contrast to our New England fashion of doing grace. I have sat under a grace which froze the gravy, irretrievably damaged the mutton, and imbued the greater part of the guests with the gloomiest forebodings, in which the African and the South Sea Islander were looked after and secured beyond harm, and all political cabals were taken under the fifth rib, completely dumbfounded, and their evil machinations scattered to the four winds of Heaven. It was a fine performance, and a good thing for humanity at large; but it made the dinner look sick.

I think I like the English extreme the best; but both can be bettered, and never will be.

Another striking peculiarity of the English is their politeness. If they don't hear your remark, they say “Beg pardon;” which is much more euphonious than “What?” and, besides, delicately shifts the responsibility of the repetition from your inarticulation to their inattentiveness. The lower class are respectful in their answers; and the middle, like the upper classes, are courteous, if not communicative. No half-dozen people can meet in the bar-parlour of a public-house without becoming acquainted; and, in the railway carriages, no American need be without pleasant chats, and necessary information of the country about him. When an Englishman goes to America, he quite frequently finds a different order of things. He sees less intercommunication among the occupants of his car. The common man whom he addresses may be one who believes the Almighty made him after the most careful consideration, and the answers will be framed accordingly. Here the people know their place. The boor is not allowed to take precedence of the scholar, nor even assume a level with him, however great or loud his pretensions. But there is a respectfulness that becomes servility, and an independence that is offensiveness.

In this connection I must call attention to the curious fallacy which possesses some of these people, in that they limit to America all the possibilities for getting ahead in the world. Once in America, and fortune or political preference is secured. But Great Britain is full of instances of success based alone on merit, unaccompanied by position or wealth. A newsboy is in their Cabinet. A common gardener was the architect of the Crystal Palace, and died a knight. The very owners of this fallacy have shown me scores of wealthy neighbours, who, within their remembrance, were once confined to less than four dollars a week.

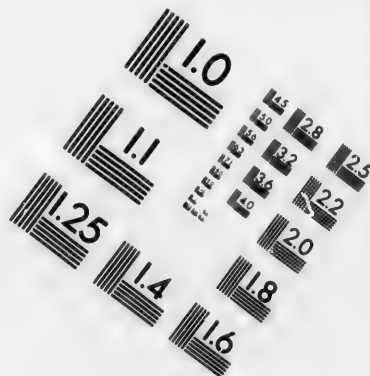
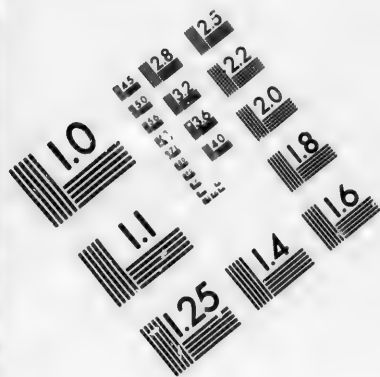
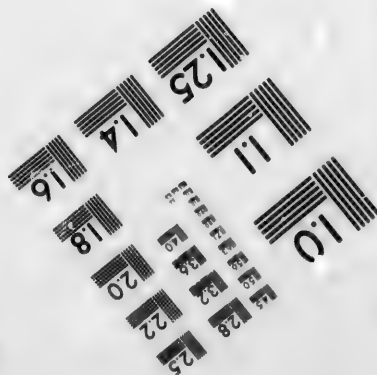
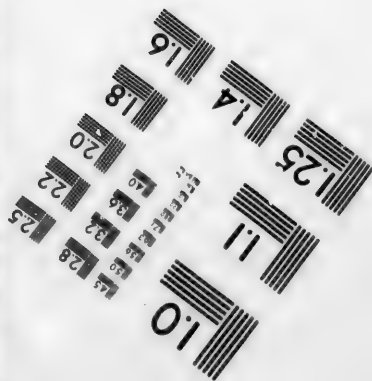
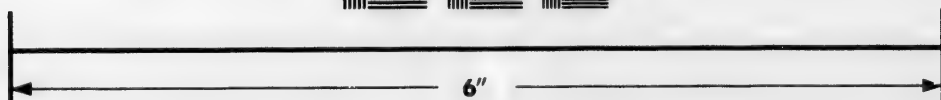
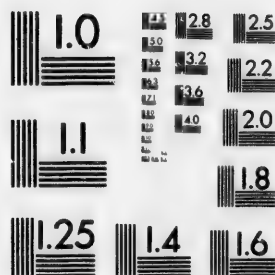


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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"If America has a larger field, there is greater competition. Merit and perseverance will win the goal anywhere, or "bust" the universe.

Despite the age of this nation, and the many advantages it has enjoyed in the past three centuries, many of its people are bow-legged. This is owing, I think, to continuous standing on their feet at an extremely early age, admiring the general aspect of the national debt. It is what might be called the bow-legacy of a national debt. There is no present danger of a similar affliction resting upon America. Our debt is so large, that we can see it without standing up.

The common use of endearing terms in the family circle makes a lively impression on the stranger. "Love," "lovey," and "my love," and "dear," "deary," and "my dear," are the popular and most soothing interchange of adjectives, which are constantly flying around the domestic circle. I think it is sometimes rather overdone when four or five "loves" or "dears" season a simple request. Yet it sounds infinitely better than our "old man" and "old woman," or even "mutton-head." I never knew the latter to work well as a term of endearment; still it is useful.

Among the numerous things to which we are accustomed at home, but do not see here, are surprise-parties, clam-bakes, euchre, negroes, seven-up, and skunks. I have seen less than a half-dozen Africans in England and Scotland, and none of the other articles. I inadvertently mentioned skunks at a party one evening, and was obliged to give an elaborate description of the shrub very much to my embarrassment. I find that the ladies here easily tire of the topic, and crave something else. I do not press it upon them.

I thought everybody had skunks.

Sewing-machines are not so common here, by any means, as they are in free and untrammelled America; but they are numerous. The English machine is a very crude affair, being mostly required to be fastened to a table. It sells for from twelve to fifteen dollars. The American machines are the most popular, like American pianos and organs. Wheeler & Wilson's, Singer's, Howe's, and Willcox & Gibbs', are well known here. They retail from thirty to forty dollars, or some twenty dollars cheaper than they can be bought in the country where they are manufactured.

This is a nut for the political economist to mash his thumb with. Many a man has fallen from an upper-story window in England without crippling several sewing-machine agents. No man has done it in the

States in the past ten years. Both the post-offices and telegraph-offices are owned by the Government, and both are in admirable working order. You will see little towns—so small that the postmaster keeps the office in his home—having its telegraph wire. The postmaster must also be an operator, unless his salary is sufficient to supply one; and he is not appointed by every new government, but holds his office so long as he proves worthy of it. In telegraphing, twenty-five cents will carry twenty words to any part of the kingdom; above that number, it is two cents a word. There is still, however, a trifle of old fogysm about the post-office department. Mail carts are frequently used where the rail could more effectively do the work.

For instance, the mail from London to the interior of Norfolk [county] is carried by rail to Ely; there it is transferred to carts, by which it is carried to Lynn, though the rail turns to Lynn; thence again by cart to all the coast towns, following the line of the railway. I am not prepared to explain this extraordinary proceeding.

The Postmaster-General is an exquisite any country should be proud of; but he does not know how to run the mails, excepting by cart.

There are no wooden houses here; and this fact recently placed an English friend in a rather embarrassing position. He had sojourned in the States several years, and returned to his native land fully primed with valuable information. Several nights after his return, while entertaining a few friends in a private bar-parlour of the White Horse tavern, he ventured on the astounding assertion that he had seen a house moved; and becoming reckless by the horrified expression on the faces of his companions, and the utter impossibility of backing safely out, he followed up the sensation by boldly announcing that he had seen a three-story tenement going down the middle of a street. Immediately an oppressive and ominous silence fell upon the auditors; and very soon they arose, one by one, and, with glances of significant pity on the audacious narrator, moodily retired from the room, leaving him entirely alone with his seared conscience. The last one to leave took occasion to overhaul his predecessor in the entry, and to observe in a gloomy whisper that "that was the bloodiest lie that he had ever heard." And to this day that returned Englishman is eyed with suspicion.

So much for being observant and communicative.

As I have said before, the English imbibe only plain drinks, and water them fearfully.

But there in London others, particular, owned by others, and lies. The other ref Museum. Criticism cus.

At the from six o'clock S on week admitted ment, ab concoctio American imported was rather company Among h the attra my "Ame blush, lad dog's-nos John Col ing star, of-lightni kinds of f

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You se here; an America fill an E can mis meats, a hotel, an dealt ou misses i in asse rooms,

But there are two or three American bars in London; and they have paved the way for others, which will soon follow. To be particular, there are just two; and both are owned by Spiers and Pond, the famous caterers, and Great British smashers of monopolies. The first one they started, with their other refreshment saloons, in the Kensington Museum; and the second they have at the Criterion Building, adjoining Regent Circus.

At the front of the Criterion bar (which from six o'clock Sunday afternoon to eleven o'clock Sunday night, as well as at all times on week days, is in a blaze of gas,—no ladies admitted after eight p.m.) is a little apartment, about ten feet square, devoted to the concoction of American drinks. A genuine American, being from Philadelphia, has been imported expressly for the purpose. He was rather lonesome the first fortnight; but company is beginning to gild his hours. Among his drinks are a few that will possess the attraction of novelty, if nothing else, to my American readers. They are, sherry blush, ladies' blush, gin fix, bosom-caresser, dog's-nose, pick-me-up, gin and tansy (?), John Collins, rattlesnake, saddle-rock, evening star, Leo's own, corpse reviver, and flash-of-lightning. There are forty-eight different kinds of drinks in all.

They marry and give in marriage just as we do; only they precede the marrying with a form that we do not. I was at an English church in a country village the other day, where the announcements of six marriages were read by the venerable and consumptive-looking clerk. These announcements specified that he and she had come into an agreement to unite their fortunes for life, if no impediment existed; and if any one in the congregation knew any reason why these two should not be made one, now was the time to rise and explain, or ever after hold his peace. Myself and the rest preserved silence. These banns are called the number of Sundays the groom can afford, as the clerk has to be paid for doing it. It is never less than one Sunday, and seldom more than three. The custom would not do in America.

You see no cakes of ice on the sidewalk here; and I can readily imagine that an American city street in the morning must fill an Englishman with surprise. An American misses the great variety of vegetables, meats, and breads served up at his home hotel, and the equal variety of mixed drinks dealt out at his home bar; but I think he misses ice more than all these. I feel safe in asserting that seven-eighths of the bar-rooms, and full that proportion of the

hotels, are not regularly supplied with ice; and I have yet to see the restaurant with a single pitcher of ice-water. And, of the two countries, England stands more in need of ice than we do, as its drinking-water is generally inferior.

They have a singular custom here: it is to require the party who presents a five-pound-note to endorse his name on the back. I have asked tradespeople who have requested me to do this why it is done; but they cannot explain. One of them said, it was in case the note should prove spurious, when he could "come back" on me for it. As I never saw him before, and expected never to see him again, this seemed likely enough. And just as if a counterfeiter would endorse his own name on the note! A trusting and childlike people are they! The pound-notes are of white paper of parchment appearance. The design is simple lines prinned in black ink. They are so wonderfully simple that it is difficult to associate them with any value.

The shopman rings the sovereign on his counter, not to test its genuineness, but its soundness. They are afraid of cracked sovereigns. I do not know what a cracked sovereign is, as I have not seen any. Some people say Queen Victoria is one.

Although the English chew but little tobacco, they consume great quantities of the weed in smoking and snuffing. I have seen a number of young people addicted to the latter habit. I don't care who snuffs, if he will only keep away from my victuals. In many of the old-fashioned English inns snuff-boxes or snuff-horns are to be found in the smoking-room, from which the guest helps himself without charge. The same inn keeps a stock of long-stemmed clay pipes on hand for the use of patrons. Clay pipes are in such favour here, that some of them are dignified with an amber mouthpiece.

A New York manufacturer of meerschaum pipes once told me that he could sell me a pipe as low as I could buy it in Vienna. I wanted ten dollars for one that can be bought here for three dollars; and they say that that is as cheap as it can be bought in Vienna. I am obliged to think the New York man prevaricated. But I shall wait till I reach Vienna before investing in a meerschaum pipe. This reminds me of an American who was going to buy a pipe in Vienna; but he finally bought it here, as he gave up going to Vienna, and went back home, for the extraordinary reason that he could not get hash here. He was so fond of hash, that he employed it at two meals daily. Here it is not in use, and he made several efforts to have it compounded. The article they prepared had all the ingredients, but

seemed to lack that mystery which is the chief charm of hash ; and so he gave up in disgust, and went home.

There is another feature of English life that will rather surprise New England people. They do not lay in vegetables in the fall for winter use. What they want they buy as they need ; and that dear old November spectacle of putting a half-dozen barrels to rights, and mashing your finger in the operation, or disjuncting your spine in carrying a barrel of potatoes down a cellar stairway, is never witnessed here. Their pork is smoked or dried, but not corned, and is called bacon. But then, as they do not eat beans, why should they have salt pork ?

The other day I said to a little girl, "What did Santa Claus give you last Christmas ?"

"Santa Claus," said her mother.

"Why, yes: don't you have Santa Claus?"

I asked, in some consternation.

"No."

"We do," I said, with enthusiasm. We'd never think of getting over Christmas without Santa Claus."

"Well, we shall have Santa Claus," said she with determination. "How is it made?"

With undiguised sorrow I explained that Santa Claus was not a Christmas dish, but a respectable Dutchman from the Rhine, who had emigrated to America, been naturalized, and was now the crowned king of the children. And these people never heard of the dear saint, and in all these generations have gone to bed of a Christmas eve with their stockings on.

The bloody, blasted beggars! as they say.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BRINGS US INTO SCOTLAND.

It was evening, and raining, when we reached Edinburgh ; and the drive down the main street (Princes) to the hotel was by a bank of closed and dripping shops, with an occasional street-light to show up the moisture and the puddles. I got to bed early, after vainly looking for the tiers of lights which I was told streamed in a weird blaze from the lofty buildings of Scotland's fair city.

I had heard so much of the elevated location of Edinburgh, that I was prepared not to enjoy my sojourn there. I do not like to climb precipitous streets ; and sitting behind a horse, and see him straining in the ascent until the effort reverses the pupils of his eyes, is a torture I shrink from.

I did wonder how near the station was to the city (for, of course, the train could not

ascend the hill into the city) ; and I also speculated whether there would be eight or only four horses attached to the cabs.

Edinburgh is built upon three parallel ridges. The central ridge commences in the flat where Holyrood Palace stands, and gradually ascends, forming the old High Street, until it abruptly terminates in a mass of rock, with a front altitude of three hundred feet or so. This ridge is about a mile in length. The rock contains the famous Edinburgh Castle ; and the three open sides are so steep that it seems to be impossible of ascent. The rock is just as it was in appearance the day it was formed, there having been no attempt whatever to smooth and adorn its rugged sides. The ridge and the ravine on the south which forms the street called Cowgate, are the Old Town. The ridge on the north runs counter to the central. It is also broader, and has less ascent ; in fact, the ascent is hardly noticed. It terminates in a huge knoll called Calton Hill, where are several monuments, a good view of the entire city, and a singular failure to establish a Parthenon. Edinburgh people have long been convinced that all their city needed to be an Athens was a Parthenon : so on Calton Hill, their Acropolis, they started the Parthenon, and only abandoned it when they discovered that their means were not co-equal with their zeal. Every family should have a Parthenon. They are nice to stand in when it rains. This north ridge is the New Town. The Edinburgh of to-day exists mostly on the north ridge. Its main and front street is Princes. It is a broad avenue of shops and hotels on one side, and the terraced park which skirts its side of the ravine on the other. Its buildings face the Old Town. Back of and parallel with it are several broad avenues of residences, and cutting across are similar streets. These, with their buildings, remind me of upper New York, they are so quiet and so select. The Old Town is much different in appearance and occupation from the new. Its houses are from five to ten stories in height, built of block stone, or of chip stone covered with concrete, with a steep crow-step gables, narrow windows, low doorways, stone floors, and frequently circular stone stairways. Take the natural elevation of the site, with the extraordinary height of the buildings and their rock-like simplicity, and you have in the Old Town an imposing city indeed.

The side of the ravine facing the New Town is altogether too steep and too brief to permit of "roof towering above roof in castellated array," as some one writes. I have looked over there several hundred times ; but I can see but two tiers of roof really. Still

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the imposing feature is there, and cannot be denied. But it is *all* in the location. There is no more architectural merit to the buildings than there is to an ice chest. They are quaint looking, but no more. If you ever assisted in getting an ice chest up a back stairway, you may have noticed some quaint features about it. As for "the tiers of weird light shimmering in the darkness like a tiara of diamonds," it is a good idea; but it isn't so. I had the impression, from this and similar misrepresentations, that the occupants of the various floors, or flats as they are called here, had innumerable gas jets to work in every room. I didn't know then, as I well do now, that many of the possessors of those flats are too poor to keep their linen clean, and are only too thankful to have a bed to crawl into, without the aid of a tallow dip even.

The Old Town is hoary with age, and is builded like nothing we can show in America. But these people will persist in showing you their new features. They don't realize that we of America have more and better than they can produce; and that, tiring of the elegance and splendour, we have come here to see and feast on the antique and unique of Europe. When I was revelling in the broad level fields and straight smooth roads of Norfolk, they would talk of nothing but the glorious peaks and mountains and glens and ridges of Derbyshire. Hills indeed! A high old variety hills form to a New Englander!

The main street of the Old Town is full of business and tenements; but the former is entirely composed of small retail shops, patronized exclusively by the straitened tenants of the dirty and gloomy and homely tenements.

The whole length of the High Street, from the Palace to the Castle, is punctured with lanes, some of them running through to the Cannongate Backs and Cowgate, and others ending in courts. Some of them are wide enough for four people to walk abreast others are barely three feet in width. All of them are lined with tenements. They are called closes and wynds; but the former is the more proper name. How human beings can remain in such places, eating and sleeping, surrounded by the close, dark atmosphere, and not be smothered by the stench, is something I do not understand. Advocates' Close, to look down it, shows but a ribbon of light at the other end; but in some places it is nearly five feet wide. Such breadths must be genuine *plazas* to the inhabitants, although it must worry them to see so much space going to waste.

White-horse Close, down near the Tolbooth, opens in through an arch under one of the

street-buildings. Passing through, the visitor comes into a court. The buildings which line its sides are but two low stories high; but they are very, very old. Even a smart coat of whitewash cannot conceal the wrinkles which several hundred years have wrought on their surface. They are full of little gables and turrets, with dormer-windows irregularly set in their long, sloping roofs. They are massively built, with tremendous stone stairs leading up into them. On one of the stoops is a sore-eyed man playing a violin. On the other stoops, and over the pavement of the court, are children in short clothes, wallowing about, begrimed with dirt, and inquisitively tasting every thing in reach. There is a little puddle of green water in the centre of the court,—the emptyings from some wash-tub, I should judge, if there were anything else in sight to corroborate the evidence of a wash-tub.—and in it one of the dirtiest of the filthy lot is sailing a bit of pasteboard; and another is dipping up the liquid in his hands, and pouring it over his own head. It is unguessed instinct telling him he ought to be washed. At the back end is a double house; at least, it has two half-moon turrets at the front, with a stoop between that branches off half-way up and ascends into both of them. There are three old men and one old woman on the stair and its branches. One of the old men is asleep; another is smoking a short clay pipe; the third sits with his chin in his hands, thinking of the political dissensions in Japan. The old woman is splitting up a piece of wood with a heavy knife. To the right of the stoop, and below one of the turrets, are two doors, or rather doorways, as I can see no doors. Several children are tumbling from the pavement down through them. On the left of the stoop, and beneath the other turret, is a narrow passage into the North Back of Caunongate. Pick your way through it carefully, as its floor is covered with filth.

This is a prototype of the closes and the wynds, whether they be off the High Street or the Cowgate, excepting that the buildings in most of the others tower up to a much greater height. There are drunken, brawling men and women, idiots, cripples, loathsomely-scarred people, prostitutes arrayed in gaudily-striped petticoats or skirts, dirty, crying children, and, among all, the decent poor, struggling against poverty and crime for bread to enable them to stay longer in the misery, and to endure more of it.

Such is life, here and everywhere.

It is Saturday evening on the High Street. As far as you can see down it or up it are

masses of humans. Hardly a vehicle can be seen. The very pavement is hidden beneath their moving forms. Here, sitting against a pump, is a blind man playing on a windy demon called bagpipes; but a few feet from him are a family of five, bringing good music out of as many violins; near to them are two girls, with young forms and old faces and pinched features, singing in a trained, cracked voice that hurts my heart more than its offends my ear; and but a short distance below it a strolling brass band. I never saw a place like Edinburgh for street music. All the main thoroughfares are alive with it every pleasant evening. The brass bands play British tunes, which are not always good. They are Germans. The sopranos must be Irish, as they sing but little else than Killarney. The others are Italians, French, &c. Edinburgh is the crucible for actors and writers, so claimed; I am generous enough to award them the musicians as well; otherwise I do not understand why there should be so much more of them here than in any other city in Britain.

We may walk down the whole length of the High Street, and see no abatement of the crowd or of the squalor. The high buildings are closely tenanted; and from many of the windows young children, pipe-smoking men, and crooning old women, are leaning out, and staring stolidly down upon the animation below them.

You and I could not live there. Why do they? Simply because they can get a room here for from eightpence to a shilling and eightpence a week; in our language, from eight dollars and thirty-two cents to eighteen dollars and seventy-two cents a year. It is rarely that a family needs more than one room; and to be centrally located in a ten story building, within five minutes' walk of the post-office and principal theatres, is no unworthy object in this life. And the price is dreadfully cheap.

Cowgate, as I have said, runs from the inverse apex of the south ravine. It has the same buildings and courts and closes as figure along High Street; but it is more obscure than High Street, and of itself is sufficiently filthy without the auxiliaries. It has been rendered much darker than it was by the throwing of ponderous arch bridges over it at stated intervals, to make easier communication across the city. I went through there at a little after midnight. The liquor places had been closed since eleven o'clock; but the drunkenness was intense. Such yelling and cursing and claving, by men, women, and children, I never before witnessed. It was both harrowing and deafening. I believe I am safe in

saying, that, within a space of ten minutes, I saw thirty women with blackened eyes and bruised faces; and I care not to give the number of men, tattered and bleeding, who passed me. I shinned up out of that locality without wickedly wasting time, you can bet; that is, you may be sure. I have been among the British people so long, that I find I am becoming quite slangy. I must break myself o. it.

The High Street is a mile long. I do not know where you will find a mile equally famous in history. It is called the Old Town. "Bloody Ridge" would be far more appropriate. I don't know how old Edinburgh is; but it was a village well known twelve hundred years ago; and before the advent of the Romans, three hundred years previous to that, it is said there was a fortress on the rock. As executions as well as imprisonments occurred at fortresses, it is safe to believe that the wonderful hill or ridge commenced to run blood before the Star of Bethlehem appeared; and the current thus set to going abated but little until the advent of the past century.

There have been beheadings and gibbetings, and hangings and stabbings, and burnings and murders, in about every form suggested by devilish ingenuity, perpetrated within the boundaries of that decaying and odorous street.

Its walls have resounded to the mightiest eloquence, witnessed the grandest heroism, and shut in upon the most terrible despair, a country ever knew.

Here the imperishable Knox waged his battle of the Reformation. Here the noble Argyle marched bravely to his shameful death. Here the assassins of King James rode, and suffered their exquisite torture, and met their terrible fate. Here men, torn from their family and friends, beat out their lives against their prison bars. Here have been plots and counterplots; and here a kingdom has been lost and won, and deeds done which have brought immeasurable grief and agony to thousands of homes.

They are hawking fish here to-day, and playing on fiddles, and singing wretched songs, and getting drunk, and raising the devil generally.

What a people!

Beginning at the Castle, I took a stroll down the street. What I saw at the Castle I cannot tell you. I have told you that it is on a monstrous rock. Its outer walls are so near the edge of it, and join it so neatly, as to make the two almost indistinguishable. It is a broken mass of buildings, not very castellated in appearance, but looking like a

respectable past, and the future over it, about all to the extent supplied, satisfactory program would go practice—enthusiastically looking down.

Rare old lived on was also believe it, the small reveals. land's bright held his the morning and curse

Edinburgh of the old a curious from its places of congregations separate general common. The wing little intention is preached, seems still high boxes man who elevated thundered pulpit, pieces of of relics rather common the former the two believe it. Near the block of on its facade Carriage-pedestrian Knox.

But it is a joke. The with the His tomb worthy of the facade John Knox

respectable arsenal, winking lazily at the past, and yawning dreadfully in the face of the future. I was one of a party who went over it under the charge of a guide. That is about all I can confidently assert in regard to the expedition. Going over these old castles under the guidance of the automatons supplied for the purpose is a dreary and unsatisfactory process. The guide has one programme; and he goes over it just as he would go over a treadmill after two years' practice—accurately enough, but lacking enthusiasm. After you get out, you naturally look around for somebody to knock down.

Rare old Ben Jonson and Boswell once lived on this street. Hume the historian was also a resident here. You wouldn't believe it, to look at the present tenants, and smell the smell that the opening of a door reveals. The house is still here where Scotland's brightest poetic genius, Robbie Burns, held his "festivals." About two o'clock in the morning the neighbours used to wake up and curse that Burns chap from the country.

Edinburgh people think that the chief relic of the old town is St. Giles's Church. It is a curious building, not so from design, but from its use. It is divided into three separate places of worship, and consequently has three congregations, and three pastors, and three separate church governments. There are several combinations of the kind in Scotland. The wings which flank the tower are of but little interest historically. The central portion is that which is shown as where Knox preached. It is not a large room, and seems still less than it is by the wonderfully high boxes which serve as pews. The woman who has charge of it pointed out the elevated pulpit as that from which Knox thundered his philippics. The same pulpit, complete, is in the museum; and pieces of it can be found in every collection of relics throughout Scotland. These things rather confuse me. Back of the church are the former Parliament buildings, and between the two is a paved square. You would hardly believe it; but John Knox is buried here. Near the centre of the square is a reddish block of stone set into the pavement; and on its face, in brass, are two letters—J. K. Carriage-wheels go over it, the foot of every pedestrian treads upon it—the grave of John Knox.

But it is a joke, dear reader—an Edinburgh joke. This square stone, sunk to a level with the pavement, is not John Knox's tomb. His tomb is on Princes Street—a structure worthy of the greatness of the man. But the facetious Edinburghers say that this is John Knox's sepulchre, and that the magnifi-

cent monument in the Princes-street Park is erected to the memory of a party named Scott, a concocter of amusing fiction. Did you ever hear anything like that? Now, if they had assigned this beautiful memorial to Duncan Forbes, or even George the Fourth, the joke would have taken well; but in the present instance the absurdity is so great, that it defeats its purpose. But the Scotch people don't care. They are so set in their principles, and so jealous of the reputation of their great reformer, and so appreciative of the results of his struggle, that they think they can joke as absurdly as possible, without danger of being misrepresented. It was a cunning idea to make the J. K. over this water or gas main (for one or other it undoubtedly is) in the old English style—I. K. It is a wink in stone, being the initials of "I know."

Close to this spot, with the tail of his horse gracefully sweeping over it, is an equestrian statue to Charles the Second, with a fulsome eulogy to his virtue and statesmanship. It was not put there to do honour to that giddy and dissipated prince, but as an auxiliary to the Knox joke. And it answers the purpose well; for ninety-five out of every hundred strangers taken to the spot "lets out" something like—

"What! put up an elaborate statue to that old rip, and allow Knox to moulder beneath his horse's heels, with ten pounds of sandstone to mark the spot?"

And in high dudgeon the visitor stalks away, and the noble Scotchman laughs slyly in his sleeve.

Farther below is John Knox's house. It partly sets out in the street, and is a four-story, unique, many-gabled building. A cigar store is on the first floor. The building is kept just as Knox left it three hundred years ago, and is shown to visitors for the mild figure of sixpence. On the angle toward us, just over the cigar store, is a wooden effigy, supposed to be a representation of Knox. I have found out subsequently that it is not Knox, but a figure of Moses. I thought the face had a familiar look.

Knox was a merry man, despite his arduous work. It is said of him, that during his last illness, and having company, he bade the servant to broach a fresh cask of wine which had been presented to him, that he might enjoy some of it with his friends, as "he was not like to tarry till it be finished."

Near Knox's house is one of those massive, box-shaped pumps so common here. It is the author of an incident supposed to be characteristic of Scotch humour. There was a woman who was suspected of many thefts; but no responsibility could be fastened upon

her. She had a lover, who, from a brain defect, was called "Daft Jimmy." In despair of detecting the woman, the police seized on "Daft Jimmy," and, after the night's confinement, proceeded to worm the secret out of him. But not a syllable would he give, until there were brought to him the provost and magistrates. Those dignitaries, realizing the importance of the intelligence, lost no time in coming to Jimmy.

"Now," said the provost with breathless interest.

"There will no harm come to me?" asked the traitor.

They solemnly assured him that not a hair of his head should be harmed. Still he hesitated,—probably because he was bald, and did not consider the figure of speech exactly applicable to the occasion.

Again they assured him that he would not suffer.

He looked anxiously over their faces for a moment, and, apparently assured of their sincerity, said,—

"Ye ken the well anent Knox's house?"

"Yes, Jimmy," they responded.

"The square wan?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Do you ken the handle?"

"Yes, Jimmy" (with marked eagerness).

"Could ye lift it?"

"Yes, Jimmy," in quivering voices.

"Well, go pump it, then; for ye'll no pump me."

The audience dispersed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EDINBURGH STILL FURTHER CONSIDERED.

Oliver Cromwell, the Scotch kings, Dr. Johnson, Burns, Allan Ramsay, Mary Queen of Scots, and a host of other celebrities, have lived here. It don't look like it now. And it is still more remarkable, that nearly all these grim and grimed tenements were the homes of Edinburgh's aristocracy. A Scotch friend who took me over this portion of the city, and gave me much pleasant information regarding it, made a very apt remark in saying that his people went to extremes in personal habits: they were either excessively clean or excessively dirty.

Here, to-day, slops are emptied into many of the streets, and nuisances are committed with a freedom and frequency that are revolting. Centuries ago, when the feudal lords had their city residences here, they spent the day in hunting, and the night in feasting. Each guest helped himself to the roast, cutting off choice pieces with his dirk, and mas-ticating them with his fingers and teeth. After the eating, the liquors were brought

on; and, filled to the brim with the inflammable stuff, the guest forthwith dropped from his chair, and rolled under the table, and went to sleep unostentatiously. The animals slaughtered sprinkled their blood on the stairs, or smeared it against the wall; and refuse was dumped into the back-yard, or left in the street,—the condemndest spectacle you ever saw, as the historian Hume has observed.

As years went round on their ceaseless course the people became more polished and refined, and dressed their meat at proper places, and introduced forks and more liquors, and procured vessels to hold the same, until they could get time to empty them out of the front drawing-room window.

It is singular the great number of temperance hotels in this thoroughfare. There are no less than a dozen of them. In the midst of the rum and ruin they rear their brazen fronts.

But, after all, it is a pleasant place to visit, because of its antiquities. One seems to never tire of looking at them, and speculating on their past. Some important ones have been torn down in the past few years; and the City Improvement Society is already at work on others. Those standing are strong enough to sustain themselves for a thousand years to come; but, fifty years hence, precious few of them will be in existence. The hand of improvement is spreading its vampire fingers over the fabrics, and constantly compressing their limits.

Holyrood Palace, which everybody goes to see, is important now only as it contains relics of the past; but it was once a significant building, and has a history that should, and undoubtedly will, preserve it as long as one stone remains upon another. It contains a picture-gallery of the kings of Scotland for the past two thousand centuries. They were ordinary-looking men, and only needed shaving, and their hair cut, to make them presentable pedestrians for the streets of the nineteenth century. The portraits may be considered accurate, as they were painted after several hundred years of anxious study by the artist. There were several pictures of Robert Bruce, and a mighty hard struggle to spell his name in mongrel English or Latin. They had it *Evgenvis Robertvis Brvssivs*. I don't know what *Evgenvis* was for; but I presume it was where they ploughed around to get a start. From the picture-gallery is a passage leading into the tower, and on the floors above are shown the apartments of Queen Mary and her unfortunate husband, Lord Darnley. Darnley's rooms were on the floor below those of his wife. For some time she had neglect-

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ed him—even to shutting him out from her chambers, when a favourite, an Italian named Rizzio, was admitted. They had many quarrels, when he would talk back, and she would throw skillet and rolling-pin. I never heard any one say so; but I am married myself. Mary was a schemer (being a widow before marrying Darnley); and Rizzio was a schemer also, in the interests of France and Spain. The Scotch nobility became alarmed at the influence of the foreigner over their queen; and several of them conspired together to hang him to the city cross. Darnley was glad of the opportunity; and, the night the conspirators came to the palace, he met them in this little room where he slept (and where I am now staring at the walls), and conducted them up a private stairway to the audience chamber. Off from the audience-chamber opens a little room, said to be the supper-room of the queen. She was there with Rizzio when the conspirators came in and told Rizzio that that was no place for him. The queen sprang to her feet; and the Italian, with characteristic courage, fell on his knees behind her. They were up to a trick or two in those days that we think we have originated. Rizzio put his arm about Mary's waist, and clung tenaciously to her: whereupon one of the party just bent back his middle finger and Mr. R. let go at once. I have been led to drop articles I had become attached to be the same convincing argument. Darnley then held his wife; and Rizzio was pulled out of the room, and dragged across the audience-chamber, their daggers plying into his shrinking and writhing body at every step. At the door they finished him. It was an awful murder, and we are apt to condemn the perpetrators. But we cannot properly understand and appreciate the cause for it. Perhaps Rizzio owned a hand-organ: Italians do. However, it would have been much better if Darnley had made the quarrel his own, and brought a suit against Rizzio for sixty thousand dollars' damage and costs! If this was her supper-room she was a slow queen, and had fallen far behind her French-court education. It is an irregular-shaped apartment, and hardly large enough for four people to eat a baked apple within it.

Her bedroom was not extensive; but it must have been a handsome apartment when the tinsel and lustre of its tapestry were in their prime. The bed is still here—a four-poster, with a canopy and hangings, and an elaborate quilt spread over it; but everything is tarnished by the three hundred years that have expired since they were new.

But the visitor is staggered on looking into what was the fair queen's dressing-room. It is an apartment that no two women could lace their shoes in; and how she, with her stiff bodice, lace furbelows, and long train, ever turned around after getting into the room, and got out again, is a matter on which history is obviously silent. As near as I can remember, the room is about nine feet long and four feet wide, and lighted by a single, narrow, deep-recessed window. The polished steel plate with which she arranged her back hair is here; so are many of her toilet articles. She always carried her own comb and brush, and never borrowed from the servants at the hotels where she stopped. A close resemblance between Mary and myself in this particular has struck the notice of a number of people, who have frequently commented upon it.

Mary's writing-desk is still preserved. I wondered, as I looked at it, if the people in those days used to spoil sheets of paper by dating with the old year instead of the new for the first fortnight of the latter, and swear at their luck, as I have heard respectable merchants do.

I forgot to tell you that at the entrance to the palace is a regularly-ordained ticket-office, where you buy your admission just the same as at a circus. It, like most of these objects of interest, is on a paying basis. And I am glad of it. An old gentleman stands in the roofless abbey, where he has a stand of photographs, &c., for sale. On making a purchase, I gave him a sovereign; and, in returning change, he said (I had exchanged no words with him except asking the price), "I suppose you can count our money. The piece you gave me is a sovereign, which is twenty shillings. This is a half-crown, or two shillings and sixpence; here is another, making five shillings; this is a two shilling piece. And so he went on, doling out the change to me, and explaining with scrupulous care the value of every piece; while I looked on, too full of wrath to speak.

Then there was another disagreeable incident. On the ticket-window shelf was a huge cat, with an invitingly glossy coat. I set to smoothing it; when she gave me a lick so sudden and unexpected, that I broke a pair of five shilling suspenders in the shock.

Benevolence has also done much for Edinburgh in the endowment of several splendid schools, hospitals, and asylums, which are erected in the suburbs, and surrounded by beautiful grounds.

On the High Street there are several rag-

ged schools, humble and unpretentious, but doing good work.

I spent a few minutes in one of the schools. It was kept in one of the old aristocratic houses, six stories high, in a narrow close. The first room I was shown into was the schoolroom, where two classes of little boys and girls were receiving instruction. They were mostly white-headed, and all were barefooted. None of the boys in the institution can boast a pair of shoes. The manager could not explain why they were clothed and not shod. I passed into different rooms and found them all engaged in different kinds of labour. The latest comers were cutting blocks of wood up into kindling to be sold to the citizens. In the millwright room I found boys twelve years old tending lathes, which were turning handles of various sorts from wood; and they were doing the work most creditably. Other boys were engaged in making scrubbing-brushes; some were shoemaking; and others, again, were tailoring. They were of all ages, from five years to sixteen years, and all busy. The occupants are those found on the streets at night, begging from Americans, or trying to sell them fusee-matches. They are first taken to a magistrate, where their circumstances are carefully looked into; and if they have parents or guardians, and they will not keep them from the streets, they are sent by these authorities to the schools.

Edinburgh has several peculiar features. Next to its site, the feature which most impresses a stranger is the great number of boys. There are about two million boys in Edinburgh, whose ages range from twelve to fifteen years; and all but nine of them wear Scotch bonnets, either of the Glengarry or other pattern. These boys can be found on every street after dark; but the greater part of them congregate on Princes Street, mostly at the Post Office; and, having two tubes instead of one in their throats, their facilities for making themselves heard are very superior.

Still another feature is the fish-women. They may be seen at nearly all hours of the day, but more especially in the morning. They dress in blue linsey-woolsey, consisting of a skirt which reaches just below the knees, and an upper garment, something like the waterproof worn by our ladies, which is worn over the shoulders and hips in pleasant weather, and made to protect the head during a storm. They wear no other head-covering. They wear low shoes with wooden soles. At their back they carry a basket which is two feet square and about three feet deep, with another basket, in the shape of a bowl, sitting in the top. A strap

fastened to the basket, and passing around the forehead of the carrier, keeps the goods in shape. Thus equipped, the dame waltzes around the city, and sells fish. They are straight, well-built women, but not particularly comely in feature. Down by the river, in the suburbs of the city, is their town. It is called Newhaven and is almost exclusively occupied by them and the smell of fish. There are also two or three taverns there, where a splendid meal of fish can be obtained. The houses are two or three hundred years old, about two stories high, with sharp roofs and enormous stone stoops. On the several back courts the space over the pavement is devoted to lines, from which dangle bladders, corks, underclothes and other articles.

The people are Scandinavians, or were Scandinavians several centuries ago, and have not intermarried much since. The men make distant sea-trips, being gone for several days, and after enduring much hardship, and no inconsiderable amount of danger, return with a load of fish, and smelling as loud as a fog-horn. They are a hardy, courageous set of people, and form a favourite nursery for the British navy. They talk good English, but deal particularly in a dialect of their own, which a wise and benevolent Providence restricts exclusively to themselves.

The women remain at home, opening mussels, baiting the hooks with the contents, attending to the household duties, and selling the produce. They are the bankers, from whom the men must draw what money they need.

Being over in the Old Town one day, I noticed a building bearing the date of 1792. It looked so absurd and impudent, thrusting its beardless face under the nose of its venerable companions, that I went in to the owner, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to stick such a young, inexperienced building among the hoary relics of the dim past. He was very much affected. He said he would have it taken down at once.

In another stroll, this time along Princes Street, I was astounded beyond expression by the sign of a dyer, which contained the well-known addition, "By special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen." I have read this announcement on hat-stores without a wink, and even perused it over the doors of tobaccoists, gents' furnishing-goods stores, and the like, without barely a perceptible quiver; but this was too much—altogether too much. Queen Victoria the patron of a dyer! Imagine the autumnal conversation at Windsor:—

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"Albert Edward, will you be so good as to step into Mr. Cameron's when you are in Edinburgh, and see if my carpet-rags are done?" Or, "Alexandra, you had better wear your brown poplin this week, and have Mr. Cameron clean your blue silk in time for the next drawing-room." Or, "Beatrice, tell the Duke of Connaught to leave out his gray trousers before he goes away, that I may send them around to the dyer's this afternoon, with those hair-ribbons of yours which are to be cleaned."

And she queen of the most powerful nation on the face of the earth! It is awful!

I was talking with a gentleman on the subject in the smoking-room that evening. He said there was a one-legged dealer in hair-pins, shoe laces, and the like, on Leith Street, who was patronized by nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. I hurried around there early the next morning to interview him; but I did not go in. His name was over the door: it was *Combs*.

Edinburgh has one institution that can be found nowhere else in the United Kingdom: it is two quarts of peanuts. They are in a store-window on Market Street, and have probably been there for years. I was startled on beholding them. I couldn't have been more surprised to have met Niagara Falls.

Speaking of stores reminds me that Edinburgh has many handsome ones. Nowhere else in Scotland will you find such a display of Scotch goods. There are plaid of every kind in dress goods; and they are used to display the ingenuity of man in book-covers, card-cases, napkin-rings, &c. The Scotch are a clannish people, and not even in Mid-Highlands is it so rampant as in Mid-Lothian. The plaids make a fine store front and a most picturesque costume. I meet one or more Highland-dressed people every day. To be a true Highlander requires a noble courage, sandy whiskers, and a pair of clean legs.

The King of Denmark came to Edinburgh while I was there; and the Princess of Wales, his daughter, came to see him. How singular and inhuman-like royal people appear! The princess came to see him without her children, and unattended by her husband. I don't understand why the husband did not come. I never heard there was anything objectionable about a father-in-law. And the King didn't go to see the Queen, and the Queen didn't come to see him. He got over her fence; but she did not go out to greet him, nor send to inquire if he would have something warm before retiring. That isn't the way common people

do: they are too well-bred. I wonder if the old gentleman didn't hunger to see his grandchildren. He had his vessel in the harbour, and came ashore every day, stopping at the Douglas, a quiet, unpretentious hotel.

Whenever he came ashore, or returned to his vessel, there was a crowd present.

I united my commanding presence on the occasion of his last departure, to give tone to the proceedings. The street in front of the hotel was jammed with anxious faces. It was raining. We waited full an hour. There were three carriages drawn up in front of the curb, in waiting. Every five or ten minutes a portly chap would run out and rearrange one of the carriages. Every time he did it I would creep up on my toes, and stretch my neck to its utmost tension; but nothing came of it. I had just reached the conclusion to go around there and knock his head off, when the King appeared, and walked down the carpets to the carriage. The Princess came immediately behind him. He is a pleasant-looking gentleman, but nothing remarkable. There is no satisfaction in contemplating a king. That is one of the things I have found out since being in Europe. The Princess wore a blue water-proof, and a rather shabby-looking jockey. Had she not been a princess she would have met that crowd in the rain, with a light-blue satin dress and a hundred dollar hat; but she would not have received a more cordial manifestation of delight than came from that crowd of moist but enthusiastic individuals. Even I emitted a half-yell of pleasure.

It is rather singular, that, with all my goings to and fro, I have not seen a lord. I have seen princes and dukes, and a few kings, but never a lord.

I devoted one day to Melrose Abbey. It is a well-conducted ruin. The heart of Bruce lies within its walls, and about ten thousand Pringles are buried just outside of them. The Pringle family must have proved a perfect godsend to the undertakers in the neighbourhood.

There are nearly five hundred old castles in this vicinity. Queen Mary was imprisoned in all of them. That unfortunate must have been in jail about four-fifths of the time.

What I now want, what I really pant after, is a ruin that wasn't her prison, that Sir Walter Scott hasn't written about, and that Queen Victoria didn't visit in 1842.

But I don't know where to look for it.

Not far from Edinburgh is a beautiful edifice called Roslyn Chapel. It was built some four hundred years ago, but has been kept in perfect repair by the Earls of Roslyn,

who own it. The ornamentation is of the most extravagant kind, and, as it is done in stone, must have cost money. But what particularly struck me about the chapel is a column that transcends all the others in device and execution. It is called "The Prentice Pillar;" and there is a tradition in connection with it, to the effect that the builder of the chapel went to Rome to study up something for a column, to be more gorgeous than all the others. When he got back, he saw, to his great vexation, that the apprentice had, in his absence, built a pillar that danced all around anything the old man had secured, orientally speaking. He was so chagrined by the occurrence, that he picked up a hammer, and the apprentice was buried from his late residence two days after. This is the pillar.

That is a remarkable story; but it is true. I know it is true; for it is just like an apprentice, when his boss is absent, to just lay himself out on work, and to lie awake night after night planning how he can best employ the time next day in advancing his employer's interests. I haven't heard such a natural and upright anecdote as that is in a long while. It is so true, so lifelike!

I have been an apprentice myself, and the number of times I have been knocked down by a hammer for slaving and toiling during my employer's absence no one can tell.

I recollect that on one occasion he started into the village for a pound of eightpenny nails. I thought he would be gone about an hour, and had just stepped around back of a fence to have a game of seven-up with a friend, when he returned.

Those were the days of youth and hope. How I love to linger over them! But they are gone, and can never return to us.

He had had his boots double soled the day before.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCUDDING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

Glasgow is, to speak mildly, the dirtiest city I have seen. It possesses a population of nearly six hundred thousand, and it is as busy as it can be in manufactures and commerce; but it is fearfully dirty. George's Square, opposite my hotel, has a commanding statue of Scott, a smaller one of Peel, and several representing other people. It has broad walks and grass plots, and tobacco quids and cigar stumps, and old junk, and scores of ragged, dirty children, and sleeping, beastly-looking ruffians. It is a city that boils up chemicals, and profanes the atmosphere with the stench; that breeds crime and filth by wholesale; and that has transformed the

beautiful Clyde into a damnable sewer, whose smell is louder than a park of artillery.

We reached Glasgow at four A. M., but, commenced to smell it at a quarter past three. Glasgow thinks it wants a new harbour; but what it really needs is some chloride of lime. But, after all, were it not for chemical compounding, and the Clyde, Glasgow would be a handsome city. In point of architectural merit it is superior to Edinburgh; and its streets are straight, and of good width.

We left Glasgow as soon as possible, taking the cars to Greenock, where the Clyde sewer ends, and the Clyde river begins again. There we took steamer for a circular tour of Scotland, going by boat among the isles, and through the lochs (lakes), to the north of the country, and coming back by rail on the other side. This was done under the auspices of the Caledonian Railway, and was productive of considerable entertainment.

I got into Greenock of a Saturday night; and, being a conspicuous patron of the drama, I attended the theatre at once. The play or the place is not deserving of special notice; but the audience was, without exception, the most enthusiastic I have seen. Upon the dropping of the curtain at the end of an act, the stamping, yelling, clapping of hands, swept through the building like a hurricane, both deafening and crazing the more temperate hearers. I have seen a Rocky Mountain audience applaud; but it was a sort of unsuccessful funeral in comparison to this Greenock gathering.

The next day I attended an Established Church of the Scotch persuasion, and not only enjoyed the sermon, but was much interested in the construction of the building and the features of the service. It was a large building, with a capacious porch. Opposite the door in this porch were two large copper basins about the size that would delight a New England housewife who contemplated a batch of Thanksgiving-pies. Each of these pans was about one half full of pennies and silver pieces. Nearly every one who came in added from his pile to those; and, by the time the service commenced, a very good sum had been realized. This is the way the weekly contribution is taken up in the Scotch church; and a very successful plan I judge it to be. The inside of the church was peculiarly divided. The pulpit was attached to the organ case, and the choir sat in a box-seat in front of the pulpit. There were three galleries, of enormous seating capacity. Two lines of seats ran from the front to the pulpit. The other seats formed a right angle to those. The last three seats at the rear were tiered above each other, and the last of all was some four feet above the

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floor. The feet of the occupants rested on a board, which so far from covered the space as to leave room for the careless party to step off, and become temporarily oblivious to the rest of the congregation. The church seated two thousand people, and was well filled on this occasion. All Scotch churches have extensive seating capacity. The Church of Scotland is similar to the Church of England in that its clergy wear the gown and surplice; and it was like, until very recently, in another and more important particular, in that it was governed by patronage; in other words, its offices were in the gift of some certain party.

The rector of the Church of England is in for life. He obtains the position from the nobleman or bishop who owns the living, and retains it at the pleasure of the giver. When a church loses its pastor, it does not call a score of others to march in sermonic procession before it, from which, after severe and not unanimous criticism, it chooses one to its liking; but the owner of the living is seen by the friends of Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones is forthwith installed without troubling the congregation. An English congregation is rather restricted in opportunities for making mischief and dividing itself. In return, the congregations with objectionable clergymen take their revenge by staying at home.

Besides the basins, the porch of this and of all Scotch churches has another attraction. On the walls are black-boards, with golden letters giving the names of such people in the parish as have donated sums of money to the sustenance of the poor, or rather worthy objects.

Greenock is an independent smelling community on its own hook. On that Saturday night, Hamilton Street (which is its main thoroughfare, and where the hotels were located), trying to catch a mouthful of pure air, was crowded with people. The sidewalks were full, and the pavement covered with people. These old country people will never, I fear, get over the habit of walking in the roadway. Their forefathers had no sidewalks, and the mild species of vagrancy that order of things established is entailed on their children. As a general thing, you will find full as many people in the street as on the sidewalks; and of a Sunday the roadway will be covered with nicely-dressed folks going to or from church as cheerfully as though on the flags.

But it can be said of the pavements here that they are smooth and clean, with no gutters filled with stagnant water. Besides, it is a picturesque sight, looking down an avenue evenly dotted over its entire face with

moving people and changing colours of dress.

On this Saturday evening in particular, with about ten million various musicians thumping out sweet strains along it, a man with any love of the varied and bright might stand there and enjoy it for an hour, if he could hold his nose that length of time.

At nine o'clock the next morning I got on board the steamer "Iona," and began to sail. "The Iona" is called in the hand-bills and advertisements "the celebrated steamer," "the famous steamer," &c. After seeing the rusty hearses used on the Thames for pleasure purposes, "The Iona" is a gratifying spectacle. It is not an elaborate steamer; but it is of good size, has two funnels (a circumstance every Scotchman feelingly calls your attention to), and a cabin finely upholstered. The deck-room for an all day trip is not "numerous;" but the vessel is clean, the officers keep their mouths shut, and the stewards are attentive.

I had a very delightful sail.

The coast on this side of Scotland is a mass of islands, those of Iona and Staffa being the most famous,—the former for its ruins, and the latter for its striking natural features; and inside are an almost equal number of lochs, or lakes, which are famous for their placid waters and enormous mountains. Everybody who comes to Scotland takes a tour through the lakes, which he must do to be fashionable. Not that I wish to be understood as representing that the lake scenery of Scotland possesses no attractions aside from the inexorable decree of fashion: on the contrary, the views thus obtained are grand in the farthest extreme. But thousands go over the routes every year who are certain a hill is a hill, and nothing more; and, while others are rapt with the scenery, they are nearly prostrate with the expense.

There are several routes, the most popular being through the Trossachs, and the most beautiful by way of the Caledonia Canal. Phonetically the Trossachs have an advantage over the canal. One-half of the people who have been through the Trossachs don't know what they are. I have asked several the definition; but they were unable to give it. But they thought I ought not to miss seeing them.

But I have, and did it purposely.

You see, dear reader, the Trossachs are a series of hills and glens skirting Loch Achray, very wild and grand, and made famous by a poem called "The Lady of the Lake," written by a gentleman named Scott. The two principal characters are a clan chieftain named Rhoderick Dhu, and a nobleman named Fitz-James. I never read the poem; but it was acted at our school exhibition;

anp, besides getting a spur of pine in my eye while taking the precarious character of one of the clan attached to Mr. Dhu, I was kept after school while he and Fitz-James were rehearsing one evening, and during the dialogue got the most triumphant and comprehensive licking at the hands of the teacher that I ever received while shinning up the hill of knowledge.

I can hear the name of the Trossachs to this day without shivering.

Throughout the route, one feature of the hills was particularly noticeable,—they were not cultivated. In some instances they were covered by trees; in others they were perfectly bald. They rose up in rapid succession, one towering beyond the other, presenting but little animal life, but looking grand and impressive in their rugged strength. I have seen higher mountains in the Sierra Nevada range, and more striking views in the Rocky Mountains; but neither possessed the quiet beauty of these eminences. The Scottish hills may be void of trees or cultivation; but they are not utterly barren of vegetation. Where there are no trees or grass, there is the heather; and at this season, being in blossom, it robed the hills in a bright purple.

In the evening, with the boat gliding almost noiselessly through the water, and a full moon lighting up both lake and hill, the spectacle on either side, behind or ahead, was so quietly beautiful, that an observer would allow his cigar to remain idly in his hands before he would so wantonly encroach upon the spell as to ask for a light.

When scenery lets a man's cigar go out, it is scenery worth visiting.

We ascended Loch Fyne to a place called Ardrishaig (if you are going to pronounce those Scotch names, you must be in earnest about it; the man who pauses to fool around them is irretrievably lost). Here we are to take a steamer through the Crinan Canal—a short cut between Loch Fyne and the sea-channel. We left "The Iona," and, grasping our carpet-bag tight in our hand, fought our way to the canal-steamers through a million boys determined to do something to us; but as they couched their intentions in pure Gaelic, slightly adulterated with an infusion of unfortunate English, I didn't make out what they were up to. I subsequently ascertained that they wanted to carry my valise.

I presume this might be called the Highlands of Scotland; but several weeks' residence here has taught me that the Highlands are something like "out West" in the States—a section vaguely located just beyond, and partaking somewhat of the characteristic

popularly attributed to the flea. But there is no doubt that it is the land of Benjamin. There are Ben Lomond, and Ben Nevis, and Ben Ledi, and Ben Cruachan, and Ben Lawaher, and every other Ben of any note excepting Ben Butler. The lower side of the canal is extensively cultivated in grass. We passed numerous fields where the haymakers were at work securing the crop. The men mowed; and the women followed after, turning over the swath with their hands, or making the cured hay into piles. Not a rake was to be seen in the fields. All the work was performed by the women with their hands. They worked hard, and got thirty cents a day; that is, a dollar and eighty cents a week. They wore a short skirt, and some of them sported a breastpin. But they were not a proud set.

We passed through nine locks in succession; and, while the boat was thus tediously progressing, most of us got off and walked the distance along the tow-path.

I walked part of the way with an old gentleman who was nearly eighty years of age. He said he had often, when young, walked forty miles in a day; but he was old now, and could only creep along. I made several attempts to make a suitable reply; but it took so much of my wind to keep up with him, that I had to forego the pleasure. He would have laughed forty treadmills to scorn.

On leaving the canal at the little village of Crinan we were transferred to a commodious steamer, and pursued our way to Oban. Here the large bulk of passengers dwindled to a small number, as Oban is the sailing-point to Iona and Staffa Islands, and has the best hotel accommodation of any place on the lake route. It is a new village comparatively, and owes what size it has attained to tourists. From the boat can be seen the ruins of Dunnolly Castle. It used to be a tempestuous place of residence when the MacDonaghs slashed and killed as they pleased, and feasted on the fat of the land without napkins. It now belongs to the youthful and flaxen-haired Marquis of Lorne, who married a daughter of Queen Victoria. My landlord at Greenock had him for a several hours' guest a few weeks ago, and mentioned in a broken voice that the marquis called for his mutton-chop in the coffee-room, and ate it as composedly as an ordinary chap could have done. The castle was admirably located for defence, being on a bold headland of rock at the water's edge. The workmen must have come from the city, and were probably killed when the building was finished, to avoid paying them. Many a poor devil

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Near to Oban, between the Islands of Jura and Scarbra, is the celebrated whirlpool which figures in legend and modern fiction as a place of destruction through the power of its current, and the rapacity of enormous monsters which are supposed to be concealed within its appalling surface. For a thousand years or so, the awful reputation of this spot has continued unimpaired. Now some scientific people come forward and claim that it is merely a strong tide, broken by a submarine rock. I could have got a row-boat at Oban, and personally investigated the whirlpool, but preferred believing what I heard to trusting to what I might see. As for the monsters, they have vacated the whirlpool, and taken positions as waiters in the hotels.

We reached the little pier at Ballachulish just before dusk, having, since leaving Oban, passed through some of the finest mountain ranges on the trip, while the bosom of the lake was as placid as the shores were rugged and tumultuous. We paid eight cents each for the privilege of landing on the pier, which belonged to Lord Somebody, who took this method for reimbursing himself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A RUINED URBURST.

The next morning, after breakfast, I started for a six mile walk up the Glen of Coe. It was a beautiful morning, and the road was in excellent condition. I noticed that the Highlanders understand the uses of precipitous hills, and do not attempt to run turnpikes up them. These, and all other roads I have traversed, were comparatively level, while the residences are built on the lowlands. They keep the hills here to look at and admire.

About a mile on the way I came to the village proper of Ballachulish,—a long, struggling street, with one-story stone houses, dirty, ill-kept, and squalid from every aspect. It is a slate-quarrying country, and the people who occupy these dens are the workers in the mines. It was a holiday, being pay-day; and some few of the children were washed, out of respect to the day; and the men were idling about. Huge piles of broken slate, the refuse of the quarries, lay on every side, in some spots formed into enormous hillocks. A few hundred years hence they will be covered with soil and vegetation; and, on excavating them, the broken slate will come to view, and the entire world of geology and

science will be convulsed with excitement over the singular development. Miserable and broken roofs would naturally be expected in this country of slate; and here they are. It is always the carpenter's gate that won't shut well, and the shoemaker's wife that goes poorly shod. The children were active beggars. They swarmed from the cottages, and followed behind me, screaming for pennies.

Poor bairns! they little dreamed that I was an editor.

The people were none of the brightest. The men were soggy-looking, and, in answer to simple questions, worked with great difficulty. On passing one cottage, the sound of a fife was heard. The player was trying to catch the air of Old Hundred. All fife-learners start on that abused tune. I once felt a call to play a fife, and made my *début* with that tune. My father used to stand it as long as he could; then he would pull his hat down over his eyes, and dash madly out of the house. The cultivation of his ear had been neglected in his youth.

The road, as it entered the glen, crossed the turbulent little stream which is the River Coe, and followed it up to its head.

I had asked several people on the way how far it was to the site of the massacre; but they could not tell me. I explained to one of them what massacre meant; and he immediately inquired in a shocked voice, "Did it happen o' late?"—"About two hundred years ago," I incidentally observed. He went away.

I continued to move along the road. On my right rose the hills to the light flying clouds; on my left were harvesters at work in the grain, the crooked river, morasses, and swamps; beyond them the opposing host of hills. Here and there a mountain-stream rushed across the road, and I was obliged to pick my way over it on the exposed bits of stone. I saw three boys approaching. When they saw me they stepped from the road in among the grass and bushes, and presently returned, bearing something in their hands. The something proved to be a half-dozen bits of coarse weed, which they pressed me to purchase, under the delusion that they were flowers. They wanted a penny each for them; but they finally compromised for a halfpenny. They knew nothing of the place of the massacre. The minds of horticulturists don't run much to history, I have noticed.

I passed but two cottages; but the adults were away in the fields. I pressed on, the valley or glen narrowing as I advanced, but maintaining the same features just noticed.

I had read a full description of the glen. The writer said,—

"It is the gloomiest, wildest, most impressive, of the Highland glens; presents aspects of grandeur, savageness, and mystery, that tell powerfully on a vivid imagination. . . . Its flanks so closely confront each other flank to flank, soar so weirdly from barren base to shattered summit, abound so profusely in caverns, fissures, and tottering cliffs, and shut out so darkly the light of day, as to seem to be rather an up-burst from a ruined world than any portion of the fair surface of the earth."

This bit of description pleased me very much, and I committed it to memory. I liked it because there was nothing flowery about it; but it was just a simple and unostentatious explanation of the glen and its prominent features. All about me was pretty, but rather tame. I wanted to get among the weirdness and upbursts, so in keeping with the atrocious crime which has given its name to history.

I had gone about six miles, when I met a party. They had been two miles beyond the point of our meeting, but had not seen the site of the massacre; neither had they found any one who could give them the desired information. I described the place, giving the gable of a ruined cottage as the landmark. They had passed that, but had paid no attention to it. It was a few hundred yards beyond. What they expected to find was a monument, and perhaps one or two bodies.

But there was neither,—nothing whatever to indicate the awful spot but this simple, tottering gable of a ruined cottage. Tradition says it was the home of the Macdonald, the old chief of the clan; but the tradition is not local, as no one in this neighbourhood, descendants of the respected old clan, knows aught of the massacre, let alone any of the particulars or location. But it was here that, nearly two hundred years ago, the massacre took place.

William the Third was on the throne, James the Seventh had forfeited his crown, and was a fugitive in France. The Highlanders, being Catholics, were loyal to the skeddaddling monarch, and opposed to the Protestant reign of William. Battles and skirmishes, murders, etc., were common between the loyal and the disaffected. Finally the patience of William was exhausted; and at the suggestion of the Secretary of State of Scotland, a proclamation was issued, calling upon the chiefs of the clans to give in their adhesion to the new Government on a certain day or their people would be annihilated. The chiefs hastened to obey; but Macdonald,

wishing to be the last, delayed until just before the day appointed, when a heavy snow-storm so blocked up the roads, that, although he used all haste, he did not arrive at the post until several days after the required date. The sheriff, however, received his pledge, and forwarded it to the State Department; but the wily Secretary, desiring to gratify a private grudge against the old chief, kept the truth from William; and that monarch ordered the torch and sword to be turned upon the inhabitants of Glencoe.

It was a snowy day when the King's troops came upon the little village. They came with protestations of friendship, and were hospitably received, and for several days were entertained by the unsuspecting people. At midnight, after they had tested to the utmost the kindness of the Macdonalds, they arose, and burst upon the people with the suddenness of a simoom. Old and young, men and women, the bowed man and prattling child, fell beneath the unmerciful bullet and cruel steel, or were brained by the axe, or perished in the flames of their homes. Many of the Macdonalds escaped by the glens, but only by a miracle, as it was an intensely cold night, and they were thinly clad. Thirty-eight were murdered outright, and a number froze to death on the hills. That was their idea of persuasion in those days.

It is very quiet now. There is not a vestige of the slaughter—nothing but this old gable. I turned away, and slowly retraced my steps, thinking of that January night in the seventeenth century.

There is a disappointment in the features of the glen. Those tremendous precipices, and gloomy glens, and weird peaks, are not to be seen. It is a pretty valley; the ridges are majestic, the fields bright and golden, the river a silver band winding among them. But, to find the sombre and gloomy points, one must be excessively bilious. It won't do to seek the oppressive in Glencoe while carrying an active liver in your anatomy, you may take my word for that.

I saw only one object that seemed to agree with the extract I have copied. He was asleep on a pile of stones, and was ragged and dirty to excess. I awoke him, and asked him if he was an upburst from a ruined world. He said he wasn't; but I could see he was prevaricating.

That evening the boat came up to the pier again. Again we paid a fourpence, and sailed away through Loch Linnhe, around the base of the mountains to Bannavie, where we disembarked, were packed into an omnibus, and drifted away, through a mile of darkness, to the Loch Arna. A steaming supper

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was in waiting in the coffee-room. My English friends suggested supper; but I declined. I had been there before; and I was too tired to carry on through the night, and fight whole battalions of deformed fiends.

I saw the hungry ones pass into the coffee-room, and smelt the steak until I lost my balance and joined the procession. I took steak twice, and a few cups of tea, and some hot pickles. Then I went to bed. This was even o'clock.

About two o'clock A.M. I stepped out of bed at the rate of about a mile and a half to the minute, and rang for a Sedilitz. The boots brought it at once, filled a tumbler half full of water, and added the powder; but there was nothing to stir it with. I said I would look in my clothes for a pencil. But he said he could manage it well enough, and immediately drew forth a venerable pocket-comb, and proceeded to agitate the powder with it in a prompt yet graceful manner, and then passed the glass to me. I thanked him for the infinitude of his resources, but told him I would let the powder settle before I drank it, as the sediments disturbed my stomach.

In the morning we walked beyond several canal-locks to the boat,—a canal steamer of good size and speed,—and began our trip to Inverness.

Opposite Bannavia is a mountain whose summit is perpetually covered with snow, and there is one man who hopes it always will be so. He has a farm at the base, and holds the lease without payment until the snow disappears from the mountain top. Twice within his occupation has the August sun deprived him of his home. It is a singular contract, but no more so than many which exist throughout the old country, arising from the eccentricity of the lords of the soil. In the suburbs of London a man has a block of buildings. He pays the ground rent regularly, as his fathers did before him. The ground rent is a single barleycorn, which he carries to the noble owner, with becoming gravity, every Michaelmas Day; and the owner receives it as circumspcctly as if it were several hundred pounds.

Dean Stanley rents a property for which he receives a lump of earth every rent-day. But, then, this is more sensible than either the snow or barleycorn; for, if he keeps every lump of earth, he will soon have another piece of real estate.

The artificial channel, or that portion of the Caledonia Canal which connects Lochs Oich and Ness, abounds with locks. We have several which lift us up to a level high above the lakes, and another series which let us down to the lake level.

We got out again at the beginning of the locks, and walked to Fort Augustus,—three miles. As we approached Fort Augustus, we met several women selling oatcake and milk.

The oatmeal cake is common in this country. One of the national characteristics of Scotland is oatmeal. Made into cakes, it is thin, a whitish brown, and resembles somewhat home-made yeast-cakes. I can describe its appearance with ease, but no words of mine or of any other man can give an adequate idea of its taste.

It was the staple article of food in the early wars of the people; and, after taking a bite, one ceases to wonder at the reckless bravery they displayed. I ate only two square inches of a thin cake, and was immediately seized with a ferocious desire to stab somebody. In fact, I tried to inveigle the boatswain back of the pilot-house, with a sincere determination to cut him open; and, had he not been otherwise engaged, he would to-day have been gathered to his fathers and other relatives.

I have not touched the cake since.

Another article of sale at Fort Augustus was walking-sticks. Those would be about the last article you would suppose any one would buy; but the Scotch and English passengers made purchases. Some of them had a stick already; but they each got another one. One man had three sticks and an umbrella; but he bought one of the Fort Augustus sticks. He told me that none of us could tell what might happen; our lives hung by a thread as it were; and we couldn't have too many sticks.

We now entered on Loch Ness, with mountains on both sides, and sailed away at a good speed.

A gentleman who came on the boat at one of the piers, a resident in the neighbourhood, told me that the Loch was never frozen; and that, during the earthquake at Lisbon, it was considerably agitated. How to account for this he did not know; but such was the fact.

At Foyers, merely a pier (fourpence), the boat stopped to enable the passengers to see the celebrated falls. Two buses were in waiting, and were immediately filled; while a number of us took a short cut up the side of the ridge, or rather shoulder, of the mountainous range which hid the cataract from us.

On a level road, the distance would not have been more than a mile; but up the path we struggled along it was about twelve miles going and a half mile returning.

We stopped at the top with the busses; and, passing through a rough gate, we let

ourselves down the steep side, with the roar of the cataract sounding in our ears. Nearer and nearer it grew as we slipped and slid toward the point where we were to observe it, until we came out from the birchens, and in sudden and unexpected sight of the spectacle.

The Niagara Falls and I are natives of the same country. I steadily clung to this fact all the way up and over the hill; and I was fully prepared to laugh at this contemptuous attempt of the Scotch to get up a fall.

But I did not laugh. I stood on a jutting point of rock, about half way from the caldron to the top of the falls; and I had the whole immediately in front of me. And so grand a spectacle I never before witnessed. A hundred feet or more, the rock towered on each side above where the river escaped over the precipice. Where it spurted over the edge, it was hardly more than two feet in diameter, coming through an aperture of that size worn into the rock, and coming with such force into the confined channel, that it was actually twisted partly around as it escaped, and plunged a hundred and fifty feet down the precipitous rock. Below was a caldron, boiling, whirling, wriggling, struggling, conquering, and then shooting away with a defiant roar through the gorge beyond.

A mile and a half away from this spot the little river commences its wonderful descent, bounding over rocks running along bits of level tracks, lapping up every rivulet on the way, and gathering all its power and resources for this one grand leap. Niagara drops down from its height with Roman dignity; the falls in the Yosemite Valley spend their strength before they reach the base, and fall in tatters; but the Foyers rush through that aperture like a rocket, and descend into the distant caldron below with unabated speed. Rising from its descent, as if to veil its anger, is an eternal column of mist, always moving, always there. About on all sides are the blackened crags, wet and melancholy; and here and there on their scarred and dreadful faces are beds of bright green moss, and springing trees of silver-birch, with weeping twigs and leaves.

So grand, so solemnly beautiful, is the scene, that I feel as if I could drop down on the jutting rock, and feast my eyes for ever upon its glory; but on a boatman crying out, "Hi, there! it's time to go," I amend the resolution, and leave forthwith.

If any one asks you what sort of a country Scotland is, you can reply, without the faintest vestige of emotion, that it is lumpy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HIGHLAND FEATURES.

There is nothing of special historical interest about Inverness. It is a flourishing city of a few antique and many modern streets, and is called "The Queen of the Highlands." Its cemetery occupies an eminence called Tomnahurich, where, a long time ago, the fairies resorted on moonlight excursions, and had dances, ginger pop, and cakes. There are no fairies now. The past hundred years have been poor years for them.

A day or two after our arrival it was cheese market day, when on several of the streets were drawn up an array of farmers' carts containing cakes of the luscious delicacy. The people of Great Britain are mighty fond of cheese, and are doing a vast service to other nations by destroying great quantities of dangerous stuff.

Most of the carts were attended by buxom women, with white close muslin caps, called mutches, on their heads. And not only these, but all the women of the lower classes to be met with in the Highlands, wear a similar head gear.

Here and there on the main streets are little stands for the vending of toys and molasses cakes. They are attended by old women in mutches, come on the morning of market day, and in the evening go again, — whether I don't know.

Inverness is valuable to a tourist as giving him a good glimpse of Highland life and customs. The Highland women of the lower classes — and it is these classes you find in abundance in the cities, as there are many poor in Britain — are of masculine cast, and wonderfully happy in appearance. They are mostly bare-armed, and you meet them on every street. Their lungs would shame many a blacksmith bellows; and when one of them comes out of a close, and calls "Sandy!" that young man promptly appears. The Scotch are even more strict in parental discipline than are the English; and that seems needless. The juveniles are got to bed at an early hour; those in the better classes retiring at eight o'clock in the summer, and even earlier in winter. And it is not only the fact that they are got to bed; but they go as promptly and as irresistibly as if fired out of a mortar. At the table they ask for what they want, and preserve a petrified tongue throughout the meal, unless spoken to. I have had the pleasure of being entertained by many families in this country; but I can recall no act of fretfulness by children at the table.

An English gentleman, the father of four lovely children, told me, if he thought his

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children would grow up rude and disagreeable, he would prefer yielding them to the grave now.

The Highland women form a picturesque object when washing out blankets and quilts, as they stamp them with their bare feet, their skirts being pinned up to their knees. But this is only done in the washing of heavy articles, and not with the cleansing of linen, as the photographic cards in the Lowland print shops would indicate. To a greater extent here than in England do the women perform outdoor labour. They are in charge of a farmer's cart of produce; they work in the potato and harvest fields (even cultivating the grain), in the fisheries, and also in the peat beds. To all appearance they are as strong as the men, and, justice compels me to add, more active.

The men and women have a strong brogue, and are frequently difficult to understand. "Dinna" for didn't, "yon" for those or that, "muckle" for much, and "ken" for know, are broad daylight to a good part of their phrases. When they go exclusively into the Gaelic, the hearer collapses at once; even a Welshman will run on such an occasion. They are poorer than any other people I have yet come across; but they are hard working, and the poverty is not altogether their fault.

The Highland costume is common in Inverness; but it is not a common garb to the people. It is worn mostly by the gentry in the hunting season, and is a favourite garb with the Duke of Edinburgh when in the Highlands. The measure adopted after the rebellion of the clans in favour of Prince Charles Edward, prohibiting clan meetings and clan dress, struck the deathblow to the most picturesque masculine costume ever in vogue, from Adam to Dr. Mary Walker. Quite frequently, however, I meet some farmer in the kilt and stockings; and there are a few in the Highlands who wear them the year round. They are not a most comfortable dress in these breezy, wet autumn days; and are much less so in the winter, when these hills and moors are covered with snow, and a keen frosty wind sweeps through the glens. The dress consists now of a sack-coat,—instead of the plaid wrapped about the body for protection,—a kilt, or a yard or two of tartan gathered in tucks at the upper edge, and wound about the hips; and fastened at the waist, and of sufficient width to permit it to reach within one or three inches of the knees. Under this is a pair of muslin or woollen drawers of sufficient length to cover the thighs, but hardly long enough to be reassuring to the sensitive observer on a windy day. From these drawers to

the tops of the stockings; which come nearly up to the knees, the legs are bare, and are exposed to all kinds of weather. Yet the wearers do not suffer from the exposure any more than one does from having his face uncovered. I can understand this with those who were brought up in the dress, and wear it the year round; but how those who adopt it only occasionally—the autumn hunting season being one of the occasions—keep comfortable these chilly days is beyond my comprehension. It is not a dress adapted to blackberrying, nor to a mole on the leg.

I was much struck with the patient, hopeful expression of all classes of the Highland people when it rained. They moved about without umbrellas, and were as composed as if in a tunnel. When it rains very hard they put on an opera glass, and sail around with a smile. And it rains here when you ain't looking. There has been but one clear day in the past three weeks, and then I thought it was going to snow. The weather is astonishingly uneven. In the morning the sun will come forth as clear as amber, and an hour later it will be drearily raining. Another morning the sky will be leaden, and dripping with moisture, and everything look favourable for a "line-storm." You step into the hall for an umbrella; and when you come forth the sun is shining, and people are swearing at the street sprinkler for a lazy, neglectful wretch.

The wages of mechanics are just about the same as they are in England; but Scotch farm labourers are now better paid, getting fifteen and twenty shillings (three dollars and seventy-five cents and five dollars per week. It was not long ago that they got less than two dollars a week. In harvest time they get, in some places, six per cent. above present prices. The natural independence of the people explains this. When they cannot get enough money here to support themselves, they go elsewhere. At one time it did look as if the farming population would dwindle entirely away, and the farmers were obliged to increase the pay. There was no Arch here; it was simply the law of supply and demand regulating matters. The labourers are hired every six months. For this purpose there is held twice a year, in the large cities, a "feeling-market." It continues two days; and, during its session, the High Street of the city is crowded full of farm hands waiting for an engagement, and of farmers looking for help. The former are accompanied by their sweethearts or wives, and the latter frequently have their women-folks along. The scene is naturally one of anima-

tion. Both parties are dressed in holiday attire, and in good nature. The farmers select their help, and bind their engagement by giving each party a shilling. The shilling immediately goes into active circulation. The swain takes the girl by the arm, and moves to the nearest public-house; and quite frequently a coveted engagement brings an uncoveted headache. The married man has, with some landlords, a cottage rent free, and a bit of ground to raise potatoes for himself, and a ton or so of coal per annum, with the wages of the single man in addition. There is considerable complaint, from those interested in alleviating the condition of the farming labourers, of the centralization of farm-lands into large estates. The crofts, which were allotments framed by those of narrow means, have been swallowed up into large farms; and their owners have been swept into the ranks of the common labourers. It is only men of some means who are now able to farm; and it is said of them that they keep themselves separated from their working people, and that, in consequence, the condition of the latter is steadily lowering. I think the last objection can be brought against shopmen, brokers, mine proprietors, and every business man. This is a country of class, and must grow out of it.

The hours for labour are somewhat different from those in England, and strike a stranger rather oddly. Both mechanics and farmers go to work at six A.M., after a lunch, quit at nine o'clock for breakfast, resume work an hour later, and quit at two o'clock for dinner. At three o'clock they resume work, and stop at six o'clock. In harvest-time they generally have a second lunch at noon.

The Scotch have not, strictly speaking, a reputation for temperance. But they are really a temperate people. Nowhere else, not even in Maine, are there so many temperance hotels as exist in Scotland. I think I am safe in saying that one-third of the Edinburgh hotels are temperance. They abound in Glasgow, and are to be found in every Scotch town of any importance. The little city of Stirling has several. I do not stop at temperance hotels myself: they are too noisy. They live about as we have found the English. Roast meats, mutton-shops, and cauliflower have the lead. But they have a soup, called Scotch broth, which takes the rag off: I mean, it excels any soup I have eaten. Then they are isolated in another dish,—the oatmeal cake. But we won't talk of the dreadful subject.

The Scotch have a reputation for being strictly religious, industrious, and persevering. It is only a people inhabiting a rugged country like this, who are industrious and

persevering, that can keep their noses above water. It is not a cultivated country like England, and it is but little like it in rural appearance. Stone walls are more common than hedges, and an absence of both is frequently conspicuous. The roads are simply turnpikes—more indebted to travel than to the roadmaster for their surface,—and are so like American roads in their rough face and straggling footpaths as to be a welcome sight to the home-sick Yankee. It has taken centuries of time and labour to subdue the ruggedness of the land, and to bring it to its present state of cultivation; and the hardy Scots deserve great credit.

The political history of Scotland has shown its people's indomitable courage; and its religious record, their heroism. No people are more respected than these Scottish folk. A leading characteristic among them is cautiousness. They make better listeners than talkers, and there is a spirit of independence ingrafted in them that is strikingly observable. An English friend who was recently in Glasgow called at a shop to purchase a walking-stick. He saw one near the door that suited him, and learning its price, concluded to take it. Naturally enough, he wanted to look at some others to see if he might not be better suited; but the dealer, an old man, did not offer to show him any more. Then he said, "Can't I look at some other sticks?" And the dealer said, "If the stick in your hand pleases you, why should you look at others?" That closed the interview. But the statement that the Scotch lower classes are not open to fees, and scorn to earn money in that way, is a bitter sell.

When we were in Edinburgh, and out riding one day, my wife's hat blew off, and sailed down the street. The carriage was stopped; and the driver was getting down to recover the article, when a boy was observed to pick it up. I put my hand in my pocket to reward him for his kindness; but the moment he handed up the hat, and observed what I was doing, he left; and although the driver, whose sympathies were aroused by my action, called lustily to him to return, he would not; and we went on, the driver sinking into a moody silence. But it pleased me very much; and several times I rubbed my hands in a satisfied manner, and each time repeated, "That's the spirit for you!—that's the true Scotch spirit that you read off!" I was doing this when paying the driver; and in the midst of it he observed, "Would you mind something for the driver, sir?" Then I stopped doing it, and I haven't felt well enough to do it again. I am not prepared to state that feeling is carried on here to the

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extent that it is in England ; but there is enough of it, in all conscience. And they do not look happier than the English receiver of fees.

Scotland is well supplied with churches; has an abundance of reading-rooms and libraries, and charities. Its people are better educated (thanks to John Knox) than any other—excepting, perhaps, the Prussians—of European nations; they are hospitable, polite, sharply intelligent, and possess a fund of humour that appears to be pretty evenly distributed among them.

The Sunday observances are rather strict. Liquor saloons are closed on Sunday; and the hotels are not permitted to sell spirits, excepting to their guests. To constitute a traveller, a native in search of a drink must go the distance of eight miles from his place. He then becomes a traveller, and is entitled to his dram from the nearest public house. There is a report that there have been cases when seven and a half miles have fetched the coveted beverage; but I cannot believe it. All business, shaving, &c., is suspended on Sunday.

There is one feature of Scotch and English towns that is not pleasant to travellers who love cheerfulness, however gratifying it may be to clerks; and that is the early closing movement. Here, before seven o'clock of an evening, the bright shops are closed, and the streets are apparent only by the street lamps. On Saturday there is a half holiday; and all the shops but the grocers' put up their shutters at noon, and maintain a gloomy silence until evening. Scotch shopkeepers always speak of the weather when you go in to trade, and always speak of it with such vivacity that you are led to expect further communication. But they generally dry up at once, in despair, perhaps, of the weather doing it. What they say to you is, "This is a dull day, sir." A Scotch almanac is not an elaborate work, being simply, "About this time look out for rain." But we are over here to see history and ruins, and must move along.

Culloden station is four miles, by the Highland Railway, from Inverness. We got down there to visit the battle-field which witnessed the final attempt of the house of Stuart to overcome the house of Hanover.

We republicans cannot be expected to understand how a young refugee from France could command the influence and muscle of thousands of British in the overthrow of their ruler. In our country we elect our rulers for a certain length of time; and, at the end, the majority reinstate or replace. Andrew Johnson would have a nice time raising an army to displace Mr.

Grant. But Charles Edward, a prince of the deposed house of Stuart, attempted something equally improbable one hundred and thirty years ago. He came over to Scotland, raised an army and marched into England, retreated back into Scotland before the Duke of Cumberland, of the house of Hanover (then in possession of the throne), gathered an army of seven thousand men here at Culloden for a final stand against his cousin of Cumberland, and expected by "cleaning him out" here, to so far encourage his sympathizers throughout Great Britain as to rally sufficient numbers around his standard to restore it. And so the two forces met at Culloden; and, after a desperate fight, the Highlanders who backed the prince were defeated by the Lowlanders who opposed him; and the young man, after sore wanderings and futile attempts at resuscitation, got back to his relative the King of France. He pursued a wrong course; and behold how disastrous the result! What he should have done was to take the money contributed by zealous followers, sue the house of Hanover for ten thousand dollars' damages (thus get his name before the public), and then gone into the lecture-field at two hundred and fifty dollars per night. Or he might have bought a saloon in New York, got on the Board of Public Works, and died worth a million, and universally respected by everybody.

All this country is intermediate to the north coast of Scotland; and from the third century, when the religion of our Saviour was introduced into Scotland from Ireland, this part of the country has been busy. The stone circles abound all about here, but more numerous in the back mountains. They are simply whole or broken concentric circles or upright boulders. They are supposed to be relics of the Druidical religion; and as I am not prepared to doubt the supposition, I discreetly keep silence when people show them to me.

Right where we are now skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the fish-smelling Norwegians toiled over the sands, and met the big-limbed and not particularly fine-flavoured Scots and whipped them out, and stole whom they didn't kill, and destroyed what they couldn't lift. And here also the Danes came, and were beaten back by Macbeth, the chief of King Duncan's army, and an aspirant to his master's throne; so I have understood. The vessels of the Norwegians were shaped like a dragon, and frightened the people. After inventing the dragon, it is noticeable that man has not attempted to outdo the job. Everybody, upon seeing a dragon, frankly admits that it is the

climax of woe. So these boats were shaped like a dragon, with the grinning head as a prow cleaving the waters, and bringing death, agony and garlic to this fair land. Each boat had a single sail, formed of the American national colours; and the crew working at their long oars, sang, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" "Who will care for mother now?" and other Norwegian anthems of that dim and misty long ago. One of the Norwegian chiefs met with a singular fate. He had killed a brave Scotchman called Buck-Tooth—from the fact that one of his front-teeth protruded unpleasantly—and cut off his head, as was allowed in those times, and fastened it into his girdle and galloped away. He was going to have it mounted with silver, for a bosom-pin; but, in the motion of the gallop, the buck-tooth wore into his thigh, and made a wound, from which he died. This opens the question, What sort of tobacco did the people of those days chew?

A few miles beyond Culloeden is Forres, where I stopped for two hours. No one says much of Forres; but it is a little place of considerable interest. Forres has a witch-stone (on which three of those miserable women were executed by people who showed in themselves that there was a peg lower in the scale of depravity than that on which witchcraft hung), and a stone called Sweno's Stone, which is certainly worth going to see. This curious monument is of grayish granite, oblong in shape. It rises twenty feet above ground, and is said to be the samelength beneath the earth. It is about two feet in width, and about half that in thickness at the base, and tapers to less than half that at the top, being wedge-shaped. The top is covered with sheet lead to protect it. On one side is carved a runic cross, formed of runic knots, and very finely done. Below the cross are four figures, two of them bending over some object. On the reverse side are innumerable figures, standing horizontally and perpendicularly, with an expression to their bodies as if they were feeling their way over thin ice,—a very common characteristic of all ancient sculptures.

The stone stands in a wheat-field, surrounded by a stockade of rough timber, about ten feet from the road, and is approached by crawling through a hedge. Its origin no one knows. A bookseller in Forres, who contemplated issuing a guide to his village next summer, told me that he presumed it was raised when the Danes filibustered here, and commemorates one of their battles, wherein three of their kings met their death. He knew nothing of M

Sweno. The figures are so indistinct, that no intelligible significance can be attached to them. I do not favour the Dane theory. The rude people they came to rob could neither have designed nor executed such a work; and the Danes themselves were not here a sufficient length of time to have performed it; and, had they been, it is not at all likely the fiery and avenging Scots would have permitted it to remain any longer than was necessary to break it down.

It is rarely that I go into an abstruse question like this; but, when I do, a general feeling of satisfaction and contentment follows.

An English gentleman complimented me recently on the historical features of my letters. He told me that I was putting an entirely new face on matters. He said others may follow Macaulay, White, Motley, and all the rest; but I am the historian for his money. This naturally gratified me. To tell the truth, I have not been satisfied in the last fifteen years with the way history is managed.

These Britons won't know their history when I get through with it.

It was at Forres that Shakspeare locates his Macbeth. I don't know what size Forres could have been at that time (eight hundred years ago); but it now has three thousand population; and, as it is still growing, there is no telling to what limits it will push in the next twenty-five or thirty centuries.

The blasted heath where Macbeth met the three witches,—there was no daily press in those days,—and learned of his perishment at court, is still in this neighbourhood, and is as scrawny and scraggy as ever.

Near the station are the ruins of the castle where Macbeth and his fair wife entertained King Duncan, and wound up the entertainment by stabbing the old gentleman. It was a very filling feast for him.

But two of the basement arches are standing, and the first floor is now covered by turf and grass formed there in the past several centuries by the winds of heaven. I went down into the vaults and fell over a box, and meditated on the tragic scene that was enacted there.

I have subsequently ascertained that the ruins are of a building which a Forres town officer, with more aspiration than means, started for his own glory and occupation in the last century, and didn't get above the first floor, and that King Duncan was killed in battle at Elgin.

I have started for Elgin to learn the particulars.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ELGIN AND ITS SIGHTS.

The Romans are the only travellers who did not enjoy this country. They remained about Stirling and below there for years, but stayed here no longer than was necessary to repack their luggage. This country must have been wild and rugged then, with a people clothed in skins, and coloured with pigment. There were no hotels nor ruins from Aberdeen to the base of the mountains. History had woven no spell over the country. I don't blame them for not staying. But it is different now. There is not a square foot of this ground but has tasted blood, or witnessed intrigue: there are not two square feet, anyway, but are thus distinguished. To go over this section of Scotland, observing every old castle and ruin and battle-scene, would be a labour of months. For the matter of ruins, Elgin will hold its own against any place in Scotland, excepting, perhaps, St. Andrew's. A curious place is Elgin. It is a village of eight thousand population; but I never heard of it till I came to Scotland. But I don't suppose there is a soul in Scotland who has not heard of Duluth. Elgin has two railway-stations, one of them covered with iron and glass; while pendent from the roof are delicate vines, with bunches of flowers that sweep within a foot of the passenger's head. It has two hotels, and about forty inns, which accommodate nothing but thirst, and appear to be full all the time. It has a High Street—long, narrow, and irregular—quaint ancient buildings along its sides, and a venerable cross in its centre, with the closest, mustiest, and gloomiest closes outside of Edinburgh. From the dates on some of these tenements, they are from two to three hundred years old, and bid fair to stand three times that length of time. Like all the old buildings throughout Scotland, they are built of fence-wall stone, covered with a cement of concrete, and whitewashed. Many of the roofs are made of grey-stone flags, lapping like slates, but quarried before slates were known here. The red tile, so common in England, is but little used here comparatively.

At one end of the High Street is a grassy knoll, with a lofty monument to a Duke of Gordon, and the broken walls of a castle that was in ruins several hundred years ago, and which are now but mere stone stubble. The stones are melting away, leaving the much harder mortar to continue the battle against the elements. Nobody knows how they made their mortar so outrageously hard in

those days; and nobody wants to, unless he is building for himself. There is but a portion of the hill devoted to the stumpy walls of the castle; but it must have, at one time, covered the entire surface, as they did not go in much for croquet lawns in those days, and generally planned where their apple-peelings and other swill could go down the hill out of smelling-distance when flung from a back window. It is said of this castle, that once, when it was occupied, a pest in the shape of a ball of blue fire descended from heaven upon it, and infected all the inmates, and that the superstitious inhabitants of the village gathered together and covered the castle with earth, burying the occupants in a living tomb. It was done in one night. The only trouble with that story is its corpulency.

Imagine, if you can, a couple of hundred men, with shovels, at the base of a hill fifty feet high, covering a quarter of an acre of castle at the top with dirt. But the tradition does not say that they used shovels: perhaps they merely sat on the castle.

A short distance down the High Street is the old town cross, from which proclamations were once made; but the town crier now occupies the square when delivering his deadly harangues. The cross is a shaft of granite, round, and worn smooth by the little Scotchmen who have climbed it in the past centuries. Near the top it is four square, and on each face is a sun dial; above is a unicorn. Sun dials are on nearly all the old buildings; and although this sun dial has been in use many, many generations, it keeps time as correctly as the Greenwich Observatory. I have not yet seen a sun dial that was incorrect; and yet we laugh at the ancients.

At the foot of High Street are the ruins of Elgin Cathedral. It is safe to say, that, where one person visits Elgin Cathedral, twenty-five go to view Melrose Abbey; and yet the cathedral, for extent and beauty, is the peer of the abbey. The building is nearly six hundred years old, and has had vicissitudes enough to make it an interesting monument. It was hardly completed when a young man named Stuart, a son of King Robert the Second, who had taken to the mountains,—just as high-spirited boys in these days run away and take to the canal,—and soon graduated into a very successful thief, was, for some deviltry of unusual magnitude, excommunicated by the bishop of the diocese. In revenge he came down from the mountains with his gang, sacked the sacred edifice, nearly destroying it, and burned the bishop's house and a good part of the city. Where the cross now stands he got down on his bare knees, and begged pardon; and it was grant-

ed, on the condition that he would foot the expense of repairing the cathedral. A century or so later, "the lord of the isles," whoever that individual was, swooped down upon the church, and robbed it of its gold and silver. Still later, it was the theatre of deeds of violence committed by two neighbouring families,—the Innes, and Dunbars, who were constantly in hot water with each other; and so great was their feud, that not even the sanctity of the cathedral afforded a protection. The Dunbars were surprised one night while worshipping there, and were put to death; and, in retaliation, a party of the Innes met the same fate in front of the altar at the hands of the Dunbars. The fruits of this dreadful warfare are still seen in New England, where hosts of the people go winter-greening or clamming in preference to running the risk of losing their lives while quietly worshipping in church.

The feuds of these two families give a very good idea of the untamed passions of those days, in that several tradesmen entered a protest against the draught on their time made by sitting on juries to settle the differences. The hardship was somewhat aggravated by the fact that they had no interest in the matters, and, as the petition dryly observes, 'knew na thing thair of mair nor thair that dwall in Jherusalem.' So our jury system of this day has age, if not sense, to sanction it.

Among its other relics of the past, Elgin has a charity called "Bide House." It was endowed by somebody who died centuries ago. Over the arch is this text, in Old English,—*"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."*

Millions can testify to the truth of this utterance. The house accommodates four men, who are tradesmen of indigent circumstances. When one dies, his wife if he has one, ceases to reap further benefit from the institution; and his place is filled by some other unfortunate.

The only discharge is by death. The recipients of charity are called "Bide men;" and each one has a share of the house, a bit of garden to cultivate, and fifty-two dollars and a half in money per annum for his support. His apartments are by himself, and his patch of ground is opposite his door: so he has really a nice little home all to himself and wife, and can live comfortably the balance of his days.

Before England and Scotland perfected an amicable union, there used to be slight differences between them; and every little while each party would go over into the other's country to see about it. However many or few went over to see about it, far less returned. The

English at one time lost thirty thousand of their number in one of these little calls. To shut off these excursions, the border-people erected square towers of stone, and a number of them are still remaining. A similar tower called "The Caxton," from the name of the family building it, stands within four miles of Elgin. It is about twenty feet square and forty feet high, and has three floors, besides a sort of cellar, where the good farmer on whose land it stands keeps his milk. The entrance to the first floor is about eight feet from the ground, and was once approached by a ladder, but, on these peaceful days, has a series of substantial stone steps. It is entirely fire-proof, there being no wood about it but that used in the door; and this is backed by strong lattice of iron. Its walls are of enormous thickness; and its roof is of flagging laid together like a floor. The walls are pierced for the defenders to fire from; and the door is protected by two turrets leading off from the top floor, and so pierced that those occupying them could cover the entrance with their guns. It was an ingenious and successful contrivance by the Caxtons to protect themselves from their too sociable neighbours, who, like many Americans of the present day, were addicted to giving "surprise-parties." Not that I wish to be understood as representing that they were of a similar nature as the modern affairs. Heaven forbid that I should slander the dead!

About three miles from Caxton Tower is a church of the Druids,—that mystical and brutal priesthood who flourished in Britain until the dawn of Christ's kingdom. They were a simple and unostentatious people in their edifices if not in their rites. The churches where they gathered consisted simply of a circle formed by boulders planted in the earth. These were the walls of their temples, and the heavens the roofs. It was a cheap roof, but disastrous to the interests of builders. The walls of the old Druid church near Urquhart are perfect, although two thousand years, if not four thousand, have come and gone since they were erected. There are scores of boulders about Danbury just like these. There are six of them; but there were nine when the circle was complete. It was then about forty feet in diameter. It was a simple ruin, simply surrounded, being in a meadow near the road. You might pass them forty times without taking much notice of them, excepting remarking upon their number. It was a lonesome place for a church, and almost too lonesome for a ruin. There was not a house in sight,—merely a stretch of fields rising

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and falling as far as the eye could reach. What an altogether different aspect, when the Druids, with their flowing beards and robes, stood within this charmed circle, and plunged the knife into the human sacrifice, and incanted as the victim convulsed in the fatal grip of the last enemy!

The peaceful pursuit of agriculture was unknown. Dark forests spread their veil over hill and dale, untouched by the patentee of "purely vegetable extracts."

This reminds me that the descendants of the Druids, the present British people, sell spinach by the pound, fish and fowls by the piece, and that the grocers, while cheerfully delivering your purchases to any part of the city, firmly but kindly decline to include eggs in the delivery. The customer must attend to the eggs himself, or go without them.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THROWING THE CARER.

There was to be an exhibition by a district Athletic Society, in the little village of Tomintoul, while I was in Elgin; and, as the programme included Highland games, I determined to attend. Tomintoul is strictly a Highland village, but so obscure, that Scotch friends advised me not to go. They said it was fourteen miles from the nearest railway station, and was altogether dilapidated. When I heard that, I became simply feverish for the trip. Two reporters went along. We reached a station called Ballindalloch, and there found a machine in waiting. When I say a machine, I do not wish to be understood as referring to a patent saw mill, or anything of that kind. The Scotch address as "a machine" what the English denominate "a trap," and what we would call "a carriage." The animal which propelled, and the elderly gentleman who instigated the animal, were both of about the same age,—seventy odd,—and had, undoubtedly, experienced similar vicissitudes through the long course of their lives.

The ride to Tomintoul was a most enjoyable one, even under these circumstances. The old gentleman was talkative and posted, and the few traditions and local incidents which slipped through his fingers could not have amounted to much. The road ran through Glenlevit for a greater part of the way, passing the famous distillery which takes its name from the district, by two castle ruins and several temples of the Druids. It skirted one of the ridges, and kept a pretty good level the entire distance,

although the country was remarkably mountainous. We went by one burn (brook) where once a terrible battle was fought between two venomous clans; and so deadly and disastrous was the fight, that the waters of the burn ran red with blood for three days. There can be no doubt of this, as the burn is still here. The old party became quite animated in relating the valorous feats of the Highlanders; and, seeing the subject pleased him, I kindly dipped into some particulars myself, and fervidly reviewed the battles of the clans of which I had either read or heard.

The country we passed through partook of all the features of genuine Highland scenery. There were cultivated fields, slopes of pasture, running water, glens, hills of fir, mountains of heather, and levels of peat.

When about half through our journey, we came upon an exclusively bleak section. The principal product appeared to be peat, of which there were immense beds. Most of the labour was performed by man's dearest earthly treasure,—woman. The ladies wheeled the peat from the beds to the drying flats, and reared it into artistic piles. I hardly know how the wheels of government and peat barrows would revolve if it were not for the fair sex, as some one calls them.

Wild moors stretched away to the mountains on each side, and over them the wind whistled mournfully. Here and there was a squalid cottage, with its dingy walls, once whitewashed, and its broken roof of thatch. Occasionally there was a collection of them, with a post office in one, and one or two of the others containing boards, with the announcement in little black letters, "Licensed to sell tea and tobacco."

A more cheerless and unattractive district cannot be found in the Rocky Mountains. The only relief to it was the heather, whose purple blossom, now in full bloom, softened the lofty contour of the mountains, and veiled their rugged faces.

Coming over the hill upon Tomintoul, we saw before us a line of stone houses, with more thatched than slate roofs. The buildings appeared to be pretty much of one pattern, and the most of them were rather squalid. Almost the entire village was built on the High Street, which was devoid of pavement, and showed numerous signs of neglect. Queen Victoria passed through here when on her Highland tour, and in her book spoke disparagingly of Tomintoul.

The public square, of some two acres, is divided by the High Street. In one of the divisions the games were held, and the observers had already assembled. They

consisted, for the most part, of plain-looking country-people. The females were cheerfully decked in bright colours, selected and blended with rural taste. The masculines moved around uneasily in their holiday clothes, and smoked clay pipes. Of course there were exceptions; but this was the appearance of the mass. I judge there were scarcely two hundred men, women and children present, with a promising assortment of dogs.

About a half-acre of ground was enclosed by a rope, and within this space the prizes were competed for. Around three sides of the square, both inside and outside of the rope, were grouped the observers, the greater part of them standing. I had expected to see a large green enclosed by boards, with several hundred people, two or three refreshment-stands, a band of music, and a price of admission. But here it was, with a rope merely for appearance, and free to all,—a humble, unique gathering, which interested me by its novelty, and pleased me by the hearty good-nature of everybody. Tomin-toul is a poverty-stricken section, and every thing was unpretentious and humble; but that they enjoyed it heartily, unmindful of their rusty village, and miserable High Street, and squalid suburbs, there can be no doubt.

For ages these Highland games have been in vogue. Generations ago, when clan organizations were maintained, the several families participating marshalled their clans to the music of the bagpipe; and, with banners flying and every man in kilt, they gaily approached the rendezvous, forming a spectacle that must have been very exhilarating. But now they straggle together, like our people going to a fair. Few are in Highland costume, and the parade and pomp of former days have disappeared with things of the past.

About fifteen or twenty of those assembled to-day were in full tartan, coat and all, with the purse, with its tufts of hair, hanging at the front, and a dirk, sheathed in the stocking, on the right leg.

The games commenced with the throwing of the stone, being a boulder weighing some twenty pounds. They call it "putting the stone." There were six competitors, all from the neighbourhood, and, like those competing through the day, the straitest kind of Highlander. A party named Fleming, powerfully as well as shapely built, won the first prize, throwing the boulder nearly forty feet. He is a professional in the business, and makes a good bit of money in the course of a twelvemonth, my old gentleman informed me.

Next was the throwing of the heavy hammer. There were nine competitors. The hammer consisted of an iron ball weighing twenty-two pounds, with a wooden handle about three feet in length. The competitor first braced himself with his back to the space, and then, carefully taking a proper grip of the handle, swung the hammer several times in a circle on a level with his head, and then flung it. It was a healthy exercise, without doubt, but not to the observer, who had no means of knowing how firmly that heavy ball was secured to the handle. Every time one swung it, I was sorely tempted to get behind the first building; but I kept to my post, and enjoyed it as well as I could with my hair inclining to stand endways.

Fleming was again the victor, making a distance of eighty-six feet.

The throwing of the light hammer followed, and again Fleming won. The hammer business took up some two hours' time; and during the progress, the first piper made his appearance, and marched several times about the grounds, playing with all his soul and lungs. Pipe-music, as a Scotch friend observed, sounds bonny coming over a hill, if you are going over the next hill at the same time.

He was a gallantly-dressed Highlander, and, to a totally deaf party, must have been a cheering spectacle. Shortly after, two other pipers came on the field. One of them was piper to Sir George Macpherson Grant, whose estate is at Ballindalloch. Nearly all the Highland noblemen keep one or two pipers on their estates. One piper succeeded the other in furnishing music; and, during a lull in the heavy games, they each gave their best efforts, marching about in a square as they played, in competition for prizes. There are worse things than a bagpipe, except when it is being tuned. The tuning of a single bagpipe will embitter the lives of three hundred people at once.

The "throwing of the caber" was the point in the programme which interested me the most, because I did not know what a caber was. It followed the light hammer, and proved the most difficult to perform of all the feats. The caber used on this occasion was the trunk of a young tree twenty feet in length, with a butt eight inches, and a top four inches in diameter. I don't know the weight of it; but you have the dimensions, and can figure up the pounds on the basis of a very sappy trunk. The competitor took his position, and two men ended the caber in front of him. He raised it so that one hand could grasp it at the butt, and then, balancing it, ran a few steps, and

threw it so that the upper end should strike the ground, and the log turn over. There appeared to be no difficulty, in this trial, for the competitors to make the upper end of the log strike the turf; but it would not go over, and, in most instances, scarcely reached a perpendicular. At Fleming's third trial he made a complete turn of the caber, and won the first prize. A foot was then taken from the butt, and the other competitors wrestled again with the leviathan.

One young man, who had been looking on the wine when it was red, was nearly successful in heaving the caber across my spine. I would not permit him to apologize for the failure. I told him I was not one of the exacting kind.

The high leap revealed considerable skill and other things. In preparing for the leap, the competitors commenced to shed their clothes. A man with red hair, and red face, and red whiskers, was dressed in the Royal Stuart plaid, of course, from his shoe to and including his Glengarry bonnet. He looked like a bonfire. I saw him strip. He unwound his plaid, and gave it to a friend; he took off another sheet of flame in the shape of his coat (this left him in his undershirt, the kilt or skirt which hung from his hips, and the stockings); then he took hold of the fastening of the kilt, and commenced to undo it. The perspiration started out on my forehead. What if, in the haste of coming to the gathering, he had forgotten his drawers? Slowly the kilt dropped off, and there he stood. He had remembered the drawers. There they were, in all about a half-yard of unbleached muslin, no more than covering his thighs. Thence to his stocking-tops he was bare and unshaven. And they were not bald-headed legs by any means. He was so pinched and contracted, that I expected every moment the keen wind which was sweeping across the square would carry him away. He once took hold of the drawers as if to undo them, but did not. He must have seen the frown on my face. Several others stripped in the same way. I was in hopes that Fleming would jump as he was. His body was covered with a gray sack coat; but his kilt was short, and of green plaid. In bending over, or in the movement of the skirt by the wind, not a vestige of drawers could be seen; and I thought with horror of his leaping over the rod. He took off his sack and then undid the kilt. I turned my back. When I had plucked up the necessary courage to look around, he stood there, clothed in an undershirt, a little fold of cloth about his thighs (just as professional gymnasts wear), and his stockings. For the sake of decency,

he had left his dirt in the right stocking. The handle screened a part of his nakedness.

The dancing, which closed the games, was on a small platform laid on the turf. Highland reels led off. There were nine competitors engaged at once to the tornado harmony of the pipes. Then there was a Highland fling, in which seven separately participated; and these were succeeded by the *huitchan*, or reel o' Tulloch, danced by four Highlanders with great spirit. In all this dancing there was genuine poetry of motion, without the hilarious rattle of American and Irish jigs. The dancers either rested one hand over their hips, crooked the other above their head, or kept the arms down, and snapped their fingers. One of the number gave forth a whoop. In this dancing there was a semblance to an Indian festivity. Two thousand years ago these people went almost naked, and painted their bodies, and lived by hunting, and were organized into tribes. The years progressed, and refining influences came in; they put on more clothes, rubbed off the paint, and became emerged into predatory clans, with a chief to rule. To-day the bare knees, the shadow of clanship, and the whoop in the dance, are about all that are left of the Indian features of two thousand years ago. I would like to respectfully but firmly suggest that the Scotch Indians of two thousand years ago left the Highlands of this country to take to the Highlands of America, and that they are the authors of the present Modocs and peace commissions in America. I think they are the chaps who wiped out the mound builders.

The gaiety of the dancing was most curiously framed. Here were the plaids waving in the air, bare legs ambling and revolving, the pipes whistling; overhead was a leaden sky; along the horizon were the bald ridges of mountains; about us were the gloomy looking stone buildings, some of them roofless, and all of them deserted.

The sword dance wound up the performance. There were several competitors. Two swords were laid on the platform, with blades crossed. Each dancer was expected to execute some ten minutes of motions about and among the blades without touching them. As the dance progressed, the strains of the bagpipes increased in speed, and faster and faster the bold Highlander's legs flew among the glistening blades. It was an exciting spectacle.

And, radically opposite to that which followed, a prize was offered to the best dressed Highlander—at his own expense. There were five competitors. Our fiery friend was among the number. He blazed forth like a fresh comet. There was a squatty looking chap in

a peculiar blending of colours not common in their plaids. Then there was another, a fine-looking gentleman, clothed throughout in gray plaid, looking less picturesque than the bright colours, and somewhat out of place among the rest, but tastefully dressed throughout. They stood in a row, looking straight ahead in a businesslike manner, without a smile upon their faces. They stood there some ten minutes, while the judges passed around them, examining them as if they were strange cattle suspected of disease.

The comet got the prize. He was the best dressed—at his own expense. That is, it was merely a test of cost, not of taste.

Then there was a foot race from the foot of the rugged High Street to the square.

After that the competitors and observers dropped their identity, and mingled together. Every room in the low, squatty Gordon Arms, and in the low, squatty Richmond Arms, was filled, as was also the stairways, with people. The young maids were kept busy running up and down the stairs from the bar to every nook and cranny in the two buildings capable of holding two people and two glasses. Men and women mingled; and the clinking of glasses, tread of feet on the bare floors, and loud voices of those in debate, with snatches of songs from the more convivial, made up a scene that defies the power of my pen. All the poverty and deprivations and bleakness of Highland life in the Tomintoul region was for the time put far from memory. The people were getting ready for the ball in the evening, and every soul in the village capable of being out of bed was in or about those two inns.

The Grants were in this room, sitting on the bed, lined against the walls, occupying the chairs, and communing at the top of their respective voices; in another were the Gordons, similarly engaged; in a third, the Stewarts; and so on all over the house.

The Scotch drink less than the English; but there is far more drunkenness here than in England. And, when they are full, Demosthenes nor George Francis Train could begin to talk with them, and a boiler factory is not one-sixth as noisy.

Neither one of the caravansaries had any cigars. Tomintoulers couldn't afford the luxury of cigars. This will give you a comprehensive glimpse of the financial prosperity of this Highland settlement.

As the shades of evening descended, we mounted our machine to return to Ballindalloch for the night. Enthusiastic friends followed us out of doors, and swore they would never desert us, and forthwith proceeded to put their purpose into execution

by clambering up on the machine. Two of them got across my legs, and suddenly fell into a most violent altercation on the somewhat unexpected subject of carrots; while a third, wishing to engage my attention to a few remarks he was about to make on the subject of infant baptism, pounded my feet with a knife-handle until it seemed I would go mad.

The old party who drove us, and who, from frequent congratulations on the auspicious events of the day, was now in a state to resent almost anything, suddenly whipped up his steed; and the movement made a thorough sweep of both the carrots and the baptism advocates.

We reached Ballindalloch in good time, having a delightful drive through the quiet twilight which covered mountain and moor, and, after a sound sleep in the little solitary inn, felt like a giant refreshed for a return to my cathedral town.

Speaking of Elgin reminds me of a reply our driver made to a question about the fishing in a burn we were passing.

"It's nae great amount of fish ye'll find there," he said. "Fish be as scarce hereabouts as soap (soap) in a cathedral town (town)."

Volumes could hardly give a more comprehensive idea of one feature of a cathedral town.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A JUMPING-OFF LUXURY.

There is nothing particularly exciting in the country between Elgin and Aberdeen; but Aberdeen furnishes quite a contrast to Elgin. It has a population of some ninety thousand people, and is mostly built of granite: if I am not disastrously mistaken it is called the "Granite City." Its name is familiar to every American who takes an interest in graveyards. I remember the first stone from its workshops which was erected in the Danbury cemetery. It was two years before it had a fellow, and in that time was visited frequently by everybody, as its polished shaft attracted attention from all directions in the grounds. We call it Aberdeen marble. I was always interested in it from its almost supernatural resemblance to a Bologna sausage.

Aberdeen is a sort of new town and old town combined. The new town has Union Street for its principal avenue; and a very fine avenue it is. I did not learn its length but it is as long as one cares to look at when living at a hotel, and is of good breadth. At the head of Union Street is the square; and

evenings I used to amuse myself by going to the square, and looking through the broad, straight avenue, marked by its two lines of glittering gas-lights. They shoot down it like two trails of flame, and presented a spectacle I never saw equalled in street scenery.

For its size, Aberdeen is probably the largest city in the world. From ten o'clock in the morning until that hour in the evening Union Street presented the appearance of some one having jumped out of a window in a fit of insanity. Several times in the first three days of my visit I worked my way into the crowd in the hope of seeing a shattered piece of humanity. I need not dwell on the disappointment I experienced: it is the most acute the world affords.

Union Street is a modern street; and its suburbs are decidedly American, with their front lawns, broad sidewalks, and ample shade-trees. The city end of the avenue is a square, or rather triangle, where the markets are held. In the evening the square was occupied by fruit-stands and auction stalls, and loungers and musicians. Saturday is the chief market-day, and on the Saturday I was in Aberdeen the square presented a most singular appearance. No market-day I have yet seen can compare with it.

Two-thirds of the space was covered with booths, and the collection consisted almost entirely of second-hand clothing. The monument to the Duke of Gordon was the centre of this traffic, and the iron fence which surrounded it was hidden from sight by patched breeches, Joseph coats, and red-flannel undershirts; while the Duke, from his elevation, looked down on the motley mass with an expression of the liveliest astonishment. The booths consisted simply of four poles, and a flat canvas roof artistically fringed with articles of cast-off wear. The people who tended them looked as fully second-hand as their goods, and even their smiles appeared to be about worn out. The articles were in all stages of progress toward ruin, many of them being so unhealthy as to appear to be beyond all hope of recovery. But they found buyers.

There were also picture-dealers, and cutlery merchants, and old junk sellers. The chief articles in the stock of the last named were rusty, nails and crippled hinges. I thought of getting a couple of each for birthday presents, but was afraid I would not be able to smuggle them across the Atlantic, the custom-house officers are so dreadfully sharp.

Second-hand clocks which looked as if they had been second-handed before,

and second-hand cradles, were also objects of interest. I saw three purchasers of cradles: they were females, and about sixty years old. Each one took up her purchase, and made off with it. I saw no young woman buy a cradle. That struck me as being so extraordinary, that I spoke to a policeman about it. All he said was to wink; which appeared to be so sensible, that I winked too; and there the matter rests.

Between the booths and the arrival of the tramway-cars the customers divided their attention. The city terminus of the tramway was in the square. It had been running about five days, and it was the first street-car performance the Aberdeen people had seen. I never saw people so thoroughly engrossed in a subject as they were in this tramway. The arrival of a car was a signal for the gathering together of everybody in easy access of the spot. They looked upon its painted exterior and upholstered seats with hungering eyes, and beheld with hushed breath the changing of the horses; and when the gong sounded, and the driver gathered up the reins for the start, it seemed as if the excited populace would just sink into the earth in an excess of delirious amazement.

The boys appeared to be the only ones to retain their presence of mind. Those of them who could not raise money enough to secure a ride invested what they did have in toy torpedoes, which they insinuated on the rails; and when the car passed over them, a sharp explosion followed, causing nervous persons to lose the topic of their attention and to leap out of their seats, and forcing the driver into the use of dreadful language. There was no use in trying to stop the boys. The police found themselves helpless to remedy the trouble; and the drivers did not dare leave their cars, for fear they would move off without them. But all new operations must expect to contend with difficulties.

They were prophesying the line would not pay; but I did not succeed in detecting the grounds for the prediction.

It was paying well enough then. Every car was full, besides having a large surplus in the shape of about forty boys running after or along with it. Any one who could get a twopence had a ride at once, and those who had more money rode as often as possible. One man had his meals brought to him in the car, so as not to lose his seat. He had spent all his loose change in tickets, and, on the day of my arrival, had mortgaged his house to the directors of the company, and was going to take it out in rides. It isn't

every place that has a public-spirited citizen like that.

Next to riding was the exquisite pleasure of jumping on and off the cars when in motion.

I don't know why it is, but there is born in every human breast a burning desire to jump on or off a moving object. The railway-cars in our country offer every facility for the indulgence of the desire; but here on the railways there is no such opportunity, and street-cars are the only means people have for enjoying this godlike luxury. We can imagine, but not describe, the state of the human breast in Aberdeen before the advent of the tramway. That it was almost rent with the jumping-off emotion there can be no doubt.

But it was now finding free and untrammelled expression. No one pretended to stop the car when he wanted to get off. He would scorn to be thought so lacking in manliness. He just jumped down himself, and after striking on the back of his head, and splitting his coat through the back, rubbed himself and limped off.

About every ten minutes, somebody came bounding across the pavement in front of the hotel from one of those cars. When I left Aberdeen there was scarcely a whole man in the place, and a court-plaster factory in the neighbourhood was running day and night.

I hesitated some few minutes before making this statement; it sounded so much like exaggeration; but truth is mighty, and will prevail; and, if people do not believe it now, they will finally grow into it.

CHAPTER XL.

ASTONISHING FACTS ABOUT WAGES.

Aberdeen is largely interested in fisheries,—a fact that is impressed upon the visitor very soon after his arrival. But, to see the fisheries in their full extent, he must go down to the water. In the season, the fish neighbourhood is a busy and loud-smelling place. I take great interest in such matters. We always are the most concerned about that which we understand the least. Besides, I like to see fish caught in quantities,—a pleasure I was denied when I was a fisherman; and, again, I am interested in knowing how enormous quantities of fish are handled without smothering the neighbours. When I was a boy I was passionately fond of fishing, and have frequently sat for hours at a time on a damp bank waiting for a bite. About sundown I could be seen approaching home with a very depressed and sick-looking fish on the end of two yards of string.

I rarely had more than one fish; but I managed to become so imbued with the odour of that single fish as to give the impression that I had caught a ton of them. My parents could never look upon this phenomenon as being other than a malicious deception on my part; and a little brother, with a better nose than heart, used to declare, that if he had to sleep with me, he would run away, and be a corsair.

A good corsair gets about ten dollars a day and his board, I understand.

It was not a pleasant undertaking, working my way down to the fish district of Aberdeen. The street along the river was broken in pavement, narrow in walk, and pretty thickly populated with a tarry-flavoured people. On getting across the stream to a neck of land where the fishermen were located, I found the mud about three inches deep, and the smell about four feet square. Various sheds and pens covered the place, with here and there an opening for the barrels in which the fish were packed. I found a man in the midst of several hundred barrels, busily engaged in branding them. Although he had many irons in the fire, yet he found time to converse with me.

The fish which Aberdeen chiefly deals in are herrings. The present season's catch has been a good one; and the brander of the barrels was, in consequence, disposed to be friendly and sociable. I had the impression that the boatmen were doing business on their own account; but it appears that several men own and equip the boats, and hire the brawny, tarry individuals to play on the credulity of the herring. When brought face to face with the fresh herring, I was very much surprised to find that he differs astonishingly from the boxed herring. I can't say that civilization has done much for herrings, or mackerel or codfish. It has preserved their good qualities at the sacrifice of their personal appearance. Anybody who has looked a salt mackerel square in the eye will bear me out in this view.

The brander of barrels had about him some dozen or so of women, who were adding brine to the barrels. The inspector had just been there examining, and put his mark on the barrels of fish. He had found every barrel to be in good condition, and this also tended to lift up the spirits of my friend. He had thirty boats of his own; and the most of them had got in the day before, and unloaded their cargoes. He took me to a large pen, where twenty women were opening the fish, taking out their mainsprings, and preparing them for the brine. The fish were brought to them in large, square baskets, and, after being attended to, were thrown into a box.

Each woman stood before a board, and held in her right hand a knife; with her left hand she picked up a herring, inserted the point of the knife into its stomach, drew out something which she flung aside, and threw the fish into the box before her. I hardly want to say that she opened and disposed of a fish in less than a second, and to say that there was a fish in the air all the while would be a gross injustice to her acquirements. There was an unbroken procession of them, leading from the right hand to the box. There was no slip of the knife, no picking up a fish wrong end first, no interruption at all. I was charmed beyond expression, and stood rooted to the spot, drinking in the wonderful beauty of the scene, and holding my nose. The fish I used to carry home on the end of two yards of string was generally about two inches and a half long. The reflection that weighed heavily upon me all the way home was the fact that that fish had to be cleaned before I could dispose of it, and that I had to clean it. This finally inspired me with a dislike to my prey, and led me to wonder why fish were provided with insides and scales. On reaching home, and disposing of a cold supper, I hunted up a clean board, got the largest knife to be found in the house, and began the task in the kitchen by the light of a kerosene-lamp. First I went to work at the scales, holding on to the tail until that gave out, and then catching hold of the body until the tension caused the fish to burst open and spill over me. Sometimes the fish would slip into the sink, but more frequently on the floor. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour I had removed some fifteen scales, ten of which were up my sleeve, and the others on my nose, being transferred from my hand to that feature while engaged in rubbing my eye, which invariably itches on such an occasion. About this time my mother would make her appearance, and just in time to see the kerosene-lamp narrowly escape going over on the floor. With the help of a pair of tongs I was induced to transfer my operations to the back yard, and continue them in the starlight. Here I would struggle with that contrary and exasperating fish for a full hour, at the end of which time I had screwed off its head and wrenched away its tail, and made its body look something like Lazarus' shirt. The next morning, an hour would be lost in prevailing upon the hired girl to smuggle my fish into the frying-pan; and it eventually came to the table an inch long, and looking so insignificant, that my father quite frequently took it down by accident, and didn't find out the error until the spare scales got in his windpipe, and threatened to strangle him.

No wonder I was charmed with the speed with which these women dressed these herrings; although it made me sad to feel that the herrings were not alive; and consequently could not realize and appreciate the artistic way in which they were being handled.

They received twenty-five cents for cleaning and packing away a cran (barrel) of these fish. Each cran contains from eight hundred to twelve hundred fish, according to their size; and, when I tell you that each of those women earned five dollars a day, you can form an idea of how swiftly they worked.

If I could be sure of cleaning as many fish as I could eat, and do nothing else, I should feel satisfied.

Have you made a note of these wages? I have occasionally spoken to these people of our hat-makers, and told them that there are men in Danbury who earned ten dollars a day, and women who earned four dollars a day. The last has surprised them more than the first. An Aberdeen merchant (a draper) thought women who could earn such wages must be of great value to his business. But here are women in his own town who earn more money. But his trade has not profited in proportion. The fish-cleaners of Aberdeen dress in the coarse garments of their fellow-labourers on farms, and appear to have no soul above their employment, and chaffing the great hulks of fellows who go down to the sea in ships.

If four dollars a day earned by an American woman is so startling a statement that these old-country people must ask for time to credit it, what are we to think of the Aberdeen fish-cleaner's wages?

The five dollars which they make in a day is in gold; and, making due allowance for the difference in the cost of living in the two countries, it would be fully equal to double that money in the States. If any one knows of a branch of business in America which pays the female operatives ten dollars a day, I hope he will not neglect to speak of it.

Speaking of the difference between the two countries in cost of living, I cannot forbear just to call attention to a peculiar feature. The cheapness of living in this country depends entirely on your nationality. One day last summer I was talking with an English shoemaker on the subject of prices. He showed me his goods, and expatiated at great length on their superiority to American goods, and their wonderful cheapness as compared with trans-Atlantic prices. When I told him that I paid eight dollars for the making of the shoes I wore, he appeared very much distressed. He did not think they were worth more than three dollars. I

pondered over this matter for a week, and then gave him my measure for a pair. He finished them and sent in the bill—*five dollars and a half*—which would go just as far with him as ten dollars would with a piratical American shoemaker. But I didn't mind the price—although it nearly knocked me over—because I knew they would wear me several years. Two months later I was obliged to have them soled. The shoes made by the swindling American went six months without repairs.

An American lady who had shocked some English ladies by the extraordinary statement that she had paid ten dollars for the making of a plain silk dress at home was subsequently able to revive them somewhat by paying an English seamstress six dollars in gold for manufacturing an over-skirt.

These and a few other incidents which have come under my notice lead me to the solemn conclusion that it is a glorious thing to be an American, if you don't look too much like an American when abroad.

We bade good-bye, to the Highland region at Aberdeen. And I take this opportunity to mention a growing evil. I have commented upon the absence of forests and the abundance of heather covering the mountain and hill ranges. A good part of this land, apparently going to waste, was once cultivated. It is now a cover for game, such as rabbits, hares, partridges, and the like; and that portion of it not owned by noblemen fond of sporting is owned by those gentry who are not, and they throw it open to the public at so much per head the season. Over this hunt a class who have no land of their own, and another class, also game-landless, but who do not hunt for the pleasure of it, but for its profit. They are objects of dislike to the residents. They shoot everything they come to and can hit, and sell it. Hunting has thus become an indiscriminate slaughter as a sacrifice to Mammon; and the landowners find the business so profitable, that they devote more and more land to the purpose every year, and the farms are becoming less and less in arrearage.

You would hardly believe it, but the enmity which once raged so strongly between the Highland and Lowland people is still cherished by many of the former. There were people about sequestered Tomintoul, where I witnessed the games, who have a strong feeling against Lowland people. When a Lowlander is about they hide their oatmeal cake, and are unhappy.

Dundee is somewhat larger than Aberdeen, but is not so handsome. But it has many fine public buildings. Its principal manu-

facture is jute, great quantities of which are shipped to America; in fact, Dundee is largely indebted to the States for its prosperity. It will be remembered, that during the terrible war in our country, when the horizon was darkened with clouds of distress, the American ladies came nobly forward, and wore jute almost entirely as back hair.

There is an opportunity here to say something about Scotch newspapers, as Dundee presents a phenomenon in this business. "The Dundee Advertiser" is a daily, with a weekly edition. It also publishes two weekly papers of a literary turn. One of these has a circulation of sixty thousand, and the other of a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. Frankness compels me to say that the literary paper published by "The Advertiser," which has the circulation of a hundred and twenty-five thousand ("The People's Journal"), would not have a circulation of five thousand in our country. It is simply a four page paper, and has only one or two serials, with no illustrations; but it has got a hold on the people of Scotland, and its enormous circulation is steadily increasing. Dundee has a hundred and ten thousand population, and has only two daily papers. Aberdeen has a population of nearly a hundred thousand, and has only one daily paper. Places in Scotland of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants have no daily papers.

The Scotch papers look more like American papers than any others in the British kingdom. They have display advertisements, and will not turn their backs on head lines. Speaking of our late war and Scotch newspapers reminds me of an incident. When our war broke out, there was a flourishing daily paper in Edinburgh. Its editor was a strong anti-slavery man, and took strong ground in favour of the Union. He used his paper to strengthen the North, and did valiant battle for its cause; but they would not sustain him. All the other Edinburgh papers predicted the success of the South, and were backed up by liberal patronage. Our friend's paper lost ground every day. Subscribers deserted him, and advertisers withdrew their favours. Finally it became apparent that the North would win, and the other Edinburgh papers trimmed their sails accordingly. "Now," thought our friend, "the people will see and applaud my foresight." But they did not. A man who predicts contrary to the masses should take care that his prognostications are not verified. The masses don't like to be mistaken: it is a sort of reflection upon their well-known wisdom. Our friend was obliged to give up his business: it was closed under the hammer, and he is now engaged in another business.

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I saw an Englishman the other day who is now a clerk. He had a good lumber business when the war of the Rebellion broke out; but he took the side of the North, and it was his ruin.

This is a solemn warning to us all.

CHAPTER XLI.

A SAMPLE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

We reached Stirling on a Saturday evening. It had been the market day; and although the business which had called the masses together was transacted, still the people lingered; and the narrow main street was crowded from the centre of the pavement to the buildings, with here and there an inebriated but not ill-natured soldier to enliven the scene. The markets and fruit-stalls, and bars and cigar-shops, were in a blaze of light. This was Baker Street. It ran up the hill to the Castle. Its buildings were narrow, three and four stories high; and some of them were in need of repairs two hundred years ago.

In the matter of historical interest I will back Stirling against any place of its size in the United Kingdom. It was once the court of Scotland, and once witnessed the consummation of the most awful revenge on record.

Four hundred and sixty odd years ago a king of Scotland had two sons, and both of the boys had an uncle. In those degenerate times, nothing corrupted a man so much as being an uncle. But that was many years ago, and now an uncle is considered to be about as respectable as anybody. As a matter of course, this uncle aspired to his brother's throne; and to do this, without committing himself, he murdered the oldest son, and caused the second son to be captured and imprisoned by the King of England. Scotland was not then strong enough to make England give up its prey, and no attempt was made to recover the young prince. The old gentleman died of a broken heart. The uncle took possession of the government. He was the Duke of Albany, and a healthy mess he made of affairs during his regency. The more powerful noblemen oppressed and robbed the middle classes; and the Duke, who dare not oppose them for fear of losing his regency, grinned and submitted. He couldn't curb them: he wasn't their uncle. The King of England gave the Scotch prince a good education, and plenty of pocket-money; and the young man studied hard. He was a fine young fellow; but he would write poetry. He allowed his hair to grow down

his back, omitted to clean his nails, and stole all the candles he could lay his hands on to write poetry by. Every issue of "The Literary Repository" contained from twelve to twenty-seven verses from his prolific pen. In the few years he was at Windsor he furnished for publication no less than two hundred "Odes to Spring," with a large assortment of "Lines to J." This letter stood for Jane, the name of a lady of the Rufort family,—a very beautiful girl, with whom he sensibly fell in love. There is no record of the amount of his other work. One of his best pieces was "Christ's Kirk on the Green." He was also the author of "Wilhe, we have missed you," "Beautiful Snow," and "Over the Hill to the Poor-House."

He married Jane. This event had such a marked influence upon his poetry, that, as a matter of self-defence, the publishers of the several literary weeklies met at Exeter Hall, and drew up a petition to the king to send the young man back to Scotland. His uncle was dead, and was succeeded by his cousin. The cousin was displaced by the English; and young James, with his English bride, assumed the reins of government. He had been with the English nineteen years; and the bill they brought in for his board, lodging, lights, and clothing, was two million dollars. So, after all, living was not much cheaper in England than it is now.

He found Scotland in the hands of the oppressive and murderous barons, and the Highlands swarming with brigands of various types. Business was unsettled, and farms were lying waste. The young man, having seen in some American newspaper (where it occasionally appears to this day) the statement that the "pen is mightier than the sword," carefully veiled his intentions from his noblemen. He issued a proclamation, calling a Parliament at Perth (a nice sandwich can be bought for twopence at the railway restaurant in Perth), in which the powerful rascals assembled. He let them vent their oratory, and appropriate the Government stationery for a whole week; then he marched a body of armed men upon them, and made twenty-six of the most powerful and unprincipled of them his prisoners.

Among the prisoners was the Duke of Albany, son of the crafty uncle, his two sons, and his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox. Against this family the king had a long and bitter account to settle; and he settled it. Near Castle Hill, and within ten minutes' walk of my hotel, is a crag called Heading Hill. There he settled the account, and took a receipt in full from the blood of the four men. Some people think he had no

right to kill these four men ; but they seem to forget that he was a poet, and a poet's license covers about everything.

Well, he put down disorder, and hung or beheaded the disorderly ; and he very soon had a country worth living in. Business revived, fields blossomed, and tourists returned ; but the family of Albany nursed their wrongs.

Thirteen years later he came to Perth again, he and his family, to spend Christmas. The festivities were over. He stood before a fire in his dressing-gown and slippers, commenting, with his wife and her lady friends, on the enjoyment of the day and evening. Suddenly a body of armed men made a descent on the place. He fled into a vault to save himself from what he well knew to expect ; but he was cornered, and in a few minutes stabbed almost beyond recognition.

Two noblemen (brothers) named Hall, and a nobleman named Graham, were the assassins. Within two months they were apprehended ; and the wife of the murdered king, transformed into a demon by her loss, took her revenge. The Halls were taken to Edinburgh, stripped naked, tied to crosses which were set up in carts, and driven through the streets to the place of execution. The executioner stood behind them, and picked off bits of their flesh with pincers, until the blood ran in unbroken rivulets down their legs. At the scaffold their heads were hewed off with a dull axe.

Wasn't that awful ? But, brutal as it was, it was a promenade concert alongside of the agony dealt out to Graham, the man who first plunged his sword into the body of James. He was tortured here in this quaint, quiet city. Here are two boys, at this very moment, fighting for the possession of the stump of a cigar in the middle of the very street where he endured the great suffering. There are gay shouts and light laughter floating down this avenue every day ; but it must have seemed, to the people who cowered before that spectacle four hundred years ago, that never again would the voice of pleasure sound between its walls.

They put him in a cart, and fastened him to a post, with the fatal sword driven through his right hand. He was entirely naked. The cart moved up this street ; and, during the frightful march, two hangmen, with red hot pincers, gripped his flesh from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, until he presented a gory mass of pulp, with his blood covering the cart, and dripping, through the crevices to the pavement for the dogs to lap up. With the circuit once made, the false arm was hacked off ;

and again the procession resumed its march. All that human flesh could be made to suffer he had undergone. But he was to receive another blow, and this upon his heart. At the scaffold, his only son was disembowelled alive before his eyes.

That is the little revenge I called your attention to at the opening of this letter.

Those were the good old times, you know, before modern politics had corrupted and prostituted people. Everybody had what they earned then ; and people were not carried away by vanity, and taken into captivity by trivialities.

Stirling Castle, like its co-famous Edinburgh fellow, is at the point of a crag. The castle is fortified, like that at Edinburgh ; has its moat, portcullis, &c. ; and consists of a number of buildings of various styles of architecture.

James the First dwelt here ; and they show the window out of which his son, James the Second, threw the body of one of the Douglasses whom he slew when engaged in a heated discussion. They were a wonderfully sociable people in those days.

Castle Rock in Stirling has been made more of in the way of comfort than Castle Rock in Edinburgh. Its front side has been terraced into beautiful walks amply shaded, and it is a favourite resort with the town people on pleasant Sundays. It also differs from its Edinburgh fellow in that it is comparatively isolated, rising out of a plain, and conspicuous for miles around. From its buildings can be obtained one of the finest landscapes I ever saw. The River Forth flows through the plain, and its links shimmer up in the rays of the sun like the curling of an enormous snake. For miles toward Edinburgh the view is unobstructed. Meadows and grain fields, turnpikes, forests, villages, and castles, dot the plain, with here and there moving shadows from the fleecy clouds above. In point of location, Stirling is to be envied. That it is also appreciated is evident from the swarm of visitors which comes down upon it every season.

One of those double churches so common in Scotland is to be found in Stirling, close to the castle. It is called the High Church, and is about four hundred years old. When I went up to its door, I found the old lady who takes care of it bowing out two American ladies. They were jockeys on their middle-aged heads, and large noses on their hard-drawn faces. They were probably crusaders.

I shall never forget the smile the old lady fetched me when she saw me bearing down upon her. It gushed over her face, and

fairly lighted up her sick. I saw money about

She showed then took the way, past. The endowd the welfare they are t coat of arms say that r the four communica referred to sold anything pence. A population volences. party nam self severa of breeche benevolen "Forget this man o than the s now, that

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fairly lighted up her hair. But it made me sick. I was afraid I had not sufficient money about me to satisfy her.

She showed me over the churches, and then took me to a quaint old building across the way, where were stored relics of the dim past. The building is a hospital, which was endowed by an old buffer named Cowane for the welfare of decayed merchants: not when they are too much decayed, however. The coat of arms is the figure 4. The guide books say that represents that Stirling was one of the four royal burghs; but the old lady communicated to me in a whisper that it referred to the fact that Mr. Cowane never sold anything at a less profit than a fourpence. Although of only fifteen thousand population, Stirling has four of these benevolences. One of them is called after a party named Spittal, who distinguished himself several centuries ago in the manufacture of breeches. A tablet commemorating his benevolence closes in this concise manner: "Forget not, reader, that the scissors of this man do more honour to human nature than the swords of conquerors." I am sorry, now, that I left my scissors at home.

In addition to the old graveyard is a fine cemetery, with walks, grottoes, lookout, and a drinking fountain. It has the tombs of several martyrs. The most conspicuous monument, and really a beautiful piece of sculpture, is to the "Virgin Martyrs." The inscription reads, "MARGARET, virgin martyr of the ocean wave, with her like-minded sister Agnes."

In May, 1685, Margaret Wilson aged eighteen years, Agnes her sister, aged fourteen years (daughters of a small farmer), and Margaret MacLachlan, an old woman, were tied to stakes at low water in the bay of Wigton, with a view to drowning them for holding to the opinions of the Covenanters.

Owing to the extreme youthfulness of Agnes, and one hundred pounds which her agonized father scraped together, the hearts of the saints who were engaged in the murder were touched, and she was released. The two Margarets were drowned, crying out to a pitying Jesus to have mercy upon them.

Those good old times are gone by now. There is no assembling in caves and damp forests to serve God. Peace, security, and prosperity cover the land. Everybody worships his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience; and every town has an abundance of schools, and one or two cannon from Sebastopol.

On the wall of the old church is a list of the rates for interment; and I, herewith reproduce a few of them:—

For a hearse with four horses (including grave digging),	\$7.50
For a hearse with two horses (including grave digging),	4.50
On shoulders (including grave digging),	6.52
On spoked (under twelve years),	1.25
On spoked (above),	2.00
Child in arms	1.25
Ushers, each	.25
Bag for bone	.25

In Stirling are the traces of the walls of what is called Cambuskenneth Abbey. There are the tower and the lines of the foundations. It must have been an extensive building, or rather collection of buildings. The abbey was built some seven hundred years ago. If I remember correctly, there are three floors to the tower. Each one of them contains relics of mouldings, cornices, pedestals, &c., gathered from the ruins, and preserved, because it doesn't cost anything to do it. A woman with about twenty-seven children living in a long, low cottage near by, has charge of the place. She had just finished showing a party of Americans over the tower, and, having to attend to household duties, left me in charge of one of the boys.

The ground floor of the tower was very well filled with these bits of ornamental stonework; and, besides these, there was an upturned dry goods box, on which were arranged several bottles of soda water, lemonade, and ginger beer. The boy shouldered the entire responsibility of these wares, lighting and cheering the hours of toil by knocking a bit of stone with a hammer.

On the third floor was a canoe,—a canoe about fifteen feet long. It was cut out of a solid log. A few months ago it was taken from the river bottom near the abbey, and now looked very much crestfallen. It is safe to say that that canoe was built before the age of iron. It was constructed with stone tools. Coals of fire were put on the green log, and, when they expired, they were swept off, and the charred portion was chipped out with stone chisels; and then fresh coals were added, and the same operation gone over, until the hollow was made, and the outside took a conformable shape. No one can tell the days that were devoted to the completion of this task.

Stirling has still another claim on the attention of tourists. It was a gathering place for the Romans when they were here sixteen hundred years ago, and relics of their occupation still remain. Near the field of Bannockburn is a remnant of one of their roads, so it is said; but Sam Weller's coveted eyeglasses would fail to discover it. However, there are the complete outlines of one of their camps at Ardoch, a few miles above Stirling.

I went over there one afternoon and took a good look at it. The outer embankments, with exterior ditches, are singularly perfect, considering the centuries of weather they have endured. Banks, ditches, and plazas are covered with grass, and furnish pasturage to some fifty cows.

I learned that a clergyman some two miles off took considerable interest in these matters, and I footed it over to his house to get the particulars of the encampment. When I knocked at the door, a sour-looking woman made her appearance, holding the door: so it would have been utterly impossible for me to have entered, unless I had been shot out of a columbiad.

"Is the rector at home?" I inquired with a hopeful smile.

"Yes," short, sharp, and decisive, as if I were directly responsible for his being in.

"Can I see him?" I asked, with the same smile cut down fully one-half.

"He is engaged."

"I have been visiting the Roman encampment; and, learning that he was in possession of information regarding it, I came over to have a few minutes' conversation with him."

This was a frank and noble exposition of my errand, and deserved some encouragement. But she never said a word: she merely moved the door six inches nearer to. I felt the smile pining away.

"Will he be disengaged soon?" I gasped.

"No."

I turned to go, and the door slammed shut.

The Scotch call this independence; but I have turned my back on encampments of the Roman pattern.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TERRORS OF A JAUNTING CAR.

A steamer from Greenock, in Scotland, conveyed me to Belfast, where I first struck Ireland. Going over there showed up the inconvenience of the baggage-system here. When I got to the station in Glasgow, the porter asked my destination. He then put a Belfast label on the trunk, and shipped it by first train to Greenock; but I was not going until a later (express) train. When I came to start, I could not find my trunk. I had my ticket and a couple of sandwiches, but no trunk. I never made time go so far as I did the next five minutes; but the only comfort I could secure was, that the trunk had probably gone on an earlier train, and was now lying in the station at Greenock, a temptation to some dishonest man. I hurried down to Greenock as soon as the train would

permit, and, after a search, heard of a strange and unclaimed trunk lying on the steamer's pier. That was my trunk, and I got it.

We reached Belfast at daylight the next morning.

We got into a 'bus, and rolled away to the hotel. It was too early for business, and we passed but several drays and one cart. The drays set low down between the wheels, and the cart was drawn by a bald-headed donkey. There were three of the famous jaunting-cars at the pier; but of them anon. After breakfast I took a stroll. It was about half past seven; but the streets were quiet. Whenever I met a dray, I found it setting down between the wheels in a very despondent sort of fashion; and every cart was drawn by a bald-headed donkey. Belfast is about eight hours' sail from Greenock, and several boats run between the two places. In such a case you would imagine that the two places might amalgamate their peculiar characteristics. But it is not so. Belfast is just as different from Greenock as though they were twenty thousand miles apart. The drays are different; the horses are different, being smaller.

Greenock has hacks, and Belfast deals mostly in jaunting cars.

But Belfast is a wonderfully busy place. It is the head centre of linen manufacture, and thousands of its people are employed in its factories. All about it are evidences of thrift; and in the outskirts are pretty drives, fine villas, and an industrious and well-to-do farming community. The agriculture of Belfast consists, however, of grazing, as there are few roots and little grain raised. Belfast consumes an abundance of milk. In fact, all through Ireland there is a proneness to run to grass. It requires less capital than other farming, and, for that reason, is the general choice.

It doesn't seem at all probable; but these people who go to make up Great Britain, even vary in their table. The English believe in stale, solid bread; the Scotch hang their hopes on shortcake; and the Irish are simply content with light, white, fresh bread. This is at the hotels in the several countries. At the breakfast in Belfast I was genuinely shocked to see a plate of steaming potatoes coming on to the table in their jackets. They were bursting open; and their floury contents were flaking off, and rolling outside their brown coats. From that day forth, in Ireland, we found potatoes cooked in their jackets,—the only human way of boiling the delicious bivalves.

Belfast is not only a prosperous city, but is going to be a handsome city. Its

villas are handsome grounds. spire to the most graceful kind in the land and Presb. built of ing fronts motion of istry, a Belfast is. It can be claimed for its neighbor. Here a years of thousand

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Dublin....
Galway....
Kilkenny..
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London...
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villas are numerous, are architecturally handsome, and are surrounded by tasteful grounds. It has several fine churches, the spire to the Congregational church being the most graceful and ornamental work of the kind in the kingdom. Both the Methodists and Presbyterians have enormous colleges, built of bright red brick, with imposing fronts and ample grounds. In the promotion of education, the development of industry, and the conservatism of pleasure, Belfast is an enviable city.

It can be said of Belfast, what cannot be claimed for any other city in Ireland, except its neighbour Londonderry, it is growing.

Here are the changes in the past thirty years of places with not less than fifteen thousand population in 1841:—

	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.
Belfast.....	76,441	100,945	121,602	171,394
Cork.....	82,748	87,758	80,121	78,642
Dublin.....	254,808	246,326
Galway.....	17,638	24,192	16,967	13,184
Kilkenny.....	19,337	12,710
Limerick.....	49,205	53,782	44,476	39,353
Londonderry.....	15,196	25,242
Drogheda.....	16,324	13,510
Waterford.....	23,506	23,340

Londonderry has increased two-thirds in the past thirty years; and in the same time Belfast has more than doubled its population, with a young city as a surplus. Both places are in the north of Ireland.

I took considerable notice of the jaunting-cars. I found them on every street, on the corners, and in front of the hotels; I also saw them in motion, going by at a lively pace, and tearing around the corners with the greatest ease. The more I looked at them, the more anxious I became to get on one. I am not content to stand off and admire an object: I must get up to it, and go to feeling around it.

A jaunting-car sets well up two wheels. It has a seat at each side, operated by hinges, so as to drop down for use, or close up when not needed, like the folding steps to a stage-coach. Both seats drop over the wheels. This is an excellent idea, as in the case of a collision with another team, or running too close to a post, the wheel of the vehicle is protected from injury, and only the passenger's legs are broken.

Each car accommodates four passengers, sitting back to back; and the platform between their backs is used for any little luggage they may have. At the front the driver has a seat for himself when full, but on other occasions he sits on one of the side seats.

I loitered about one of these vehicles for a half-hour, and then, plucking up sufficient courage, got on board for a ride. The driver

asked me where I wanted to go; but I had no choice. In fact, the seat tipped down so far when I got on it, and I appeared to be in such imminent danger of sliding off on my face, that it did not seem right, in the presence of the danger, to be dictatorial; so he went where he wanted to. We flew through street after street, and I never before was so shaken up. We dashed by teams in such close proximity to them, that I felt my breath leaving me, and went around corners with such swiftness as to cause my knees to involuntarily fly up to my shoulders.

Pretty soon we got into the country, and he began to talk about the objects we passed. But I am tired of scenery, I have seen so much of it; and so, while he talked, I dug my toes into the foot-rest, pulled my hat over my eyes and ears to keep it on my head, clinched my teeth together, and clung to the seat with all the desperation of a drowning man clutching a plank. I appeared to be the most seriously affected in the pit of my stomach.

He seemed to be pretty well posted about the country, and the circumstances of the people whose places we passed. I enjoyed his conversation very much, and felt every moment that I was being improved mentally, even if I were incurring irretrievable injury physically.

When we got back to the hotel, and I had got down and pried my jaws apart, I made my first remark. I said, "Here is your money, you infernal scoundrel!"

Then I sent out and bought a truss, and put it on; and in a few days I could get around quite comfortably with the help of a cane.

The handsomest grocery I ever saw, or ever expect to see, is in Belfast. I have never mentioned it, but it is a fact, that these oppressed and down-trodden British people do have handsome groceries. The finer ones are called Italian warehouses, from the fact that they deal in macaroni, fruits, &c., from that sunny clime.

They do not sell flour, or salt meats, or fish, or vegetables. Their stores are high, have plate-glass fronts, and are very tastefully dressed. The grocery in Belfast is owned by a Quaker named Foster Green. It has a grand front on two streets. The goods are arranged with the best effect. The ornamental wood-work is of black walnut traced with gold. The floor would answer for a ball-room. Innumerable gas-jets flood the place with light, and gorgeous mirrors double the brilliancy.

And he is a Quaker. Just think of it!

Sixty clerks are employed in this establishment, mostly young men, and neatly dressed,

You could shake hands with any one of them, and not smell for two hours after like a mackerel. He boards and lodges all of them. Their dining-room through the day becomes their sitting-room in the evening. And he not only gets the work out of them for his money, but he also keeps a careful eye on their personal interests. Belfast young men who incline to a mercantile life have a proper anxiety to get in his employ.

People go from Belfast to visit the Giant's Causeway. It is on the north coast, and about eight miles from the nearest railway-station, which is Port Rush; and Port Rush is some sixty miles from Belfast. The railway runs through a fine grazing country. The farmhouses are not lofty structures, and hardly compare with those in England; but they are generally neat. A peculiarity of the scenery is enormous gate-posts. They are built of mason-work, are from two to three feet in diameter, have a conical top, and are whitewashed. When there is a break in the hedge or stone wall for a gateway, two of the posts appear. We could see men at work digging potatoes or peat, and also women in the fields. Farm labourers in Ireland get from tenpence to one shilling a day, and their meat and rent. In the busy time of harvest they are paid higher wages. A large number of farm-labourers go over to England every harvest, as they can get so much better wages there as to pay for the trip. They run over from Dublin on the steamer. They occupy the forward-deck; and each one carries a bundle done up in a handkerchief, and carried by a stick over the shoulder. An English friend asked me, on one of these occasions, if I ever wondered what were the contents of those bundles. He said that, in years of observation, he had not detected one of the bundles differing so much as the sixteenth of an inch in size from its fellows; and he had never seen one of them opened. The harvesters have plenty of whiskey with them, which they first drink; then they dance and whoop; and after that they lie down on the deck, and press their hands across their stomachs, and—gape. It is a very rough sea between Dublin and Holyhead.

The country from Belfast, until we draw near to Port Rush, is an almost unbroken mass of verdure, and is pleasantly diversified with hill, valley, and plain. I had heard Ireland denominated "the gem of the sea," and I began to think it was not an exaggeration.

But we will not anticipate.

The next morning I got a team, and rode to the Giant's Causeway. The road skirted the coast for a greater part of the way, giving

us a grand view of the sea, and a peep at the grotesque and wonderful formations made in the solid rock by the dash of the surf. On a bold headland the driver pointed out a series of crumbling walls as the ruins of Dunluce Castle. No sane man in this age would think of making his residence on that cold and exposed and dreary spot, where, whenever anything rolled out of the window, it would be irretrievably lost, unless he very much despised cats. But the Dunluces lived in that good old time when the highest aspiration of people was to make cold mutton of their neighbours. Had the man who established pistol-pockets in breeches lived at that period, he could have bought up any congressional district in America.

Just beyond the castle we verged off from the coast, and pretty soon struck into a straggling village. There was nothing particular about this place, except that in front of nearly every door was a column block of darkish stone, in octagonal, hexagonal, and other agonal shapes. The driver mentioned that they came from the Giant's Causeway.

We left the village, and ascended a road with a high bank, with fields on one side, and a high wall with a forest on the other. Trees united their branches over our heads, making a refreshing shade. The driver spoke of the owner of the property which the wall enclosed. He had an income of three hundred thousand dollars a year, and only one child to leave it to. He had a deer park, and acres of heather full of rabbits (of which we could see an abundance), and beautiful groves and fair fields; but he was not satisfied, and preferred staying in London for four-fifths of his time, hanging around the Alhambra, and Spiers and Pond's, I suppose, although the driver did not say so.

When part way up the avenue, and I was about to call attention to the quiet beauty of the scene, a man with one leg suddenly appeared at the side of the carriage, and exclaimed,—

"Please sir, help a poor man who has lost his limbs, and can't find work to earn his bread."

Then he said,—

"Please, sir, help a poor man who has lost his limbs, and can't find work to earn his bread."

And further observed,—

"Please, sir, help a poor man who has lost his limbs, and can't find work to earn his bread."

We didn't give him any money; but we looked at him with tender sympathy. We had no sooner got rid of him than four boys appeared, two on each side of the carriage.

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Each had a package of views in his hand, and guile in his eye. They all said,—

"Please buy twenty-five views of the Causeway for one shilling. Only one shilling, sir. None better, sir. Only one shilling, sir. Twenty-five for a shilling, sir. All of the Causeway, sir."

"That will do now," said Major A., one of our party. "I will take some of those pictures; that is what I came for. I don't care to see the Causeway: I only came to get the pictures. Just tell me now, are those views lithogrims?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted the boys in chorus.

"Ah, now, that is too bad!" said the Major, with considerable feeling. "I wanted angloprismatics. I shall never buy a lithogrim as long as I have my reason.—Go on, driver."

And the carriage rolled on, leaving the four boys staring distrustfully at each other.

I shall not attempt to give a description of the Giant's Causeway. Both you and I have seen it pictured in our geographies when we were children, and have read everybody's sensations and views of it, from Jones to Jenkins.

The Causeway itself consists, briefly speaking, of column blocks of dusky stone. They slope away into the sea like a bank of rock. They vary in diameter from five to fifteen inches, and vary fully as much in sides, although the greater number are either five, six, or seven sided. But, whatever the number of sides each piece may contain, they are all joined together with a nicety of joint that no cabinet-maker can hope to surpass. The surface is uneven, and, after a rain, rather difficult to traverse, unless a man is a giant, and used to it. In the Causeway the columns are, of course, perpendicular; but in the banks they are both perpendicular and horizontal. At one place they are stacked in the air, like chimneys; at another they stand in the steep sides of the cliff, like the reeds to an organ. Thus we have the Giant's Causeway, the Giant's Chimneys, the Giant's Organ, &c. The columns which form the Causeway are in sections, varying in length, and fitted together by convex and concave surfaces. On the outskirts these sections are easily dislodged, which accounts for the pieces in front of the houses at Bushmills.

The visitor is aware, before he reaches the Causeway and its adjuncts, that they consist of basaltic rock, and that science has decided that they were formed by fusion under heat, and cracked, in cooling, into the singularly regular shapes we see. (I sometimes think that scientific men were formed by fusion under heat, and have subsequently cooled.) When you get there, you find that there are

people about you who have lived in the neighbourhood all their days, and who are as confident as that they live that giants really built this Causeway from Ireland to Scotland. A singular formation is visible on the island of Staffa, on the Scotch coast, where it slopes into the sea toward the Irish side. How far either point extends under the water, and whether they really meet, and form a continuous pathway between the two countries, under the sea, no one knows. No one, as far as I can learn, has cared to investigate; although, with the improved diving apparatus now in vogue, it could be easily ascertained.

Tradition varies as to the cause which led to the building of this footway; but it unites in attributing it to the enterprise of giants. One explanation is to the effect that it was built by a company (limited?) of Irish gentry, that a famous Scotch giant might come over and prove that he was as good a man as he claimed to be. Of course he was whipped, as all the courage and skill was then, as now, strictly confined to Ireland. Another solution is in the shape of a famous Irish giant falling in love with the daughter of a Scotch leviathan, through an advertisement which she inserted in "The Waverley Magazine;" and this roadway was built to bring her over to the Emerald Isle. Her husband thought she was motherless; but, on discovering that she was not, he caused the rocky bed to sink into the sea. This last seems so sensible and human-like, that it has become a favourite with me; and, while I should hesitate to throw any disrespect upon science, still I must hold to this tradition.

And now to explain how the Major and I saw the sights. As the road ascended the cliffs which form the background to the sea at this point, we saw a hotel at the left, and a half-dozen men standing at the entrance to the hotel grounds, who, the driver intimated, were guides.

The sight made me shiver. I have encountered so many of these dreadful people, that I have come to have an uncontrollable dislike of them. It is immaterial how established is their fee, or if they are not to be fee'd at all; they are simply leeches, who expect two dollars for ten cents' worth of information. Every lineament of their features, every wrinkle in their clothes, every hair in their heads, is gasping for money. Travelers are their legitimate prey; and, while they would not take a cent from a neighbour because of the law, both conscience and court acquit them of wrong impulses in depredations on unprotected strangers who are so unfortunate as to be natives of a free and glorious republic.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DOING THE CAUSEWAY, AND MCDOOLEY.

A Belfast friend warned me against these guides, and assured me that I could see as much, and to better advantage, without them; and so I determined to eschew their society. But when one of them bustled up to the carriage, and fastened his cold grey eyes gravely and seriously upon my countenance, I felt such a sensation of humiliation and reproach, that it seemed as if I could never wipe out with an age of tears the wrong I had done him. He was a small man, with large hands and feet; and the back of his hands and his face were mottled with brown spots. His nose turned up so sharp as to be uncomfortable to look at; and his hair was cut straight around his head. Solomon in his prime was a decided idiot alongside of this man.

But the Major was not affected as I was. Years of sight-seeing and connection with these people had given him a heart of lignumvitæ, and a countenance which no combination of circumstances could apparently move. Nature had designed him for a traveller, and she could risk her reputation on him at any time.

The guide came up to the carriage with a volume in his hand.

"Hallo, De Aubrey!" shouted the Major with cordiality, "I am glad to see you, and looking so well too!" And then, not noticing the look of surprise on the man's face, but glancing down at his book, "At it again, I see. I can tell you, my boy, study is a good thing; but too much of it is good for nothing. I can see how you are wearing away under it. Now, I dare say you are forty feet in the most abstruse mathematics this very moment."

The guide, who had been staring from the Major to me in unconcealed perplexity, managed to gasp,—

"You are under a mistake, sir. I am the guide to the Causeway."

"What's that?" said the Major, putting up his eye-glass, and staring hard at the guide. "Aren't you a De Aubrey of the De Aubreys at Wexford?"

"No, sir. My name is McDooley, an' I'm a guide here. This book"—

"Exactly!" said the Major, restoring his glass in some perplexity. "But your looks much like the De Aubreys!—the same bold profile and towering frame; only your occiput is different. Your occiput is more like—like the Montmorencys' I think." And the Major dropped into a profound study over the fatal mistake of the occiput; while the

owner thereof stood a moment, trying to catch my eye, and, failing, tendered the book to the Major, and began,—

"I would like to call your attention, sir, to the recommendations in this book,—all from people I have had the honour of showing over the wonders of the coast."

The Major took the book, turned on his eye-glass again, and, commencing on the first page, was in a moment lost in a perusal of its exciting contents. For full ten minutes he continued submerged in the volume, reading page after page with burning interest, while the guide stood on the ground and fidgeted about, and the driver turned round on the box, and stared at the unconscious reader with all his might.

At the end of ten minutes Mr. McDooley could stand it no longer.

"Would you, sir, allow me to show you a few of the leading recommends?" he finally inquired.

"No, thank you," drawled the Major: "I will come to them, I dare say, if I keep on."

"I know, sir," persisted the guide: "but the tide is coming in, sir; and, if you want to see the rocks to the best advantage, you will have to hurry, sir."

Upon his the Major returned the book, and signified his willingness to go ahead, on condition that the volume should be left behind again. He said he didn't favour light fictions; but he was forced to confess that he had got deeply interested in Mr. McFugal's work, and was anxious to learn how it would turn out.

At this Mr. McDooley scratched his head, and said, "Yes, sir;" and then stared at the driver, as if he thought that worthy had purposely brought a most incomprehensible fish into his net.

The carriage drew up at a long, low-browed, whitewashed building, where Mr. McDooley invited us to alight, and see the woman who kept the boats.

I may as well mention here, that it is customary for foreigners to take a boat, and view the Causeway and the various formations from the water. But I noticed that the Irish themselves, visitors to the place, do all their sight-seeing on land. The two caves can be entered only from the water; but, beyond being holes in the rocks, they are not remarkable. I could have seen all I did, and with much more comfort, from the land. You might cut this out, and pin it in your hat.

The mistress who occupied the house and owned the boats, was a tall, heavy, big-jointed matron. She wore a quilted skirt with no dress, and was bare-headed,—a cos-

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tume common in this section among the lower classes.

She had a room at one end of her house for a display of photographs, and spar, and bog-oak ornaments; and another room at the other end for the protection of a pony and several hens. There was no fence about the yard, which was littered with debris, and ragged boys, and pipe-smoking men. Mr. McDooley brought her out, and left us to engage the boat. We had to go a few steps to the boat, and, after seeing the caves and other things, were to be left on the Causeway, about a mile distant, and could return to the house by a car which she would despatch for us. She said the boat would be eight shillings (two dollars).

And then we started. Some forty men and boys trooped along with us, either just a little ahead or a little behind us. It made me nervous. I whispered to the Major, "We shall have to see all these people." And he whispered back encouragingly, "It will be much cheaper to shoot them." Then aloud to the guide,—

"What the deuce, Mr. McFoodle, has got into the populace? Do they think we are a torchlight procession?"

"McDooley, sir, is my name," explained the guide. "The boys are just going to the break of the hill to see the boat off, sir."

The hotel and the good woman's house are about the only buildings at the Causeway. One would think, considering the enormous number of visitors, that a village would spring up there, with paved streets, and stores burning two dollars' worth of gas every night. But there is no system, no organization, about the place. The Irish are famous for a number of things, but not for successful organization. The knoll we went over was covered with grass, and down it, to the very little cove where the boats were, it was lumpy earth and grass. There was no path down it, no artificial aids for descending it; and yet thousands of people, old and young, men and women, the strong and the weak, had descended it. Two hundred dollars would have made a very decent path down it. Did you ever hear of such shiftlessness? We wormed our way down slowly and painfully, slipping, sliding, and straining ourselves, and covering our boots and clothes with mud. At the foot we had to leap from boulder to boulder, or climb over the large ones, to reach the boat. Four men were manning it; and it took the four of them to keep it still while he sprang from the rocks into it. Nature has not been improved upon nor interfered with since she took the job in hand. There was not the slightest vestige of a pier. I

am quite sure you never heard of such shiftlessness as that.

After being settled in the boat with the guide and the four rowers, we pushed out through an opening where the huge swells of the sea sought to capsize us, turned sharp to the left, and followed the coast in a direction opposite the Causeway. Ten minutes of rowing brought us to the firr' cave, whose dark abyss we stared into, and then moved away to the other. The next and the largest cave permitted the boat passing in, and to some distance from the mouth; but as the breakers, which were dashing against its mouth, were about seven hundred feet high, I concluded not to run the risk. The rowers had, without doubt, large families depending upon them for support.

The guide was rather anxious for us to make an excursion inside; which the Major, seeing, thoughtfully suggested that he might go in, and we would wait outside with the boat. The guide tried to laugh as if it were a joke; but it was plain to be seen that he eyed the Major with considerable uneasiness. He was pretty well posted in the geological terms used to express ideas in connection with the formations of this neighbourhood; although it did not appear at all probable that he understood the signification of one-sixteenth of the phrases he used. The Major was quick to perceive this, and also the pride the guide felt in airing his knowledge. As we moved along toward the Causeway, the guide held forth on the various strata of rock, and composition of the same.

He said,—

"We have also a layer of sulphur. If you will be so good as to look at the base of the rock at the left of the organ, you will perceive a thin yellow streak. That is a deposit of sulphur. Many opinions have been expressed by the scientific gentlemen that I've taken over this place; but they can't satisfactorily account for its origin. But it is there, an' that's plain enough."

"Do you mean to say that that is a layer of sulphur?" suddenly demanded the Major.

"Why, yes, sir!" gasped the guide.

"Sulphur of majitum, or the carbonated sulphur?" again demanded the Major, with some sternness.

"I—don't—know," said the guide, with evident hesitation. "Some say one, and some say the other."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Mr. McFugle"—

"McDooley," mildly suggested the guide.

"Ah, yes! Well, Mr. McJooley"—

The guide groaned.

"I would like to have you explain how either the sulphur of majitum, or even sul-

phur in the form of carbon, can rest beneath a basaltic formation."

Mr. McDooley rubbed his head, and looked around uneasily.

"Do you mean to say," continued the Major, "that a fibrous rock can contain, for even a year's time, a molecular substance?"

"N—no!" stammered the guide.

"Of course not; and yet you present that absurd proposition to me. Now, Mr. Foodle, just answer me one simple question: What is the percentage of animalcula in a resinous rock, when amalgamated under a temperature of one hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit?"

"I don't—don't remember," stammered the unhappy Mr. McDooley.

"Well, Mr. McJoogle, let me give you a bit of advice," said the Major with some asperity: "When you undertake to escort another professor of psychology over the coast, just scrub up your knowledge of chronology, and don't attempt to impose upon him the absurd ratiocinations of a set of addle-pated lachrymalarians." And the Major wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and looked around upon the amazed crew with offended dignity; while the unfortunate Mr. McDooley sank back abashed, and never again opened his mouth on the subject of geology during the trip.

We had seen the Giant's Chapel and the Giant's Eye, when the boat stopped. One of the men passed me a little shaky box of spar, and another passed a similar one to the Major. It was done with an air suggestive of—

"We have got you out here away from all help, and you either buy these boxes, or go to the bottom."

In some alarm, I was about to inquire the price; when the Major, after a glance at the boxes, and then at the guide, broke in with—

"And what is this? Ballast?"

"No, sir," said the guide humbly: "it is spar, that the men wish to sell you for you to take home."

"Well, Mr. McHooghly, permit me to explain to the crew, through you, that we came here on a pleasure-trip, and not to buy up paving-stones."

The boxes were taken back, and the boat started on, landing us in a few minutes on the Causeway, and so adroitly, that both of us were caught on the legs by an incoming wave.

The guide whispered to me that the boatmen would expect a fee.

"What for?" I asked. "Doesn't the woman who owns the boats pay them?"

"No, sir: they depend on what visitors may give them."

He thought a sixpence or so to each of them would do. One of them came up just then, and the Major handed him three shillings. He ducked his head, and asked for another shilling to make even money.

"Were you ever a corsair?" demanded the Major.

"No, sir," said the man, looking dubiously at him.

"Well," said the major, handing him another shilling, "the next vacancy that occurs, I will recommend you."

We had hardly got on the Causeway when a shadow of a boy assailed us with a handful of photographs. At every turn he kept close to us, grinding out his programme. Finally the Major turned on him:

"Look here, boy: here is a half-crown for you. And now you get off from this Causeway, and out of this country as quick as you can, or I'll look you over; and, if I find a piece of flesh on you, I will stick a knife in it."

The boy clutched the money, and scampered off.

"I am glad he is gone," said the Major with a sigh, "or he'd be falling into some of these crevices and losing his life."

We made a careful survey of the surface of the Causeway; and although the items were similar in feature, yet the whole was very interesting. There was the Giant's Well, where the removal of a section of a column left room for a couple of pailfuls of clear cold water; also the Wishing Seat, where several pillars, projecting above their fellows, made a rude attempt at a chair. The guide said, if we sat there and made a wish, it would be fulfilled inside of a twelvemonth. I took his advice, and wished that I might have a pair of side-whiskers. The Major gave his wish aloud, to the effect that the guide might give his time to the intelligent study of geology; which made Mr. McDooley wince. When we got down from the seat, we found two dowagers peddling a crab and some very shrivelled apples. They were kind-hearted people. One of them was smoking a pipe, and I was smelting a cigar,—a circumstance that made a most favourable impression upon her.

"Arrah!" shouted she, "the gentleman shmokin' a segare, an' the ole woman a pipe! An' that's the way the money goes."

"Pop goes the weasel," gravely suggested the Major.

"An' you're a foine gentilemin!" said the old lady admiringly. "It's the likes of such as you that wouldn't see an' old woman strugglin' for the bread that kapes her body an' soul together, when buyin' a nice foine apple would help her."

"Two pritty gintlemin like thim," added the other dowager with considerable feeling "have money for a good purpis. Sure a foiner crab than this, man," holding it, up tenderly by its left leg, "niver walked the say."

"And the chapeness ov it!" chimed in the apple-merchant sympathetically. "Sure nayther ov thim gintlemin is wantin' in knowledge ov a good article."

"Musha, Mistress Finn," said her companion, who appeared to be a woman of considerable penetration, "a bat at broad noon could see their intilligence, an' how they are min ov the world, an' scholars ov high degree."

The Major, who had been looking gravely at both of them during their appreciative observations, now spoke:—

"By my soul, ladies, but you quite overcome my friend and myself by the ease of your speech; and as for the freshness and vivacity of your persons, sure the wares in your basket bear eloquent witness; for the apples have shrivelled up in envy of your cheeks, and the crab has gone madly bilious over your suppleness. And I can say in full confidence, that it is not an Ulster crab that is easily put down."

This beautiful tribute to their grace of speech and persons actually doubled up the dowagers for an instant; and, before they could rally, the Major tossed each of them a sixpence, and, catching me by the arm, hurried away from the shower of "blessings" which was propelled after us.

Leaving the Causeway, we came upon the Wishing Spring, where an able-bodied man mixed its magic waters with liquid hydrophobia for tired and unsuspecting travellers.

The Major stopped for a drink. Being an Irishman himself, he said it would not look well for him to turn his back on poteen in any shape.

While the Major benumbed himself with the stuff, the guide took me a short distance back of a pile of rocks and earth, ostensibly for the purpose of getting a close look at several pillars standing in the bank, whose claimed altitude I had disputed, but actually to sell me a bit of mineral which he had in his pocket. He said, on the way, that any amount of samples of the various deposits was sold in the neighbourhood; but he did not care to do any such business, as it was foreign to his tastes. However, he had with him a very valuable piece of mineral, which he had designed saving for his own gratification; but, noticing the intense interest I took in the various strata and formations, he had resolved, after a selfish struggle, to part with it to me. I saw that he was going

to present it to me; but, out of courtesy, I asked its price. He said he thought ten shillings would not be any too much for it. I almost said, "Well, I hope to be hanged!" but checked myself in time, and with forced composure assured him that I would not give ten cents for all the minerals he could hold in his cheek. I was much amused by his reply:—

"Well, sir, I couldn't hold many there." Then he tried to sell me a fossil; but I told him I lived in a New England village. He made one more effort on a bit of polished coal; but, the Major coming up, he dropped the subject as if it had been a bar of hot iron. We took the car from the spring, and were jolted up to the house, and there settled the bill. When he asked the guide what his charge was, he smiled pleasantly, and said it was from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings, according to the extent of the trip; but he left it entirely to the kindness of the visitor. They all do it, I am sorry to say.

When we left, the Major took the guide to one side and confidentially whispered to him,—

"When you see the owner of the Causeway, Mr. McHooghley, please present him my compliments, and tell him that, in my estimation, the best thing he can do with the place is to seed it down with square-ribbed timothy; and in the meantime, if I come across a second-hand pier that can be bought cheap, I will immediately write and let him know. Good-bye, my malarious koh-noor! Heaven bless you!"

And with that we rode awry, the Major smiling sweetly upon everybody in reach.

CHAPTER XLIV.

GETTING ON THE WALL.

From Port Rush I went to Enniskillen by way of Londonderry. I stopped at Londonderry two or three hours to see the old city wall. If I am not disastrously mistaken, Londonderry is the only city in the United Kingdom boasting a complete wall about it. It is something to see a walled city. Aside from the wall, I do not know as there is anything of particular interest in Londonderry.

I will tell you how I saw the wall. I left the station, and passed into a street of warehouses and dingy stores, with here and there an eating saloon. I stopped at a tobacco store for some cigars, and asked the proprietor for the address of the wall. He told me to keep on until I reached a broad, open thoroughfare; I would find the wall there. I kept on. When I got on the broad, open

thoroughfare, I saw opposite the blank side of a wall of masonry. Two arches pierced it, showing through each a vista of street. I knew that wasn't the wall, because it disappeared at each end in among buildings, and buildings towered above it on the other side; so I asked a policeman who stood under one of the arches to show me the wall, and he said that was the wall. And then the following conversation occurred between us:—

"Is there any way of getting up on it?" I asked.

"Yes. Are you a stranger?"

"I am. Is anybody allowed on the wall?"

"You are not Irish, are you?"

"No," said I.

"English?"

"No. How do you get up on the wall?"

"Do you come from America?"

"Yes. How do you get up on the wall?"

"There is a stairway beyond. What part of America do you come from?"

"The Rocky Mountains. Is anybody allowed to go on the wall?"

"Of course. How long have you been over?"

"Seven years. And now will you permit me to ask you a question?" I inquired in some desperation.

"Of course."

"Thank you! Good-day!"

"Goo—good-day!" he stammered in some surprise.

And thus we parted. Shall we ever meet again? How solemn the thought!

I mounted a stairway which I found in a narrow street running from the arch and emptying into a public-house, and was on the wall.

I do not know the exact date of the building of this work; but it had attained a fair age in 1688, when the famous siege occurred. It was built by the city of London at an expense of eleven thousand pounds. The wall is of varying width, and consists of two exteriors of stone, filled in with earth and cobbles. In some places two or three teams could drive abreast on it. However, they don't. But it is used as a promenade for the citizens. On the outer side is a battlemented guard of stone for the protection of troops operating on the wall. Houses and streets are built up against it; and the former to hide it, that it is impossible to see any considerable portion of it, even when on it, at one glance.

There are guard-houses and bastions still remaining on it (the latter planted with flowers), which were occupied by desperate and starving men, sacrificing for a principle, suffering for their religion.

What dreadfully bitter animosities are those which one Christian will entertain to another! What an awful thing it is to be a politician for Christ, rather than a lover of Him!

It is well known, perhaps, to my readers, that the north of Ireland was the scene, some two hundred years ago, of great contention between the Catholics and Protestants. It was about this time that the Duke of York, who was James the Second, abdicated his throne, owing to the threatening aspect of his people, in favour of his daughter Mary, the wife of William, Prince of Orange, who was of the same nationality as the Eleventh Corps in the Army of the Potomac. In 1688 William and Mary landed in England, and were proclaimed king and queen. Catholic Ireland favoured James, and united with France to either restore him to the English throne, or wrest Ireland from England, and annex it to France. That little affair made the battle of the Boyne, the struggle at Enniskillen, and the heroic defence of Londonderry. The city was built and walled for the protection of the Protestants in the neighbourhood.

A splendid Protestant college and model school adorns Londonderry. It is called the Magee College, in honour of the endower, Mrs. Magee of Dublin.

Late in the afternoon I took the train for Enniskillen. Whatever may be said in praise of the green fields, beautiful lakes, and magnificent mountain scenery of Ireland, precious little can be written in compliment of the railway management. I remember waiting once two whole hours to give a team time to return several miles after an inspector, whom the driver had neglected to bring with him. One hundred people lost that two hours to accommodate one man too careless to attend to his own business. When the inspector had arrived, and was seeing to some parcels, I managed to stumble on a box, and fall against him with sufficient force to knock him over a trunk. Several bystanders remarked upon the singularity of the accident. It was singular.

The trains run in five hours about as far as corresponding English trains do in three hours.

The ride to Enniskillen, sixty miles, was devoid of interest. An Irish writer says the hotels of his country have improved seriously in the past ten years. "Before that time," he goes on to remark, "there were not two good hotels in the whole country." And so they have improved in the last decade? I hope I feel sufficiently grateful for not having had to submit to the hospitality of an Irish hostelry previous to that time.

The Enniskillen hotel set a good table; that is, the food was cooked well, as the extent of the table depend almost entirely on the taste and pocket of the guest. Its hallway was a narrow passage, with a small opening in the right wall for a bar and office, a door opposite leading into a cramped and not particularly neat kitchen, *through which the billiard room was approached*, a stairway beyond the kitchen door, and a little smoking room at the end of the passage. The bedrooms were in good condition, and clean.

After supper I went into the billiard room. The evening was wet and chilly; and a fire was smouldering in the kitchen fireplace, before which sat two old women, smoking pipes. Opposite the door I entered was a narrow, battened door, which opened into the billiard room. This saloon was about fifteen by twenty feet, with a rather agitated floor, a low ceiling frescoed under the immediate auspices of a swarm of flies, and bare and dingy walls.

The billiard table was manned by two strapping young fellows, and the stable boy was marking for them. He had just the position to please a boy,—plenty to see, and little to do.

The Irish play billiards with a vim that would be useful at a ruction. They are an impetuous people at any time, and do not seem to possess the faculty of restraint on needful occasion. These two fellows (and fine looking fellows they were) smashed the balls about with a velocity that was astonishing, and they wore every three minutes at their luck. I watched them for an hour; but, seeing no abatement to their speed, I returned to the smoking room.

Enniskillen is on Lough Erne, the Killarney of Northern Ireland. The lake is about twenty miles in length, and of varying width. At the widest part it is, I should judge, full six miles. It has a steamer; but it was not running when I was there, owing to lack of patronage; although I offered to take passage, if the owner would fire up. Half way down the lake is a fine hotel; but its shutters were up, owing to lack of patronage. I don't know when Lough Erne will pay in a commercial view; but it must first become popular before tourists will visit it. My little experience has taught me that people do not come to Europe to see the novel and beautiful, but the fashionable.

Thousands go to Killarney who never hear of Lough Erne; and yet, while Killarney is majestic, this is most beautiful.

Picture to yourself a lake of its size, with three hundred and sixty-five islands dotting its surface, and nearly every one of them covered with foliage to the water's edge. Its

shores are not high and rugged, and it lacks towering mountains to give it majesty; but it winds and twists about with romantic irregularity, and again widens out into a broad expanse as smooth as a mirror; while the distant isle appears like a castellated city of the olden time.

It is only by a row boat that the trip is now made; and I took it in company with a gentleman from Pennsylvania, who was visiting Enniskillen at the time.

The propeller of the boat was a short and spare-built man, with a stout, peculiar white face, which denoted the presence of the strength of his people—consumption. No people live out doors so much as the Irish, and no people suffer so much from this dreadful disease; and yet fresh air is its enemy. I doubted, as I looked at him, that he would pull us through; but the doubt gave way to wonder before the trip was over. We pulled around the village—Enniskillen is on an island—and then through a tongue of water to the open lake. As we came out, we passed, on the point of land to our right, a modern mansion with fine grounds, and on that to the left the broken walls of a castle. It is called Portora Castle, from the fact that it stands at the point where those taking dead friends to Devenish Island embarked in boats; Portora signifying "Port of Tears." We passed close to the castle; but there was no particular interest about it. Nothing but the four walls, with massive turrets at each angle, now remain. Of all the gay and scheming, and good and bad, and hopeful and despairing, who have occupied it, none can boast as much balance as the old building, which could see nothing and hears nothing, can show.

When you have got to this stage in your journey through Europe, you will have come to look upon ruins with about the same intensity of interest that you would contemplate pine-trees after a month's sojourn in Maine.

CHAPTER XLV.

A MEDITATIVE PENNSYLVANIAN.

As we moved up the lake, it grew wider; and in a few minutes we got breeze enough to warrant the boatman putting up the sail.

It was a nice breeze; and, under its impulse, we glided comfortably along. I took charge of the helm; and the Pennsylvanian wrapped himself up in his own reflections; which is a habit with Pennsylvanians he told me.

Our main objective point was Devenish Island—a place of ruins. Just before we reached it, the boatman pointed to a clump of rushes growing up through the water near Devenish, and said that it was an island, although now submerged; and that, once on a time, a friar, being sore pressed by a horseman, jumped from Devenish to it, and saved himself.

This statement aroused the Pennsylvanian at once. He stood up in the boat, and looked at the two points.

"Why," said he, "that is a distance of nearly one hundred feet; and do you mean to say, my man, that anybody ever jumped that?"

"Yes, sir," said the boatman quietly.

"Did—did it strain him?" asked my companion anxiously.

"I don't know, sir," answered the man. "But he did it, sir; an' I've often heard it told."

"Well, I don't believe any man could jump that distance," stoutly asserted my friend; "unless," he shortly added, as a new light seemed to strike him,—"unless he—he spit on his hands."

We ran the boat upon the beach, and landed. Devenish is an island of some twenty-five acres. It has not a tree or bush upon it; but it is covered with rank grass,—a fact that is beautified by distance two hours after a rain.

Devenish is the most important bit of land, viewed in connection with ruins, to be found in Ireland.

Its ruins consist of remains of a monastery (said to have been founded by St. Molaisse thirteen hundred years ago), a round-tower, great church, a priory, and remains of earthen forts.

The item which made the greatest impression upon the Pennsylvanian was the height and liquidity of the grass. He had on a pair of Philadelphia fine boots; and by the time he reached the top of the ridge, every pore of those boots was drawing water. Despite my expostulations, he swore he would return to the boat; and return he did. He said that he didn't care to die in a strange land of inflammatory rheumatism.

But I pressed on, although I could feel the water seep in my boots at every step.

Of the ruins, I came first upon a church a tower. I picked my way over the fallen stones to beneath the arch, and found in one wing of it a stairway of stone, but was unable to ascend. A portion of a wall was standing; but there was nothing more left of the church. St. Molaisse's house is even less satisfactory to the tourist. But a small fragment of one of its walls remains. Not long ago it was in

a complete state, and was then a low, stone-roofed, oblong building, with a door at one end. Having been built thirteen hundred years ago, it hardly seems possible that it could have been in good condition within the present century; but a glance at this fragment of wall, enormous in thickness, weakens scepticism. Some one must have demolished it; but who he could have been, no one knows. He is safe, so far as I am concerned. A man who can tear down a building like that will never be haunted by any of our family.

Near by his house, in a mound of earth, is the broken stone coffin of St. Molaisse; but of Saint Molaisse himself there is not a pinch. He is as if he never were. The lid to his coffin now forms a monument to some individual who is trying to snatch a few winks of sleep beneath his stolen property. He lies in the graveyard of the church; for the burial-place is still here, and is still in use. These British people can make a graveyard go further than we can. Cemeteries four and five hundred years old are common enough here. But in America, as soon as a graveyard gets a little old, we dig it up, and put down a new street in its place. Ten years after, some one comes along, and wants his wife's uncle, who had been laid there. No one knows what has become of the old gentleman; but every one tries to pacify the grief-stricken nephew. But he won't be consoled. He dances around, and demands his uncle, and finally drags the town into a law-suit.

The British are more reverential than we, and reap the benefit thereof.

The place is still used as a burial-ground,—this wild, lonesome spot, which nobody can reach without a boat, which has no fence about it to keep the cattle who pasture here from trampling over and befouling the graves. Saints and monks, and holy men of all degrees, have slept here; and, as we are all our lives trying to get into good company, it is but natural that the weakness should follow us to the grave.

As you can imagine, many of these graves are but simple clumps of earth, with no form to designate their nature. They are thick together; and I daresay they are frequently in layers, one above the other, and most of them are marked by a simple rough stone from the fields, without any mark upon it.

The round tower interested me more than any other object on the island. Round towers are peculiar to Ireland alone. I don't know how many there are of them here; but they are common. They are the best preserved of any stone-work left by the ancients.

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The gate-posts in Ulster are sort of copies of the round towers. A round tower is from sixty to a hundred feet high, with a sharp, conical roof, also of stone. You take a post and point one end of it, and you have the exact pattern of a round tower. It is built of dressed stone, laid so neatly together as to be symmetrical, and to need no mortar. This one has an ornamental cornice around its eaves; but few do. It has a small opening for a door some eight or nine feet from the ground, and several openings above, which were probably used for windows. This tower, from the ground to the roof, is sixty-seven feet high; and the roof is sixteen feet in height. There were probably six floors to this tower; but how each was reached I am not able to explain, as the internal diameter of the tower is only eight feet at the base, and but six feet and a half at the cornice. Its base has a circumference of forty-nine feet, and its top forty-two feet. The wall, which is four feet one inch at the bottom, tapers down to about eight inches at the top. These figures will give some idea of its enormous size and strength. It would be much more interesting, if anybody, I am not particular who, knew when this and the other towers were built, and what they were built for. There is, of course, a vast amount of speculation in regard to their origin and use. One opinion is, that they were built by worshippers of the sun; another, that they were watch towers (but the people of those times never put watch towers at the base of ridges, unless they possessed a kind of idioecy superior to anything this age knows of; still another, that they were constructed as bell towers. That they were for protection is evident by the doors being so far from the ground, and there being no remnant of steps or stoops. A man who had his door from ten to fifteen feet from the ground would hardly be careless or indifferent in the building of a stoop. There is as much difference of opinion as to their age as to their purpose. A claim has been put in to the effect that they were built before the beginning of the Christian era; but I give no encouragement to those people. I think they ought to be arrested. I have tried to crowd in a theory that they are ancient wells, thrown up to the surface by some volcanic movement, and roofed in the sharp, conical form by an affrighted people, with a view to turning them over, and driving them into the earth again. This is the most sensible idea on the subject that I have yet heard. All that I need to make a sure thing of it is to find somebody who will explain why they didn't do it. As that is the easiest end of the argument, there ought to be no trouble in finding him.

The owner of this island is a proud man,—a round tower, church, priory, stone coffin, oratory, graveyard, and pasturage for forty cows, in one lump. A boy with red tops to his boots is in the slough of despond alongside of this chap.

When I got back to the boat, I found the crew smoking a pipe, and the Pennsylvanian on the beach, trying to get a pair of tight boots over a pair of wet stockings. He had got one boot on, and had nearly conquered the other; but he had ruined that beach. In getting on the boots, he had gone over a strip of ground about eighty feet in length and thirty in width, and had torn up the earth over every inch of it. When I came up he was as red in the face as a beet, and was yelling, and stamping his foot in a perfect ecstasy of rage.

However, we soon fixed it, and put off for a continuation of the trip. The wind still held fair; and I took the helm, while the Pennsylvanian took a seat in the bow, and became immediately wrapped up in reflection.

We passed several islands of no moment, and went by three or four farm houses. The scenery was quiet and impressive. No life was seen on the shore, and no sound came to us but the rippling of the water against the boat. There was a heavy bank of black clouds coming up above the horizon; but one could look upon it calmly, as this was an inland sheet of water, well protected by high ground.

We passed a high ridge, and came out into an open and exposed part. Half-way across the wind struck us with some considerable force, and the rain came down in torrents. The sail filled so rapidly as to cause the boat to careen half way over. It seemed as if a gale were tearing over the lake. The vessel rode on its edge; and I expected every moment we would upset, and wet ourselves. I still hung to the helm and an umbrella, and kept to the upper side of the sloop. The crew hung to the sail with all his might, and the Pennsylvanian buried a face which had assumed the colour of unbolted flour beneath the friendly cover of his umbrella.

All the while, the storm increased in violence; and the boat was now riding in such a position, that it was only by lapping my elbow over the taffrail that I kept myself from being spilled out. The crew wanted me to keep out to sea; but I concluded, if I was to be wrecked, I would prefer being wrecked on land; and, which was of more importance, the umbrella was borrowed, and I did not want to lose it. So I ran the barque for the first land; and we came upon the shore with a precision that was gratifying to

me as a pilot, but with a force that very nearly dislocated the spine of the crew.

We got out of the boat as soon as possible; but it was not a hospitable shore. There were no trees, but a small thorn growing out of the bank, and no shelter of any kind from the keen wind and driving rain. There we stood for three-quarters of an hour, keeping the tops of our heads perfectly dry with the umbrellas. If anybody could have observed us, he would have undoubtedly wondered where all the water came from which was running down our legs.

It was a pleasure party; and we were tourists who had nothing to do but to travel around and enjoy ourselves, and live at hotels.

Several times I spoke to the Pennsylvanian about it; but he didn't seem to enter into the spirit of the remark.

He said, if he could only get safely back to the Cumberland Mountains, he would never leave them for such an outlandish and cussed country as this.

I like to see a man show spirit.

The rain stopped, and we once more tried the boat; but we didn't put up the sail. The Pennsylvanian said he would pull his arms out of their sockets first.

Our next point of interest was the Island of Lunismacsaint. There is a church ruin upon it; but it was a peculiar cross that I wanted to see. We reached there in about an hour. The cross was hardly worth the coming to see; it was rude in execution, and peculiar in construction, being of one piece, as if cut out of a rough slab. The boatman viewed the stone with considerable reverence.

"Is there anything remarkable about that?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Every Easter morn, at the crowing of the cock, the cross jumps out of the airth, and turns around thrice."

"Will you be good enough to repeat that remarkable statement?" asked the Pennsylvanian with breathless interest.

The crew complied.

"Did you ever see it perform that little exercise?"

The crew said he had not.

"Or anybody who has seen it?"

The crew shook his head.

"I wouldn't stand so close to it, if I were you," said the Pennsylvanian kindly: "it may jump out of the ground and kick you into the lake."

"Oh! it don't come out only at Easter," said the man innocently.

"You can't always tell," said Penn.

"This is just like Easter weather, and the cross may have mislaid its almanac."

The crew shook his head. The gentleman's excessive faith rather staggered him.

We got back to Enniskillen at dark, well tired, thoroughly wet, and two-thirds starved.

The next day was butter-market, and scores of country people were in town. Their counterparts can be seen in Castle Garden on the arrival of an emigrant ship. There was a large number of Connaught men, the pure Irish,—so pure as not to have mastered the English language,—who brought interpreters with them to enable them to make bargains with the village people. They wore corduroy pants, and long frieze coats, and decayed stovepipe hats. They are dying out, are the old Irish, and a new people are crowding them out; and the day will come when the pure Irish will have passed into history and legend.

Go up and down the principal streets of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, or any other Irish city, and four-fifths of the names on the places of business are not familiar as Irish names to us Americans.

And why not? Ireland is a fine country, has excellent seaports, good soil, and is most healthfully located. The Irish themselves are deserting it, and enterprising men of other countries are pushing in there. The result is as certain as the kick of the mule.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN ANCIENT CANDY-PULL.

I have always had the impression that Wales could show more ruins than any of the three countries which help it to make up the United Kingdom; but I am beginning to waver. Ireland abounds in ruins. It would be absurd in me to give a detailed description of the many I have seen, or even to refer to them separately. I haven't the time, nor you the patience, to permit.

All that I can do is to say that they exist in every direction, are to be found on the hill-tops and the valleys, and consist of castles, fortifications, tombs, churches, &c. The only objection that any one can have to them is their dismal similarity. Shake them up together in a blanket, and turn them out again, and I doubt if the owners of the two-thirds of them could select their property. This is a frightful state of things.

America's principal interest and sympathy is with England's history; Scotland comes next, Ireland third, and Wales fourth: so the local history of the ruins of Ireland interests us much less than the local history of those of either England or Scotland. But the traditions, legends, and records of these

Irish ruins the most memorable.

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Irish ruins are sufficiently graphic to satisfy the most exacting in ghostly lore or heroic memories.

Both Ireland and Wales would have got along much better on the start if their early heroes had possessed reasonable cognomens. We soon tired of a man whose name we can't pronounce; and it is not to be expected, that, at this great distance, we can take the slightest interest in the affairs of Hi Failge, Magh-Liffe Mælmordha, Colladachuch, Uidhir, and other people of like names. There was, for instance, St. Mæog, — a good man, undoubtedly; but just think of his name, and the names he descended from! His father's name was Aedh. His mother came of Amhalgaidha, who was the son of Tiachra, who was the son of Eochaidh Muighmedhoin. They didn't have directories in those days. That is the only thing that saved them.

The fact is, the early history of Ireland has been simply self-containing; it has not influenced the outside world; it has operated only on itself; and, for centuries, it consisted simply of family and sectional broils.

But it has spilled blood enough to make its soil the richest in the kingdom.

Once Ireland was divided into four kingdoms, each having a separate court; and the whole country is scarcely three hundred miles in its greatest length, and not two hundred miles at its greatest breadth. Those divisions remain unto the present day, and are called Ulster (the north), Connaught (the west), Leinster (the east), and Munster (the south). Belfast is the chief city of the first; Galway, of the second; Dublin, of the third; and Cork, of the fourth.

I went direct to Dublin from Enniskillen, as I was obliged to go to England in a few days.

On my return I left Dublin, and took a cut across the country to Galway. How much I had heard of the "men of Galway," and how I longed to see them!

The ride was woefully lacking in interest. We passed through Maynooth, Mullingar, and Athlone, whose names you are familiar with. They were straggling towns, built upon the same model; a few prominent houses in the centre, with a belt of low, whitewashed, thatched-roofed dwellings of the poor, making the suburbs. It had been raining all the night before, and the streets were muddy and dreary in the extreme.

For the greater part of the route the country was barren, and the houses wretched. I might say that all I passed, so few were the exceptions, were one-story stone buildings, with whitewashed walls and thatched roofs. They frequently set down

in a hollow, with no cared-for grounds around them, with scarcely a length of fence about them. It had been raining; and the one or two cows and horse of the occupants had cut up the soft turf about the doors, making mud and mud-puddles. The fields were, to a great extent, uncultivated, and, by their appearance, afforded slim pasturage. The staple production appeared to be potatoes; and the Irish know how to raise potatoes, and, better still, how to cook them.

The nearer we approached Galway, the poorer and more desolate became the country; and within a few miles of that city we came upon a stony district, the formation being not greatly dissimilar to that at the Giant's Causeway. We also passed here a number of shells of stone shanties, the roofs and doors being gone.

The Irish, as you are probably aware, are partial to immigration. They go to America in great numbers to better themselves. It is a great place for that purpose, and these roofless and doorless shanties were once occupied by people who are now in America. They couldn't take them to their new home; they were not theirs to sell. They left them. And, once alone and unprotected, the neighbours and the elements have done the rest. But it may be inquired here, did not the landlord have an interest in this matter? and why did he not take care of his property? These are pertinent inquiries. The generally received idea of a landlord is a man who guards his property with a jealous eye, and exacts his own to the utmost farthing. And so I don't understand this Irish-landlord question. I hear of absent and careless landlords, and tyrannizing and avaricious landlords; but these terms do not explain the trouble. They are not synonymous, if I know myself; but they are both used to express the same result.

I am told, that as the landlords are absent from their property, and indifferent to the interests of their tenants, the tenants suffer. And another scholar and philosopher says the landlord divides up his property into small farms from five to twenty acres each, with a view to getting the most money out of it; and a man with so little land makes hardly sufficient to get food for his family; and that is the reason the land is desolate, and the houses mere shanties. But this don't explain those stripped houses, because the farms attached to them are of but a few acres, which shows the avaricious landlord; and they are stripped of the straw on their roofs and the wood from the doors, which indicates the absent and profligate and indif.

ferent landlord. If you can explain this, I hope you will come over here and do so.

But we will leave the topic for the present.

On reaching Galway, I found a large four-story, handsome building as the station hotel, and I was glad to see it. As it is about the first building the visitor to Galway sees on arriving, he naturally falls into the error of believing the city to be large and flourishing. I presume this hotel has ample accommodation for two hundred guests, with broad, lofty halls, splendid stairways, a fine billiard-room, coffee-rooms, &c.

Galway has a population of thirteen thousand, or rather did have three years ago; but, judging from the ratio of decrease in the past ten years, it may be doubted if it now has that number.

One writer on the towns of Ireland says, "Such a town as Galway does not exist in Ireland." Another says, "In Galway the traveller will find a quaint and peculiar city, with antiquities such as he will meet nowhere else." And still another writes, "I found something at every step to remind me of the cities of Spain, and a people fully as picturesque as the Moors." Each writer finds a marked resemblance in the town to Spanish cities. Now, I never smelt of a Spanish city; but I am sure Galway is no dirtier, and smells no worse, than Tuam, Killarney, Cashel, and many other Irish towns. So why it should be selected above these places as peculiarly like the cities of Spain is something I do not quite understand.

Galway is a lazy place, with a fine hotel it hasn't got money enough to support, and warehouses it hasn't the business to keep going. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and not clean. Its people are like other people on this west coast, but far more pronounced in the true Irish characteristic than those to be found in the north and east or south. They are well-formed men and buxom women. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the lower classes—the poor, which are to be seen on every hand in these European cities. They are not like the people of American towns—the working, active Yankee people. You notice that the moment you come here. And, when you speak of the people, you refer to but one class; and that is the poorer class, for they are about the only ones you see in the back towns. There is some wealth about here, of course; for one man near Enniskillen has a two-million-dollar residence, and we all know that it costs money to build a two-million-dollar house. But the aristocrats are few and far between.

The typical Irishman is seen only on the theatrical stage and in Galway. The next day after my arrival was the market-day, and scores of typical Irishmen were in town. They were spare built, and of good height. They wore frieze coats of swallow-tail pattern, and corduroy breeches which came only to the knee, where they fit closely to blue or gray woollen stockings. That end of them was finished off with gaiter-shoes having thick soles. They wore on their heads rusty stovepipe hats, somewhat weak in the crown, and they generally carried their hands in their pockets, and a short stick under one arm,—the first Irishman I had seen with the national characteristic. Many of them were rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed; but others were pale-faced and pinch-eyed, as men who had toiled and suffered, and had long ago given up all hope, and were now patiently bearing their burden.

It was the market day, and rainy. I was up early, and from the coffee room window could look down a street leading from the country into the market-square. And up this street for a full hour the farmers straggled along with their produce. Each one had a little pony or donkey hitched to a low cart, which appeared to have thills at each end; and on the cart were a half dozen or so of long bags filled with potatoes. Some of them had oats, and a few brought in hay or straw. The farmer appeared at the head of the animal, with his hand on the bridle; while the wife either rode or walked behind. She wore a bluish cloak of frieze, which reached nearly to her feet, with a cape over the head. Some of them wore white caps under the cape, and red petticoats under the cloak. They are well formed, healthy-looking women, with faces and arms browned by outdoor work. Some of them were very old and shrivelled, and worn out by years of toil. This was their life,—toil all the week, and trudge into town every market day. The shrivelled was once buxom; and the buxom could look at the shrivelled, and see the end as plainly as if she had already reached it.

The clerk of the market met them at the head of the street, and collected their toll; and they passed on into the square, and took up their position. Then the buyers came about and examined their produce, and shook their heads very despondently over the exhibit, as being so much inferior to what they had expected, but finally endeavoured to look more hopeful, and at last offered, as an encouragement to farming, five per cent under the market price. I wandered among them for an hour or more, listening to blarney, bickering, and wit.

When the gentlemanly "Don't" among the stage them. I considered failed to do to believe as the average ly so, as believe; with the wits is dis ly falls to

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When I went over to Ireland, an Irish gentleman said to me,—

"Don't be disappointed if you do not find among the poor classes that sharp wit which the stage and anecdotes have ascribed to them. I am a native, and have travelled considerably about my country; but I have failed to discover it in real life. I am proud to believe that my countrymen are as sharp as the average; but they are not supernaturally so, as writers and actors would have us believe; and the man who goes over there with the impression that we are a nation of wits is disappointed of course, and frequently falls to abusing us as a set of dummies."

It was just as well, perhaps, that I encountered him.

These men in rusty garments and knock-kneed hats are the farmers. Those huts or shanties outside, with their thatched roofs and mud surroundings, are the farm houses. Where the farm labourers are I don't know. I don't want to see them, if their employers are in such destitute circumstances.

I had a talk with a Galway editor on the subject of farming. He said the poverty of the country was due to the Government of England. He appeared to be quite unanimous about that. I asked him if the north of Ireland was governed by England. He said it was. I asked him if he could explain why prosperity existed there, and did not here; why the farms there, with poorer soil than the farm here, were smiling, while these were weeping. He explained that I, being a foreigner, could not understand these things. He was right about my being a foreigner; but as to not understanding "these things" he was wrong.

The Irish people are impulsive, warm-hearted, generous. Those at the north have got, with their Scotch blood, the Scotch pertinacity; and you couldn't starve them if you kept them on a billiard table. Their landlords are of the same blood and characteristics. They won't let their land run waste, nor their materials rust and rot: that is money out of their pockets. They don't mortgage their farms for means to enable them to be "good fellows" in the London world.

The landlords here are "good fellows" both in Dublin and London, but poor cusses at home. They hunt, gamble, and drink; and the tenants can go to the devil, for all they care to the contrary. They give a man from five to twenty-five acres for a farm, and will give him no definite lease of even this pittance. He cannot go to work making improvements in the buildings or fences or stock; for he knows not how soon he may be turned out to make room for some one else. It is even risky for him to draw out manure in

the fall; for he knows not but that in the spring another will spread it.

No wonder his clothes are rusty, and his donkey has a rope harness, and his hens roost on the backs of his chairs.

If the leaders of the people would only teach him how to force his landlord into decent terms, they would do far more good for Ireland than they will ever accomplish by howling at England.

But it is more congenial to their tastes to make faces at a powerful neighbour than to remove the distress and misery of a weak one.

These poor farmers and their families have my heartiest sympathy, as they gain the sympathy of every one who goes among them and sees their troubles, their toil, and the genuine goodness of their hearts. They are easily depressed, and as easily buoyed; and then they forgive and forget, and are roughed on again, and the whole thing repeated. You don't blame them, of course, for getting out of here as soon as they can, and striking out for America. But you will be somewhat startled to learn that many of them are coming back again. As badly off as they are here, and as fair and free as is our country, these people, or rather many of them, who have gone to America, have reached the conclusion that Ireland is the best place of the two to starve in; and so new roofs of straw and turf are going over some of the tenantless walls which abound in this section, and bright-looking American trunks are illuminating the luggage-cars.

They are beginning to think the land of the free and the home of the brave is a failure; and in some senses it is. But they ought to be glad they earned enough there to bring them back again; and, if the trip has taught them that their worst enemy is their own kith and kin, they need never regret, but can always rejoice, that they went to the States, and sojourned under the "stars and strips," as they and the Scotch call our precious flag.

Nature has designed the Irish race for apple pedlars. Nowhere else, except in New York, will you see so many old women peddling apples. I never saw them sell any; but they peddle them. There were three of them on one corner in the square to-day. I was attracted to them by an old woman with one good leg and one wooden one, who had taken offence at one of the merchants, and was giving her a terrific tongue lashing. I moved up to the scene of combat; but I could not understand it. The foe did, however, and squirmed so visibly, that I was intensely anxious to know what was going on. But it was Gaelic, and not a word of it

could I decipher. The guilty woman made no response; and the one-legged virago, after exhausting herself, gave a triumphant howl, and settled down on the pavement, and said no more.

Most of the women of the poorer classes go bareheaded in the north part of Ireland, and both bareheaded and barefooted here and in the south. Then Galway has a class of women peculiar to itself. They have a little village on the bay called "The Claddagh." They live by fishing; the men catching the fish, and the women selling them in the streets of the town. It is a community by itself, believing that the Galwegians are inferior to themselves, refusing to intermarry with them, but consenting (of course with ill grace) to take their money.

The Claddagh men I did not see, as they were away in their boats; but the women I saw, and saw them vehemently. They wore huge baskets on their back, full of small fry; or carried a bowl-shaped basket on their head, with a single fish in it. The last were codfish, and would weigh from five to fifteen pounds. I was rarely solicited to buy the small fish; but not one of the fifty women I met carrying a monstrous codfish but was anxious that I should buy it. They even came into the hall of the hotel while I was standing there, and pressed me to buy the fish. Being a stranger there, and staying at a hotel, it seemed natural enough that I should be torn by anxiety to purchase a ten-pound codfish. But I didn't do it. Every time I went out of the hotel, or returned to it, I found a one-eyed, lusty young fellow, with a disagreeable breath, on the walk in front, who besought me, for the love of God, to give him a copper or two for bread to save his perishing body. It was sad to see a fellow being starved; but I couldn't help but wish I weighed as much as he did. Every day, and all day long, he hung in front of the hotel, skirmishing for coppers, and robbing some paper mill of raw material.

On every street there was some deformed specimen crying for help, for the love of a good God. When I go to begging coppers, I shall try to do it on my own hook, and not shoulder the responsibility on to my Creator, who has put it into the heart of a good Government to make every provision for the destitute.

One of Galway's buildings, or rather ragment of a building, was the residence of a gentleman named Fitz-Stephen in 1524. He was the mayor of the town, and had one son. The printed legend is to the effect that the son went to Spain on business to some

Spanish firm for his father; and, while there, the firm made up a valuable cargo to send to Galway, and a son of a member accompanied it. On the voyage young Fitz-Stephen conspired with the crew to murder the young Spaniard, and convert the property to their own use. The deed was subsequently discovered to the mayor, who took summary vengeance on the murderer, his son.

But this is an absurd version of the murder. Dees any one suppose, for an instant, that a man who had made but one sea voyage would be in a fit condition to conspire to a murder? If you think so, just take a trip across the Atlantic in a sailing-vessel; and you will feel so little like murder, that you will only be too glad to crawl away somewhere in the hold, and be grateful for permission to die in peace. And, then, remember that he was the son of a mayor, and that the crime was committed for plunder. Now, there is no one insane enough to suppose that the son of a mayor would murder for money. What on earth does the son of a mayor want of money?

The idea is so ridiculous, that it vexes me sorely to see people believing it. The true story, and an eminently plausible one, my Galway friend related to me.

Young Fitz-Stephen did not go to Spain; but the young Spaniard came to Galway, and was the honoured guest of the mayor and family. He stayed here for some days, the place smelling so much like home as to make him contented with the people. He had free range of the castle of the Fitz Stephens, which was then a noble two-story building, with a separate structure for the hens.

But in an evil moment he fastened his eye on the heiress of a considerable property across the river. The ruins of her father's homestead are still here. Young Fitz-Stephen had previously fastened one of his eyes on the same young lady, and saw, with some trepidation, that the gallant young Spaniard, who wore a yellow neckerchief and played on a guitar, was getting rather thick over there. I know a little something myself of these guitar-players; they are death on women. One of them cut me out, when I was mortally sure of having everything to myself; and I never since could bear the sight of a guitar. Young Fitz-Stephen was not made of such firm stuff as I am, and so he allowed jealousy to get the upper hand of him. There was a party at her father's castle one evening,—a sort of candy-pull,—to which all the young people were invited. Fitz-Stephen and the Spaniard were there. The latter took a lively

interest in pounds of

The next niard was cut from a perfectly charged with more than himself at people as at candy-p to always next morn

The may and conder certain day be the hau ular, and They besou upon him, confident h the mornin gentleman, to the hous horror at b window, th old ass had

The mor Young men eschew Sp candy-pulls But, real nineteenth—or even m evening?

Retracing miles from C Tuam, eight country bet more desola and. Galway moor, or slo Here and th several of th women, wen I went up fairs have a Ireland, and at Donnybro and rowdy b Donnybrook the authoriti ago; and no well-behaved exchanged th other days fo ly respectabl on the side o

interest in the candy, and ate some twelve pounds of it ; but Fitz soured on it.

The next morning the body of the Spaniard was found in the back-yard, his throat cut from ear to ear, and his hair full of imperfectly-boiled molasses. Young Fitz was charged with doing the deed, although it is more than likely that the deceased overdid himself at the candy. I have seen just such people as he, young beginners and gallant, at candy-pulls, and have made it a practice to always take a look in the back-yard the next morning for their bodies.

The mayor tried his son, found him guilty, and condemned him to be executed on a certain day. But no one could be found to be the hangman. The young man was popular, and had many relatives and friends. They besought the mayor to have mercy upon him, and to pardon him. They were confident he could not execute his son. On the morning of the day appointed by the old gentleman, the relatives and friends went to the house ; and the first there fell back in horror at beholding, dangling from a front-window, the body of the unhappy son ! The old ass had hung him.

The moral of this story is very plain. Young men who are sons of mayors should eschew Spaniards, and not fool around candy-pulls.

But, really, wouldn't you like to see a nineteenth-century father hanging his son ? —or even making him come in early of an evening ?

CHAPTER XLVII.

GOING TO AN IRISH FAIR.

Retracing my way to Athenry, thirteen miles from Galway, I took a branch road to Tuam, eighteen miles from Athenry. The country between Athenry and Tuam is even more desolate than that between Athenry and Galway. The land either lay in wide moor, or sloped up into hills bare and bleak. Here and there was a farm shanty ; and in several of the fields the occupants, mostly women, were engaged digging potatoes.

I went up to Tuam to attend a fair. Irish fairs have a reputation that is not limited to Ireland, and I wanted to see one. The fair at Donnybrook generally ended in a pleasure and rowdy bout, precipitated upon the poor Donnybrookers by Dublin rowdies. But the authorities broke that up some years ago ; and now Donnybrook is a quiet and well-behaved suburb of Dublin, and has exchanged the somewhat doubtful fame of other days for the less exciting but eminently respectable position of being emblazoned on the side of a street car.

Of course the fairs in this country are not like ours. In England they consist of a display of agricultural implements and cattle. The American visitor misses the cage of white mice, and the bed-quilt pieced by a lady one hundred years old, and deformed vegetable products. But the English have two or three good bars on the grounds ; and, after the American has visited each two or three times, he loses his discontent in a measure.

In Ireland, fairs are numerous. Nearly every town has one or more in the course of the year. I thought it must be a remarkably lively agricultural region to support so many fairs. In this month alone (October), over four hundred fairs are held in Ireland ; there were full as many last month ; and they hold them more or less through the fall and winter and spring months.

Why, you would imagine you had got into a paradise of farmers.

The Tuam fair was to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. It was to be a big fair. I went up Saturday, as I understood there was but one really good hotel in Tuam, and I wanted a room. Saturday was the market day. A jaunting car took me from the station, through a straggling street, into the market place, where was located the hotel. The driver of the car, emulous of the speed made by his brethren of Dublin, and believing that I came from that city, endeavoured to go over the route at a break-neck pace, very much to the astonishment of the horse, but was humilatingly balked by divers persons, who, not understanding that I was from Dublin, and scarcely realizing the necessity for unusual speed, persisted in getting in the way, and bringing their donkey teams with them. The driver, who was so long and lank as to look dreadfully like a Yankee, kept up a continual "hi-yi-ing" from the station to the hotel ; and, on arriving there, he had become so heated, and his eyes set so far out of his head by the exertion, that I cheerfully paid double fare.

We found the market place full of people. Most of them were farmers and farmers' wives with the low, long carts, and donkeys attached. Some of them were the poor of the town, attracted by idle curiosity, or by the prospect of picking up a few pennies in answer to well-worded appeals, or in exchange for copious blessings. And many were of a new class, not yet seen, but plenty at fairs: they were cattle-buyers,—sturdy men, in the prime of manhood, and enjoying that degree of health consequent upon outdoor exercise and a well-regulated conscience. A cattle-buyer's conscience is a perfect gem,—

in its way. These were well-dressed in well-made great-coats, top-boots, and a diamond ring. They carried canes, and were close to business. Some of them were fine-looking young fellows from Dublin; but more prominent than all were the long-limbed and broad-shouldered men of Ulster,—the finest looking men that old Ireland can number among her sons; and finer cannot be found, in any country.

All of them had bright eyes, white teeth and red cheeks, and were hearty of voice. They stood in painful contrast to the men with whom they dealt.

There were potatoes for sale, and oats, and a few sheep and pigs, and straw and peat.

Galway county, and pretty much all of Ireland, is well supplied with the tough turf called peat. In most places it is dug up in the cakes which we see in the markets. In other places, where it is not quite so tenacious, it is harvested in the crumbling form, and pressed by machinery into bricks. In the cities it is quite frequently sold in bags to those who are in good circumstances; but the poor classes of the city buy but few bricks or sods at a time, paying a halfpenny for four sods. Here and in the country it is sold by the donkey-load, the load being a pile about four feet square, for four shillings a load.

It makes considerable heat, a bright coal, and a white ash. It is not so clean to handle as coal, and is not so heavy; but you have got to handle more of it in a day, which compensates for lack of weight. It has one decidedly good feature—its ashes do not require sifting.

I had gone to the best hotel in Tuam. It was a low, three-story building. The grand hall-way was scarcely three feet wide. It was floored with stone, and was on a level with the sidewalk. I have said that it had been raining, and of course there was an abundance of mud. This last had been ingeniously guarded against by laying straw in the doorway. The straw was wet, and reeking with mud from brogan and boot, and part of it lay on the walk; but the greater part had been dragged along the passage, adding to the dreariness of that department.

Tuam is not much of a place, except ecclesiastically, as it is an Episcopal see and Roman Catholic archbishopric. The Church of Ireland (a branch of that of England) and the Church of Rome have each a cathedral in Tuam. For a place of scarcely five thousand inhabitants, that is doing very well.

The Church of Ireland being an established body, is largely supported from the Government money; but the Disestablishment Act has done away with this expense, and, when

the present incumbents of pulpit and chair vacate, their successors will have to depend upon the zeal of their parishes for income, as do the Catholics and Dissenters. While I am speaking of religion, I might as well say that there are four million Catholics, and twelve hundred thousand Protestants in Ireland. Of the last named, over a half-million are Presbyterians. What Methodists there are reside in the north of Ireland, which is one of the causes, perhaps, or the prosperity of that section. The poorest place to look for pasturage is under the feet of a Methodist.

Well, as Tuam has scarcely five thousand inhabitants, and is built rather compactly, it doesn't take long to look over it. I devoted a couple of hours to the task; and I found it a task. The mud lay thick everywhere. Many of the houses were simply shanties, and squalid appearing; and the people whom one mostly met were painfully poor. Every little while I came upon a few words over a door to the effect that the party inside was licensed to retail beer or porter. Going into one of these, I found an earth floor, a wall immediately on the right, with a long bench in front of it, a small bar to the left covered with stains, and a roaring fireplace at the end of the bar. Hanging from a hook in the chimney was a huge pot of boiling potatoes. I went into several of those places; but they were so much alike, even to the boiling of potatoes, as to be monotonous. I talked with the bartender (who was every time a woman), and found that she had a cousin in America "who was doing well," but not so well now as formerly; which led the speaker to fear that the States would soon be as bad as any country. A gentleman who receives money sent by the girls and young men of his neighbourhood who are now in America, and disburses it to their friends at home, informs me that he invariably notices a gradual falling off in the amounts, proportionate to the time of their stay. They send twice as much the first year as they do the fifth, and as much again in the fifth as they send in the tenth year. In some cases the remittance had died out entirely. It shows what a place America is for losing money.

Going up one of the straggling streets which led into the market place, a sudden shower came up; and I stepped into the open door of one of the houses, where I was made heartily welcome by the inmates. An old man who was sitting by the fire, smoking a pipe, took the pipe out of his mouth at once, and picking up his stick, which stood against the jamb of the fire-place, he dexterously poked a hen from the back of the only whole

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chair; and the old woman, his wife, gave it a dust with her skirt, and placed it before the fire for me.

The old man and his wife had gone over the three score and ten mark, and were resting from their labours. Their only child, a daughter, had married a young man who worked for a farmer two miles distant for seven shillings a week; and the daughter did cleaning and other odd jobs for the gentry families.

And this young man, on his seven shillings a week, freely divided with his mother-in-law and her husband; and they both spoke of him with a pride begotten of true affection.

The room was not a large one; but it was kept dry by the thatched roof. The floor was of earth, worn into many hollows. The furniture consisted of an old-fashioned clothes-press which reached nearly to the boarded ceiling, the chair I occupied, a broken chair which the old lady used, a sort of box-bench which he sat on, and another bench capable of holding three people. There was a clock against the wall, and a table, on which were two plates, a cracked teacup, an earthen cup, some potato-peelings, and a bit of bread,—the remnants of a breakfast. The hen which left my chair squatted discontentedly under the table, and eyed me moodily during my stay. There were two more hens. One of them moved around, but said nothing; while the other dozed on the window-seat.

In back of this was an apartment which was used as a bedroom; and near one corner of the living room was a very rough ladder, which led into the loft.

The old people were glad to hear that I was from America. To them it was a sort of past dream. There had been a time, when Mary Ann was a child, that they thought of going over to the wonderful country; but he was taken down with a bad cold, from ditching in a bog for Mr. Clare; and the weeks of sickness consumed their savings, and broke up their enterprise. But, God be praised! he was saved from the door of death, "Warn't ye, Dani'l mon?" To which he promptly affirmed.

The next day was Sunday; and a very pleasant day it was, barrin' a strong wind. I went to the Catholic cathedral in the morning. It stood in enclosed ground, back from the street, and was approached by a lane. In this lane, from the gate to the cathedral-grounds, were beggars. Some of them were in a sort of watch-houses on wheels, with their affliction announced over the top. Others had no physical trouble, except a serious appetite; and they

moved around on their feet. These were unfortunate for money.

Beggars are shockingly numerous in this country. In my walk about town, Saturday, I encountered nearly two dozen. One of them was a man with his nose freshly off—so freshly, that it was bleeding afresh when I met him. I shelled out at once, and departed without waiting for the usual blessing. Another had his legs twisted about each other; still another had the lower half of his right arm grown back on the upper half; and one woman had lost the greater part of her face through a cancerous trouble. I never stopped to argue with these people. The beggars in the cathedral lane did not get violently rich that morning.

One old woman said to another old woman—

"Did ye get anythin' the mornin'?"

"Divil a ha'pinny!" murmured the other in a hushed voice.

A troop of beggars is not what one generally hankers for when skirmishing around for scenery; but, while he may pardon them for their pauperism, he cannot, if he be in the least sensitive, listen to their wholesale use of holy names without shivering.

I have heard drunken women, with blackened eyes and bloated faces, direct holy beings where to bestow their blessings in case of a donation, and cursing like mad if the coveted prizes were not secured.

And those who are really in want, and are really helpless, sit at home and starve.

The more prosperous classes seem to be divided in their view of the beggars, but are united in condemning the practice. The Irish are fully as generous as they are reported to be, and the beggars are fortunate in their location.

One old woman, who squeezed a few pennies from me by her plaintive story and neat appearance, was indignantly rebuked by a resident of Tuam (a stranger to me), who charged her with having more money in the bank than any one Tuamite can boast.

At that she went for him, but not in a plaintive way.

When I looked out of my window in the morning, I was somewhat perplexed by seeing several apple-pedlars on the corner opposite. I had the impression that it was Sunday; but I began to doubt, on seeing this display of mercantile activity in a civilized country. Towards noon, I saw that corner, and the one next to it, filled up with pedlars; and, on moving about through the few streets, I found several groceries, vegetable stalls, and the like, doing business. They were probably kept open in

case of sudden sickness, as is the case with cigar stores and barber shops in America.

Late in the afternoon I walked into the suburbs, and witnessed a very exciting game of football.

If I was surprised at the sight which greeted me on looking out of my bedroom window on Sunday morning, I was dumb-founded by that which greeted my eyes as I cast them over the market-place on Monday morning. It had rained in the night, and the pavement was muddy; but the sun shone bright and clear. There were but few people in sight; and nearly all of them were intently observing a man in a suit of frieze clothes, who was hobbling on his knees from one corner to another of a street which came into the market-place, opposite the hotel. His pants were pulled up above the knees, and the bare flesh came in contact with the gritty mud. Those who observed him maintained a respectful distance, but watched him closely. I didn't know what to make of him. From seeing him on his bare knees, I concluded he was a cripple, under the influence of liquor. He made his way with great difficulty across to the opposite corner. Then he got upon his feet, and walked across angle of the sidewalk to the pavement again, pulled up his pants, got down on his knees, and started across the square on his painful way. Then I saw that he was neither drunk nor crippled. Then I knew what he was up to; he was doing a penance. And still I watched him. The crowd rapidly augmented, which surprised me; for I thought penances of the kind were common here.

When he got two-thirds across the place a policeman appeared, and stopped him. The crowd, which was now quite large, pressed about the two. The object of all the excitement seemed inclined to carry out his purpose; but the policeman made him rise, and drop down his pants, and "move off."

When I got down to breakfast, I "dropped" on the waiter for the particulars; but, although a singularly communicative individual, he had nothing to say on this topic, except that he thought the man, whoever he might be, was a "d—d fool." A curate of the Church of Ireland was my fellow-guest at the hotel; and, when he came down to breakfast, I pounced on him; but he laughed at me, and said I was joking him. And as for my penance theory, he scouted it at once. I enquired of others about town; but I could get no satisfaction. They had not seen the man, and were sure that he was either drunk or a cripple.

Pretty soon I ceased to be anxious for some one who could explain to me what the man was doing, and began to look around for somebody who had seen him. But I was not successful in even this. I spent the evening with a genial Irish family, and, watching my opportunity, late in the evening broached the matter which lay heaviest on my mind. But again I was disappointed. Every one in the party had something to say about it; but, beyond concurring in the opinion held by the waiter, they could give me no satisfaction.

I refer to this family because they particularly pleased me, and were just such a whole-souled, hospitable, fun-loving house as has often attracted me in the writings of Charles Lever. The head of the house was a sufferer from gout, of course. The lady was matronly, courteous, and graceful; and the stalwart sons and fair daughter were most genial companions. The guests were gentlemen from Dublin to attend the fair on the next day. It was one of the most delightful evenings in my remembrance; and I shall always bear, from this and other occasions in Ireland, a pleasant memory of its good-natured, kind-hearted, and hospitable people.

They wanted me to stay in Galway till I saw an Irish funeral, and tried to describe to me the wild cry which the friends sent up on the occasion. But I went around among the people, and looked upon them; but, as none of them appeared at all likely to die very soon, I concluded not to wait. They thought I should see a wake, and were very much surprised to learn that I had already participated in one in my own country. They didn't think the people would be so insane as to carry that practice into the new world; which, in turn, rather opened my eyes; for I thought wakes were popular with the Irish. But I learn that they are dying out here, as the upper classes and many of the clergy are opposed to them.

But I was speaking of the waiter as being communicative. He is willing to lay himself out on almost any subject; but the people of Tuam seem to engross his most earnest attention. He came from Dublin, and had been at this place about a fortnight. He understood when he came that it was a good berth for him; but his experience illustrates a peculiar style of employing in the kingdom, to which, I think, I have previously alluded.

When he got there, he found that his salary was to come from the guests, and that he was to be himself at the expense of washing the table-linen, or napkins, and of hiring any assistance he might require.

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As myself and the curate were the only guests at the time, I thought that his chances looked mighty slim,—a view that he endorsed with vehement profanity.

But the fair was coming on, and the house would be crowded with people; and he conveyed, through the channel of various winks, and contortions of the face and fingers, that he would line his pockets on that occasion, and depart forthwith.

He gave me to understand this several hundred times during the period I enjoyed his company.

But he was down on Tuam and Tuam people, and never missed an opportunity for consigning them to foreign parts. I thought he would actually strangle me one evening, when I incidentally inquired if Dublin was as finely a laid out city as Tuam.

The next morning was to be the first day of the fair. Early on Monday afternoon the buyers commenced to flock into the village. Every bedroom was doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled in its resources. I was changed from my room to one which had five narrow beds crowded into it. But the curate took compassion upon me, and had an extra bed made up in his little room for my accommodation. He thought he was to keep his sitting-room. But, as night came on, so did Riley, the "boots," behind a mountain of bedding; and the little sitting-room was speedily metamorphosed into accommodation for a half-dozen persons.

Poor Riley! All the afternoon his name resounded through the passages; and Riley, heated and perspiring, was everywhere in sight.

"Sure, ma'am," I overheard him protest in a despairing voice to the head chambermaid,—*"sure, ma'am, I'm not a crab, that I should be all legs."*

As I fell away into sleep at midnight, a scentorian voice came up the stairway,—

"Riley, Riley! Where are ye, man?"

And the next morning, at daylight, the voice of Riley was heard in the passage, trying to force his voice up to the next floor.

"Mistress Clare! Mistress Clare! ye are wanted at wanst in the kitchen." The next moment he came in with the hot water, and stopped to mention that he had not touched a foot to the bed the entire night.

It was this morning of the fair that the landlord, a pleasant gentleman, came to me and said he had heard that I was inquiring about a man who had walked on his knees across the market-place. He had been a witness of the spectacle, and had made inquiries about it. The man had done it to fulfil the conditions of a penance; but he

was a simple countryman, and did not know any better.

That's so, undoubtedly; but I couldn't help admiring the courage of a man who would thus publicly humiliate himself in repentance. We are apt to admire in others those qualities of which we are destitute ourselves.

It rained, or rather drizzled, all day of the first of the fair. The landlord directed me to the place where it was to be held—"a beautiful green," he said.

I worked my way out there at once. All through the street were droves of sheep, with men, women, boys, and girls driving them. There were also sheep in pens mounted on wheels. This was the sheep day. I reached the square all right,—an enclosure of some twenty acres. All over its face were flocks of sheep, barking dogs, hallooing men and boys, and cunning speculators. I got into the enclosure to the distance of about thirty feet, and there I stuck. It was a sea of mud, with islands of sheep, and shoals of humans. It may have been a green the day before; but there was not a spear of grass observable in any direction,—all mud, mud, MUD!

I went back to the hotel, paid my bill, clutched my valise with a nervous grasp, and started for the station.

And this is a fair,—a mere sale day. This was sheep-fair day, for the sale of sheep; to-morrow cattle fair day, for the sale of cattle; and day after to-morrow pig-fair day, for the sale of pigs.

Thus do traditions vanish, and thus does history shrivel.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OWNING A WHOLE GRAVEYARD.

On my way from Tuam to Limerick, I stopped over at Athenry for several hours. To look at the place, you would think it had not a population of five hundred; but in 1871 it contained twelve hundred people. I understand it has not fallen away much since then.

I carried a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Athenry, the manager of a mill.

It seems as though you could walk all over Athenry, and touch every house, in a half-hour. It is composed mostly of one-story stone houses roofed with straw and earth. The village lies in low ground, and on this rainy afternoon it seemed to be fairly wallowing in mud. There was but one street, with branching lanes and courts, but little attempt at sidewalks, and still less at road pavements. Standing on the walls of its

ruined castle, and looking about over the soggy, stony, and treeless surrounding country, one might be pardoned for enquiring how the Athenry people manage to exist. He would have certainly wondered how any man in good circumstances could come to reside there. Every feature of the place was depressing.

But home is home wherever you may locate it. Beneath those sod roofs were love and patience, and envy and hope, and jawing and scolding, just the same as in the homes of affluence.]

'Way off, thousands and thousands of miles from here, are hearts that turn night and day to thee, thou muddy and forlorn Athenry, and yearn for thee with all the intensity the human bosom is capable of. Athenry was once a walled city, and the home of a king. This was when Connaught was a country by itself, and the last king occupied the castle which is in ruins here now.

He was the last king. Five hundred years ago he fought with the English, and was defeated and killed. That put an end to the glory of Athenry, and knocked the legs from the kingdom of Connaught. Part of the walls of the place still remain, and one of its gateways. Pieces of the wall appear here and there in field and garden, and even as a fraction of some house, the builder economizing it in the structure.

Then there are the four walls of the castle, with a portion of the wall which was about that; and even the indentation of the moat still remains.

The castle was about forty feet square, and about fifty feet high. The first floor still remains, it being formed by the massive arches which make the cellar. My friend took me down into the cellar, the floor of which was scarcely four feet below the earth's surface. In addition to milling, he did a little in agricultural implements; and he had several reapers stowed away here, the building being on the ground he rented. I was glad to see these reapers here, it looked so natural. I never yet saw a deserted old building in a country village which did not have some agricultural machinery stowed away within it. There had been hens here, too, in this castle of a king; and they had roosted on those reapers, as was quite evident. Hens are very fond of new machinery and fancy sleighs for roosting purposes.

My companion showed me how he could put a roof on the walls at a small expense, and without interfering with them at all, which would give him the first floor for a store-room; but the people of Athenry

would not allow him. It was his own property, of course, as he had a lease of it; but he didn't care to run counter to the wishes of the community in which he was a resident. They didn't want to see the place desecrated; and although the greater part of them did not have a whole suit of clothing to their backs, and rarely extended their bill of fare beyond potatoes and milk, still they took an interest in ruins, and knew the proprieties of things.

Another interesting ruin in Athenry is that of a church. A large, fine church it was, several hundred years ago; but only the walls remain, windowless and doorless. The churchyard is one mass of indistinguishable graves.

The stones from the walls have fallen inside and outside of the structure; and, between them and the briars, it was difficult to move around.

Inside the walls were several very fine monuments, and many consisting simply of prostrate slabs, covered with a green slime, with inscriptions nearly worn away. The King himself, who died in defence of Athenry and Connaught, is supposed to lie here. Then there were the graves of several noblemen. Their tombs were, as I have said, elaborate. One of them was of beautiful Italian marble, exquisitely cut in that fair country. How oddly out of place it appeared within these crumbling walls, and among the fallen masonry, ordinary tombs, and flourishing brambles!

The Du Burgoies and Bermingham families, older than the eternal hills almost, lie buried in this neglected and dreary place, and appear to be proud of it.

It is consecrated ground, you know; and, however disordered and unkempt and rubbishy it may be, it is still a very desirable place to be buried in.

But there is one thing I cannot understand. It had a walk about it, and a locked gate, which was opened to us by an old woman who possessed the key. To use a metaphor, she had drained the dregs of poverty, and was now picking her teeth. But she owned this place.

"Who owns this place?" I asked my companion; for I always like to see romance with a little of the practical. But he didn't know. He had a ruin of his own, and you would have thought he would take an interest in those matters. And then Athenry is but a hamlet, and he an old resident, and yet not know who owned the only church ruin in his own place! I began to feel uneasy.

"Who owns this place now, granny?" he inquired of the old woman as we were passing through the gate.

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"I do," she said.

"Ah, you have the keeping of it; but who owns it?"

"I do, I tell ye."

I stepped around and took a look at her. She was bare headed, and wore a patched gown and coarse shoes. My eyes protruded so far, that they really ached. And she, so poor that she did not have a whole gown to her back, was the sole possessor of a graveyard, a church, and the graves of the nobility! She went on and explained how she got it. It was the property of a great family, and the family became broken up and scattered, and some neighbours took possession, and in time became likewise scattered; and then some one else tacked himself to it, but, finding precious little return from it, gave it up to one of her ancestors, and so it came to her.

Just think of the property this aged, crooning woman owned! I became so bewildered by this information, that I was actually obliged to rub my head briskly to assure myself that I was really awake. But my companion didn't appear worked up at all; and as for the proprietor of this singular wealth, she was not proud nor overbearing, but walked back of us as quietly as if she were not the owner of a single dead body, to say nothing of a church and a fine assortment of tombstones. She even accepted a shilling.

I should like to see her inventory.

When I became sufficiently composed to speak with a steady voice, I asked this Athenry gentleman how such things could possibly exist.

"Why, who would want the place?" he asked in surprise. "I am sure I would not take it as a gift."

"I know; but just bear in mind that it is a graveyard, and ought to come under sanitary conditions. Besides, within repose the members of wealthy families; and how is it they allow the possession of their burial place to remain in the hands of a poverty-stricken old woman?"

"Well, said he with provoking coolness, "I don't see anything remarkable about it. She owns it; but people can bury there. And as for the wealthy families, they are not here; and I don't know as it makes much difference to them who holds the key to the gate."

And that was really all there was of it; but to this day I cannot fully comprehend it. Can you?

When we were inside the roofless sanctuary, the old lady opened a door recently erected, which enclosed a little cell. In there were a heap of human bones. Some of them were white, others were brown, and many were green. Some were whole; but the most

of them were decaying. I don't know how many people, or how many grades and conditions of life, were comprised in that pile.

In a commercial point of view, there were, it is safe to say, about two dollars' worth of bones. They included shin-bones, thigh-bones, ribs, and skulls. They had been exhumed in making fresh graves, and were put in this cell. The door was built to give a sort of security to the place. In several parts of the building I saw little piles of these ghastly mementos, unprotected by any door from the hand of man, or the devastation of the weather. One-half of a skull, looking like the part of a cocoanut shell, was half full of rain water, with an inch of settling at the bottom, and a stray leaf from a tree floating on the surface. I wonder if it ever occurred to the owner of that skull, when he was going about Athenry, proudly displaying its contents, that, in the course of revolving years it would catch rain water and earth and flying leaves in a roofless church.

And who can tell what other changes are in store for this shell to a once active, hopeful, human brain? The time may come when some prudent housewife will take it to her home and have a nice handle put to it, and use it for baling up soft-soap.

I left the village with genuine pleasure, I had seen so much of interest in it. Being a trifle behind time, I hurried back to the station, to make sure of my train. But there was an abundance of time. That was the occasion when the driver of the trap had to go back for the inspector, as related in a former chapter.

The two hours I put in at the little station, expecting every moment to leave, and not doing it, were hardly agreeable; although I managed, with the aid of a pipe and turning up my coat collar (for it was a damp, drizzling chilly day), to work off the time.

How slowly such time drags along! and how anxiously we watch its progress, and a desire to get behind it, and give it a good push!

We have such an abundance of time, it is to be so many, many years before we shall be called hence, that we can afford to get out of patience with Time for not speeding faster. I have no doubt that, if accurately reckoned up, we wish away fully one-half of our lives.

But I am not going to sermonize, although abundantly competent to do so: I am merely going to tell you an incident at the Athenry station.

CHAPTER XLIX.

STARTING FOR AMERICA.

It was a junction of three roads; and, while we waited for our train, several others came and departed. One of them, which went to Galway, carried away two buxom girls of between twenty and twenty-five years of age. They had been standing on the platform with some friends, and were noticeable to strangers by their heavy frieze cloaks and scarlet skirts. They were the picturesque women of Galway, and had come over to Athenry to see off a few friends who were going to America. As the train was about to start, they took a convulsive farewell of the emigrants, and the emigrants took an equally convulsive farewell of them. The two Galwegians got into the train, and threw up the window, and put out their heads, and clasped the voyagers about their necks, and cried and sobbed as if their hearts were broken, until the guard and porters forced them apart, to permit the train to go on its way. Then, as it moved away, the women of Galway waved back their handkerchiefs, and sent up a wail that made the blood stand stiff about my heart. Those left behind, with one exception, gave an agonizing response. It was not a sharp cry of pain, nor was it a sobbing, but it seemed to be a melting of one into the other, and altogether too pathetic to fool about with a description. The exception was a young girl of some sixteen years, a neighbour undoubtedly, who, not liking to cry before so many strangers, laughed instead, and tried to hide the offence beneath the light shawl she had wrapped about her head.

The party left on the platform by the departure of this train were an old man, his two sons (one about thirty, and the other eighteen years of age), the wife of the older, two daughters, and the neighbouring girl with the light shawl. The older son and his wife, and two young sisters, were going to America—four out of a family of six. The son was a stout young man, homely dressed: his wife had no bonnet, but made the cape of her cloak answer the purpose. But the young sisters were clothed in bright red and yellow shawls, which made up in colour what they lacked in warmth, and blue bonnets trimmed copiously with yellow flowers. Poor girls! they were going to a great country from Athenry, and that pride which is peculiar to and pardonable in their sex could not bear that Athenry should be meanly thought of in foreign lands. And so the bright colours and the colossal yellow flowers

were going to America by way of a steerage passage; and I thought of that, and the consequent trailing of the plumes in the dark hold of a tossing vessel; and I did wish that somebody could have told them all about it before they made their purchases.

They were to take the train with myself going to Limerick. As the time came for their getting aboard, the grief of both parties became intense. They clasped each other to their breasts, and cried most pitifully. Going away to America, going thousands of miles apart,—a family that had grown up together for years with never a thought of separation. It was hard to all around; but it was the hardest upon the one the least able to bear it,—the poor old man, so poor and thin, that it seemed as if the sharp air would cut through him. But he did not lift up his voice; he simply kept walking about, and pressing his hands tightly together. His was not pain; it was simply a dull, dead despair. I wondered if he thought of the dances and frolics where he won the girl who bore him these children, who grew wan and thin with him, and finally sark to her rest; and if he thought of them, and then looked on this scene, which was the bitter climax of his life's aspirations and ambitions, what must be the sensations under which his brain throbbed? But what is this parting, with its excitement, to the feelings which will come to them when the dear old land lies thousands of miles away? And what is this parting, with its hurry and bustle, to those left behind, to the desolation which will meet them at the threshold of the broken home? Perhaps the old man is thinking of this, and can vividly see the disordered room, the fragments of the last and almost untouched meal, the vacant chair, and that indescribable vacuum which awaits his return from the station.

He may have been thinking of this when he drew back from the others, and stood at the corner of the station building, as the train moved away, and wrung his hands in such an agony of distress, that it drowned the wail of the others, and left only that white, distorted face reflected upon the mind.

"Father, father!" shouted the first-born in a broken voice, "all that I ask of ye is that ye live till I come back. That's just what I ask of ye," he continued, with a feeble attempt to be exultant.

Come back? Of course. It is not the going away that the departing care to dwell upon, except in their very secret thoughts: it is of the coming back that they talk; it is the coming back to which they strive

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But the old man did not hear it. He made no response: no cry escaped him. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

God help him, and all fathers and mothers in this land—the land of parting—who are called upon to give up their hearts' treasures, to have their souls riven with pain on the very verge of the grave! There is a grief for which Nature can furnish no antidote,—the dry grief of despair.

CHAPTER L

A TREATISE ON LIMERICK.

We reached Limerick late in the evening; and I got there to stay over one day to look at the place. I was very much attracted to Limerick through the medium of one of Moore's songs. I forget the name; but one line made such an impression upon me, that I remember it well. It was—

"Oh! I'm the boy from Limerick."

That is the reason I stopped at Limerick. I took such an interest in the young fellow, that I wanted to see the place where he hung out,—his place of abode, as it were.

I was pleased with Limerick, and delighted with its hotel. The city is composed of two distinct parts,—the old and the new. There has been no particular effort to improve the old city, the Limerickers preferring to lay out their money in building anew: consequently they have plenty of good city to take friends over, and create a good impression. In the new city the principal street is George,—a straight, broad avenue, with many handsome stores. And speaking of their stores reminds me, that, since being in Ireland, I have been much interested and amused by the peculiar contrasts presented at the dry-goods establishments. For instance, take the store opposite the hotel. It has a massive front of plate glass, is high in ceiling, finely furnished, and attractively arranged. Into this store will pass a lady in satin and sealskin. Her carriage stands at the door. There goes in one who is bare-headed, and even barefooted; and, if you should enter yourself, you will find both trading at the same counter, and both waited on by nobby clerks with hair parted in the middle.

Foster Green, at Belfast, with his splendid establishment, sells groceries as cheap as the homeliest place on the backest of back streets; and so the barefooted and bare-

headed like to trade there. And I imagine from that, and from seeing the lower classes flock in here and similar places, that the dry goods establishments are conducted on the same principle. It is much different in our country, where the rent is allowed to influence the price, and where first-class stores do not care to bicker with third-class customers, nor have them and their old and soiled clothing in the place.

In every nation that I know anything about, there is a class of people who will fight the price of a dealer inch by inch. I don't know that the Irish have more of this element than any other country; but they are certainly well cursed with it, and get full credit for what they have, if not more. Knowing this, I have enjoyed seeing one of these Irish men or women wrangle with his or her own countrymen. At a store in Tuam, an old woman said to the dealer, of whom she had asked the price of tea,—

"Musha, Mr. Hogan, ye have a heart of stone."

"Do you think I could be giving ye the tea after paying my money for it?" he demanded with some indignation.

"We'll let ye alone for the giving, Mister Hogan. Sure, any sack would do that come here for free male," retorted the old hag with a chuckle.

"Anyone to hear you talk, Mistress Quinn," said the exasperated grocer, "would think that good tea was clover, that might be had for the plucking."

"An' I'm not sure that it's not clover," was the bold retort. This was the opportunity to leave, and I left.

It is Greek meeting Greek; and anybody who may have clerked in a Yankee grocery would enjoy it as I do.

The old part of Limerick is decidedly dilapidated. Why, many of its crazy tenements are actually falling down; and ivy, which is not a proud plant, is growing over the broken walls. Many of the streets are narrow, crooked, dirty, and bad smelling. In going through one of them, I saw an old man cobbling shoes. He was seated on a stool, with his back against a building. The nails and general paraphernalia of his trade were in a little box on the pavement by him. A bit of bagging stretched on two sticks set on the windward side of him to protect him from its inclemency. This shelter was about twenty inches square, and must have afforded a great deal of comfort. He was a very old man, but busy. I asked him how much rent he paid. He said that he occupied the pavement without cost; and, in answer to another question, thought he was safe in placing the figure of his average earnings

at a shilling a day. When it rained very hard, he put his place of business under his arm, and scudded around into an adjoining area.

I gave him a few particulars about the humble origin of Horace Greeley, Franklin, and Blind Tom, and then left him to peg away.

The old town contains, in addition to this cobbler, the old cathedral and a fortified castle.

I didn't go into the old cathedral. I went into the yard, and incurred the dislike of the keeper by incidentally observing that the church was altogether too modern for my cultivated tastes.

It has a chime of eight bells. The waiter at the hotel told me an incident in connection therewith. Many centuries ago, a wealthy and pious Italian had eight bells cast for a church in Rome. They were vested by some saint with a peculiar sweet tone which no mechanical skill could approach. But wars came upon Italy, and the church was robbed of its beautiful bells. The wealthy and pious Italian felt inconsolable over the loss. He sold his property at auction, neglected to shave and to change his linen, and wandered forth upon the world in quest of the beloved chimes. Years after, in passing up the Shannon on a vessel, promenading the deck, and brooding over his great loss, the bells in the steeple of Limerick Cathedral sounded forth in the evening chimes. The bells were brought from Italy by some filibuster, and they were the very bells which this wanderer had sacrificed home and pleasure to see. At their first sound he threw up his arms, and fell dead of broken heart upon the deck. This was the waiter's story; and, when he ceased, he lifted the napkin, and brushed a tear from his eye. A stiff-looking gentleman, whom I judged to be a lawyer, was sitting opposite me, but apparently took no interest in the narrative until its conclusion. Then he started up, and said—

"Do I understand you to say that the party from Italy fell dead?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter with a sigh.

"Was—was there an inquest?"

"A—a wha—that is—I mean—I'm sure I don't know, sir," spluttered the narrator in bewilderment.

"Then, sir," said the stiff gentleman with some severity, "how are you able to state with any confidence that the deceased met his death from a broken heart, in the absence of any evidence that a thorough investigation into the causes of his untimely death had been conducted before proper authorities?"

The waiter bolted at once.

As for the Shannon, I hardly know what to say of it. It is a river, a swift-rolling river, whose waters are of that colour attained by standing water in slaughter-house yards: and that is the most graphic description of the Shannon that I have yet seen.

There are a number of manufactures in Limerick; but the most important is the making of lace. I judge this merely from the fact that the visitor is waylaid every few yards on the street by a barefooted woman, and importuned to buy a lace handkerchief which she extends in her hand.

I met them outside the door of the hotel, and even in the hall. One of them followed me into the coffee room. This was too much. I seized a carving-knife, and, brandishing it above my head as I had seen people do in Sunday-school books, I shouted—

"Woman! one step nearer with that rag, and I'll plunge this blade into your detestable body!"

She sighed, and turned away, saying, "An' such a purty nose as he has!"

"Woman," said I in a softened voice,—for suffering almost melts me,—"here's a shilling."

At the station, on my departure, there were a half-dozen of them, each armed with a lace handkerchief, and each determined to sell it. I can't imagine anything that will tend to awaken a man's interest in the manufacture of lace as much as, in getting out of a train in a hurry to secure a glass of ale, to run against a lace-seller who is bound to dispose of a handkerchief. I saw a map do that as I waited for my train. He was a very heavy man. The woman put up her hand at first to show him the handkerchief; but, learning his momentum as if by inspiration, she at once threw up both hands to save herself; but it was too late. He caught one of her hands on his face; the nails thereof ploughed across his nose and forehead; the other caught him in the pit of the stomach.

In that shape they both went off the platform, and down on the rails. The porters jumped after them at once; but the woman got on her feet ahead of them, and, rubbing her head, moved away in blank astonishment. The old gentleman was helped upon the platform, but with great difficulty, as he thought he had been struck by an express train, and could hardly realize that both of his legs had not been taken off. When he did get fairly up, and learned what had really happened, and that it was too late to get the ale, a mighty revulsion of feeling suddenly set in, and he looked around for that woman with a cold-blooded ferocity that was dreadful to contemplate.

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Five minutes later, I was on my way to Killarney.

CHAPTER LI.

BLASPHEMING MENDICANTS.

From Limerick the train went to Charleville, about forty miles, where we waited an hour for the Dublin train. It was a cold wait, as Charleville is on a plain, and the station is in an exposed place, where the wind swept across it without hindrance. But I was expecting my friend the Major, whose company I enjoyed at Belfast; and so I walked briskly up and down the platform, and destroyed two cigars with comparative ease.

At last the Dublin train came in, and with it the Major, who was going with me to Killarney. He hadn't seen the lakes in ten years, and longed for a sight of what he claimed to be one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the globe.

"Faith, old man," he observed, rubbing his shoulder after we had wrung each other by the hand, "it was my intention to twist your arm from its socket; but I believe you have forestalled me."

The Dublin train took us to Mallow, where it left us, and pursued its way to Cork. At Mallow we changed for Killarney, which place we reached at nine o'clock in the evening.

The station at Killarney is an arch of iron and glass—a style so common in Europe. At the end was a transparency over an opening, with the words "Railway Hotel" emblazoned thereon. We went into that opening; and it led through a passage-way, covered with a bewildering mass of ivy, to the hostelry,—a rather new feature in hotel economy.

There is one thing that can be said of all pictures of pretentious buildings in Britain,—they do not overrun the mark. In our case,—a people superficial and money-making,—our prints invariably flatter. I have seen pictures of Western hotels that led me to believe they were imposing structures, when they proved to be merely catch-trap affairs, put up cheaply of wood, with a great deal of coarse gingerbread work to them. The picture I saw of the Killarney hotel presented a jail-looking building that was not inviting; but relying on the advice of a Scotch commercial, that station hotels were generally the best, I went to it. It is a fine-looking hotel, and is surrounded by extensive grounds, which have been arranged with great care; and the building itself is supplied with every convenience for travellers. I appreciated it

thoroughly; although, since getting away from Connaught, I have had no trouble in this respect.

The next morning, on looking out of the coffee-room window, I saw, in the opening of the ivy passage, half a dozen cut-throats. I never saw them before; but I knew who they were, and what they were after. They were watching the hotel-door, but pretending not to. They were guides in search of a job.

The Major and I ordered a jaunting-car with driver, and started out to make a tour of the lakes.

I don't understand why these lakes are called Killarney. But they are called so only by foreigners and the proprietors of panoramas. Their names are respectively Lough Leane, Lake Muckross, and Upper Lake. The first-named is frequently called by the people here the Lower Lake. It is ten times as large as Muckcross, or the Middle Lake, and that is nearly a third larger than the Upper. The first two are nearly together, being separated by a sharp neck of land and an island. The Upper Lake is some two miles from Muckcross, but connected with it. I will freely admit that Killarney is a pretty name, and far more euphonious than the others; but, when any one who possesses a well nose who has been through the village of Killarney, he does not see the propriety of the association. The lakes, with their foliage-lined shores, beautiful private parks, and bold mountains, are one of the finest bits of scenery; but the village!

Killarney boasts five thousand population; and how poor it is, is best conveyed by the statistics of the workhouse, which has four hundred paupers. If you know any place the size of Killarney which has an equal number of professional paupers, I hope you will let me know, that I may avoid it. Besides all these paupers in the workhouse, there are a number of beggars in the town; and still, in addition, there are a host of swindlers in bog jewellery, and millions of "cutters," so called because they solicit money for indifferent services, and drive you mad by their importunities. Killarney has one main street in the shape of a tri-square. At one point is the Protestant church, and at the other is the Catholic cathedral. Then there is a Presbyterian church at the angle. Off from the main street are numerous little stunted courts and thickly-tenanted lanes. Although a dirty and dilapidated town, yet Killarney is not such a place as Tuam. Whether this is because of the beautiful scenery about it, or that its main street is broader and more lively than that of Tuam, I cannot decide; but it is certainly more endurable.

The village is about a mile and a half from the nearest point of Lough Leane. We do not pass through it in going to the lakes, but took it in on coming back. We had a jauntying-car. The Major made the driver sit on the box; and he took one side, and I the other; and, sitting well back, we nearly faced each other, and had a good view of the middle seam in the back of the driver's coat, —and the rest of the country.

The moment we took our seats, the guides pounced down on us. The Major had explained, before starting, that we should not want these people; and so, when they applied, I told them that I was on my way to see a sick friend, but that my companion was going to see the lakes. They at once applied to him. He held up his hand to his ear, to signify that he was deficient in hearing.

"He is somewhat deaf," I said: "you will have to speak loud."

They raised their voices; but still he could not catch their sentiment. They jumped up on higher notes; but they did not reach him, although he exhibited the liveliest anxiety to learn what they were driving at. They made a still greater effort, but without success: whereupon all but one, having reached the highest point, retired, mopping their foreheads, and looking very much distressed. This one got up on the seat beside the Major, and, putting both hands to his mouth to concentrate his voice, fairly bellowed with all his might. But it had no effect on the Major. He put his hand up to his ear again, and shook his head in a very desponding manner.

"Great Heaven!" said the unhappy guide as he got down and moved off.

At the toll-gate, a few rods farther on, we met a broad-shouldered vagrant, reeking in rags and dirt, and bloated with drink. He came up on one side of the trap as the toll keeper approached the other. The Major looked gravely from one to the other, and said, —

"Which of you keeps this gate?" The gate-keeper's face flushed scarlet; and he held out his hand, and said that he was the proper party to receive the toll.

When we got away, the Major said, "That was rather hard on the gate man; but I intended it for him. Had he been an honest man, he would not have allowed that bundle of mud and bad whiskey to hang about the gate, annoying travellers for money. And I'm thinking we three will not meet again at that place."

We drove along a road which had high walls on each side, with trees overhanging them. We are approaching the lakes, and

getting among the premises of men of property. One of the largest property owners in the neighbourhood is a member of Parliament, named Herbert. He possesses property skirting the three lakes, and at the larger has his residence and extensive park. In the park is the famous Muckross Abbey, lying near to the water. Mr. Herbert is properly located in Parliament. He is politic enough to see that people want to go over the ground, and that he ought to gratify them; but at the same time he is sufficiently a statesman to realize that a shilling from each is a very good thing for rainy weather: so he has a system of tickets similar to those used on the railways here. It is cheap and sensible; but it reads oddly.

At the first gate a woman came from the porter's lodge, and let us in on the payment of a shilling each. But, before she came up, another woman on the road, with a child in her arms, made for us.

"For the love of a good God, gintlemin," she said, "give me a penny for bread for me hungering children!"

There was no response.

"O, gintlemin! ye wadn't see us starve before your very eyes," she whined. "The tinner mercies of God follow ye, good gintlemin!"

She hesitated.

"Come," said the Major encouragingly, "there is another remark. Out with it."

Whereupon she said, —

"Sure a copper is nothing to such as you; but it waud kape the babbies from sootherin. Plaze, for the love of God, have mercy on us!"

The Major threw her a coin, and the driver started on; but my companion stopped him.

And then the miserable wretch in the road, taunting the pure air with bad rum and digestion at every breath, poured into us a volley of blessings, mumbling them over so swiftly as to be hardly distinguishable. But I have heard the same thing so often, that no amount of disguise can hide it from me. Here it is: —

"Ayh, God bliss you, gintlemin! God bliss you a thousand times! An' long life to your honours! and may ye niver want for a blissid thing in life! The Holy Virgin protict you an' kape you! God bliss you! Holy angels kape you! Long life to you, an' plenty of happiness! God bliss you for iver!"

"Isn't that awful?" said the Major after she was done. "And she is only one of thousands—dirty wretches, begging when everybody else is at work, and drinking and fighting when other people are abed. I

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rarely give a penny to one of them, and think it a harm to put anything in their hands that will procure them their enemy; but I thought I would try that sixpence on her, praying that she might, in a fit of temporary aberration, invest it in soap."

We each gave the gate-woman a shilling, and received, in return, a sectional ticket. One part of it the woman tore off and retained; the other piece we kept. It signified on the face of it that it was an admission to Mr. Herbert's grounds, including Muckross Abbey ruins, and must be given up at the gate of egress. Inside the grounds we drove along a smooth road winding along the shore of the lake, bordered by turf, and flanked by trees. It was a very beautiful scene, quiet, lovely and enchanting. The autumnal tints were touching the foliage. Dark-brown, gray, and various shades of yellow abounded on each side; but the flaming maple was absent. It needed only that to make of this early October morn a genuine Indian-summer day. There were no objects of interest along the drive, except those of Nature's construction. It was simply a park of smooth turf, varying glimpses of the lake and distant mountains, with soft, healing sunshine upon the earth, and a blue sky above, with fleecy white clouds tumbling lazily about in its space. None of us said a word as the car rolled quietly along.

Ten minutes on this delicious way brought us to a clump of trees, with the gray walls of a ruin showing through the openings. This was Muckross Abbey. The driver drove around to a gate, as a paling surrounded the building and the adjacent grounds, which were used for burial.

My first view of the abbey was a sort of disappointment, perhaps by reason of the approach, which showed me but a shattered end of the building, from ground higher than its first floor; while a lofty tree concealed the tower. I was opposite the chancel-window (bare of glass, of course), with its skeleton spandrels casting shadows on the grass where I stood. All about it was a mass of shining ivy. In fact, all this end-wall, with portions of the side-walls and most of the massive tower, concealed their deformity beneath the friendly offices of the beautiful ivy. We paused a moment to glance at the exterior of the walls, and then passed into the building through a low door.

Muckross Abbey and Church were founded in the fifteenth century. As an abbey, it was a place of residence for the members of the Order which founded it; and consequently we find a dining-room, kitchen, and sleeping apartments within the walls.

Any one who goes over this or a similar place, and looks at its bleak walls, cold, cheerless stone floors, dreary low ceilings, and hampered rooms, can scarcely conceive how human beings, with human warmth, and human love of the bright and cheerful, could live a monastic life, especially in those back centuries, when ignorance and poverty were the common heritage of the masses. That those people did good, there is no doubt; but that they could have greatly multiplied their successes by carrying their holiness and self-denial into the world is equally certain.

In the panoramas of the lakes the abbey is represented in its completed state, with illuminated windows and the singing of vespers. The first panorama of Killarney I witnessed was under the auspices of a friend, who loaned me a shilling to do it with. The exhibition made such an impression upon me as to soften my heart, and ennoble my nature; but it had no such effect upon him. He was of a low and grovelling nature, and for years after used to dun me for that shilling.

But the most interesting sight to me in connection with Muckross Abbey and Church was a funeral, which entered the ground as we came out into the yard. It was just as well now that I did not wait in Tuam to witness the spectacle; for the guide had been telling us that only hereabouts, and in some portions of Connaught, were the primitive customs in burial kept up. They were growing less frequent here, and would probably pass entirely with this century.

The funeral was of a young man, with no nearer relatives than an aunt and several cousins. There are no people so prolific in cousins as the Irish. That is about the only relative they lay themselves out on, and in their production they beat the world. Four men brought the coffin into that portion of the grounds already serrated with unmarked graves. They set it down on the ground, and I looked about for the grave; but there was not a bit of fresh-turned earth in sight. The women got together, looking at the coffin, which was stained black to make it all the more oppressive and awful, and wept silently. The men also gathered in a knot by themselves, and divided their attention between the coffin and ourselves; hardly knowing, perhaps, which to admire most. Then two of the men took off their coats, and marked out a spot on the turf the size of the coffin, and straightway set to work to dig the grave. This was a custom peculiar to Killarney, and was not due to the negligence of the sexton or undertaker. The body is first brought to the place of burial, and then the grave is dug. The work

went forward rapidly, as the earth was soft and yielding. All the while it progressed, the aunt and cousins of the deceased swayed their bodies, and emitted a moaning sound, which the other women either encouraged by joining, or attempted to abate by simple sympathy.

On the completion of the opening, the body was lowered into it, there being no service at the grave, as the deceased was poor, the caretaker explained; and the earth was immediately thrown in. At the first shovelfull the relatives sent up a cry, which by its suddenness startled me. It was just such a sound as came from the people at Athens; but it lacked that subtle agony. It came from an aunt and cousins, and not from brothers and sister torn apart. It came from temporary excitement, and was due to the occasion, and was not from hearts genuinely lacerated. I stood with perfect composure.

But, as the grave filled up, those in attendance who had graves in the same lot repaired to them; and, as they reached them, they gave utterance to the same wail, only in increased intensity. Some of them threw themselves on the graves; others swayed above them, and wrung their hands; still others fell on their knees, and threw their hands above their heads; while up among the trees, and through the park, and over the water, sounded the wailing cry.

It was no fit place for disinterested strangers and the Major and I left the grounds, and, mounting the car, drove away.

We passed along another smooth road, which wound under noble trees, and by copse after copse of blackthorn; and still we were in Mr. Herbert's private grounds. Pretty soon we reached an angle of a road which approached a magnificent lawn: and across it we got a good view of his modern residence, built in the Elizabethan style, but hardly so imposing as I had expected from a man of his great wealth.

CHAPTER LII.

SCENERY AND LIES.

After a look at the mansion we dipped back among the trees again, and followed the road through many romantic spots to the Dinish Island. On Dinish Island is a cottage erected by Mr. Herbert for the rest and refreshment of tourists.

I went round to the back of the house, where was the kitchen door, and was cordially entertained by three small dogs,

which dashed through the open doorway, and came against my legs with such strength of hospitality as to nearly throw me off my feet.

Right behind them appeared a buxom woman, with her bare arms streaked with suds.

"Good-mornin' to your honour," she said: "I hope I see you well." And without giving me opportunity to explain that, in spite of a little touch of rheumatism in my left leg, I was in a tolerable state of health, she straightway put one hand up to her mouth in imitation of a trumpet, and, pointing this instrument toward a point in the heavens, shouted three times in stentorian tones, "John!"

At the conclusion of the third cry, John, who was introduced to me as her husband, made his appearance.

Across the channel which separates Dinish Island from the mainland is an old bridge; an ancient bridge, I should say. The bridge is formed of two rude arches, and is scarcely less rugged than its surroundings. From the porch of the cottage we had a good view of it; also of the seething, boiling, angry waters which rushed over the rocks beneath it.

"Shooting" the weir is a performance which brings many tourists to this cottage, and the keeper of it is the head artilleryman. A party—consisting of a fat woman, a lean man, and a parrot—were enjoying this target-excursion. When the boat struck the eddies, the boatman tended alone to the helm. The current itself was sufficiently rapid to whiz the boat through; and, had the vessel lost its head for an instant, a capsize, with fatal results, would have immediately followed. But the boat came through gallantly, the fat lady and her attenuated husband attesting their enjoyment of the feat by convulsively clutching each other, and shrieking at the extreme top of their respective voices.

John pressed us to try the experiment, and John's wife added her persuasive eloquence; but we were firm in our refusal. However, we cheered their hearts by buying a couple of bushels of photographs.

Crossing Brickeen Island, we had a grand view of the Lough of Leane, with its expanse of waters, many islands, and quiet shores, with background of mountainous range. One of its islands is the Ross, with a castle and a copper mine; another is the Innisfallen, where are the ruins of an abbey. I thought at first I would not visit it, but changed my mind on the representation of the driver. He told us a legend. He said, that, before the time of Muckcross

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Abbey, there stood a church on Innisfallen. Attached to it was a devout friar, who was much given to prayer. He used to retire to a rock in a secluded part of the island when specially meditative. On one of these occasions he fell asleep, and slept for two hundred years.

"How long?" asked the Major, impetuously.

"Two hundred years, sir," repeated the driver.

"Hear that, Bailey!" said the Major with a burst of pride. "That was an Irishman that slept two hundred years at a single jump. And by my soul, I'll wager the best bottle Dunville ever turned out that our excellent and very reliable friend, the driver here, will do the same thing any day. Will you not, my man?"

The driver shook his head, and tried to look pleasant.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Major. "Come now, driver, you are too modest; but it's a national failing. But get you down, and take the rock yonder for a pillow, and I'll hold your beast and time you. Just try ten or fifteen years, to show the gentleman from America what we can do in Ireland."

The driver stared at the Major and at me, and looked warm and uncomfortable.

"Go on with your story, then," said the Major petulantly, after a pause. "You are mighty disobliging, I must say."

"But," protested the unhappy Jehu, "the friar was a holy man."

"And aren't you a holy man too? If you deny that, it is a queerer driver you are than I think, and the first in my life that I knew to turn tail to the impeachment. But get along with the legend."

Thus adjured, the driver proceeded with the narrative.

The friar slept there on his knees for two hundred years; and then he awoke, and returned to the abbey. But everything was strange to him. Two centuries had removed many of the shrubs, and replaced them with those of different kinds. Saplings had sprung into mighty oaks; and huge trunks had fallen away, and disappeared. New forms moved about the temple, and new faces looked upon him with surprised glances. He called in vain for his old companions. Generations ago they had died, and even their ashes were not.

Dismayed, discouraged, and broken-hearted, he retired to the place of his devotions, and there died.

I asked the driver if he believed this story; and he said nobody could deny it, as

the prints of the man's knees were still to be seen on the rock.

"But how do you know the man is dead?" asked the Major.

"They found him, sir, the next day."

"And so he slept on that little island for two hundred years, and no one knew it, although he may have snored like a maiden aunt; but he was scarcely dead four and twenty hours when they all found it out. Of course it is so," continued the Major, as if communing with himself, "because, aren't the prints of his knees in the stone? But it shows that the organ of smell is much superior to both the organs of hearing and seeing."

There was still another legend. When we were driving along the upper lake, the smaller of the three, there was a long line of rocks observable on the opposite shore. On the face of one of them was a very good image, in white moss or mould or stain, of a roe. The driver directed our attention to this. He said that every seven years an extinct chieftain, called the O'Donoghue, mounted a white horse, and chased the roe through the waters of the lake. All night long he kept up the pursuit; but at daybreak the spot returned to the rock, and the horse and its rider disappeared beneath the waters. He chased the roe to secure the peace of his soul, that desirable condition depending upon the capture of the animal. Many a man, especially on the Mississippi, and in the early days of California, laid all his wealth on a spot. The driver believed this story. I gave him a post stamp, with the understanding that he would send me the particulars when the O'Donoghue caught the roe.

The drive by Muckcross and Upper Lakes was certainly grand. The road wound beneath rocky precipices, about the base of enormous mountains, along the placid water, adown wooded glades, and by park lands. We could get glimpses of water and meadow, and various tinted rocks, and many-coloured foliage. Every little while on the road we were obliged to turn out, or to halt, to permit a drove of Irish cattle to pass by. The genuine Highland cow is low and broad, with a woolly coat, and large, fine eyes; the Irish cow is very small, with delicate horns, and a patient, forgiving eye.

These cows, and their quiet shock-headed drivers, added a pleasant domestic feature to the beauty of the scene. Cows are always comforting to look upon, if your parents do not own them and make you do the churning.

We were pausing to allow one of these droves to go by, when a woman, with a small shawl thrown over her shoulders, and

leading a very fat and red-faced boy by the hand, came up to us, and said,—

"For the kinder mercy of a good God, give a poor widdy a few coppers for bread!"

The Major looked blankly at her, and shook his head, and said,—

"Parlez-vous Anglice?"

And then shook his head again, as if he was in a very bad way.

The unfortunate widow turned to me; but I was a foreigner, and remembered it in time to save myself.

Then she turned away with a heavy sigh, saying,—

"The devil, fly away wid ye, ye gibbering furriers!"

And we moved on. A short distance ahead, the driver drew up at a gate in a stone wall, close to which was a little but pleasant looking cottage, occupied by Mr. Herbert's game-keeper. His wife came and let us into the enclosure by the payment of a fee, and we followed a little path which ran along a swift-moving brook and up a mountain. This was Torc Mountain, and the stream descending it made the Torc Cascade. We climbed half way up the hill, and came out on a ledge nearly level with the top of the cascade.

The roar of the descending torrent made conversation difficult. The water of the little brook came pouring over the rocks like a whirlwind, breaking itself into hundreds of streams, and lashing itself into a fury of ecstasy. It was drunk,—crazy drunk. It roared and moaned, and fell down and jumped up, and rolled over from rock to rock. It was in an ecstasy of blind drunkenness, and it made me dizzy and intemperate to look upon it. We took the path again, and mounted up still higher, and then looked down on the foaming cascade, and listened to its fury, which was now tempered into a sullen roar.

Then we looked off toward the lakes, and there they lay spread out before us in the mellow sunshine like a plain of silver dotted with emeralds. Beautiful, beautiful, beyond all words!

Well, we went down, and passed through the gate again. The car was drawn up on the opposite side of the road; which was purposely done by the driver, I imagine, to give opportunity for certain people to attack us. There were two old women, each with a pail half full of milk, and a bowl swirling around on the top; and in the other hand was a bottle. So this was the poteen and goat's milk I had heard of. Then there were two boys selling ferns and Killarney myrtle, and three young women with bog oak jewellery in market baskets; and then

there were a couple of able-bodied men with photographs.

The poteen ladies came upon us at once. I panted after the whiskey; but I yearned beyond measure for a good draught of that goat's milk out of one of the bowls floating in the delicious fluid, and which the women caught up in their fingers and extended toward us. But the Major stepped ahead. He understood the danger we were in much better than I did. Quick action alone could save us, as he afterward explained; and he stepped quickly ahead.

The old women spoke both together; and then the fern boys came up, and with them the vendors of photographs; and close behind them were the dealers in the bog-oak jewellery, made from that black wood, and touched off with brass. And then they all opened their mouths.

And the Major stared at them with a blankness that seemed almost supernatural.

He put his hand up to his ear, and shook his head, and looked unutterably unhappy. It was the deaf game over again. I followed suit. Then the people lifted their voices; but still we could not hear theirs. I merely shook my head, and left the Major to say at every impulse, "My good people, I fail to catch your meaning, owing to excessive deafness." Then they lifted up their voices still higher, and took up their articles and shook them before him, and danced around on the road, and made up grimaces, and resorted to numerous other intelligent devices to convey to him a tenth part of their anxiety to sell him something.

But he could not hear them, and I had explained to them that I was his servant; so they had no other alternative but to fall back and curse his deafness, which they did with an earnestness that would have overcome any other man's composure.

On our return, and on passing through the village, we had another rabble after us; but we gave them crumbs of French and bon-mots in Latin, and much that was comforting and instructive in German,—things that could not remove their hunger, but which served to appease them until we could get away.

That night the Major went back to Dublin, after playing a game of forty-five with the head steward of the hotel, and winning ten shillings from him; which caused that unfortunate individual to relapse into a moody silence for the rest of the evening.

The next day I did the Gap of Dunloe; but the major was away, and there were no touters, nor poteen-sellers, nor pedlars of any kind, and but one beggar (and he only had one ear off): so I didn't

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enjoy the trip. But it was gloomy and imposing, was the Gap; and it rained nearly all the time: so there was some satisfaction about it.

However, there was one feature—not at the Gap, as it is just out of it—which pleased me amazingly. This was the maid who occupies Kate Kearney's cottage, and sells photographs and poteen. I got some of the poteen. It isn't so pleasant, as a beverage, as is camphene; but it is more dangerous. But the maid interested me. I had heard so much of the wondrous beauty of Kate Kearney, that I was glad indeed to look upon the present occupant of the cottage, who is a direct descendant from Kate. Her name is Kearney too; which struck me as being singular, for obvious reasons.

Miss Kearney came to the door of the cabin on my application, and smiled when she saw me, displaying two rows of teeth as she did so,—one in each row. Then she had freckles, and coarse red hair, and a scar over her left eye, and one foot turned in, and a voice like a file; and she squinted, and sweat under the arms.

I withered before her glance.

"Are you a descendant of the beautiful Kate Kearney?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Kate dead?"

"Many years ago, sir."

"Thank Heaven!" I ejaculated. "Right up a flowing bowl!"

CHAPTER LIII.

A NEWLY-ARRIVED YANKEE.

Back to Mallow again, and thence down the Dublin and Cork line to the latter city.

Cork has not eighty thousand population. The best part of the city is on an island; although there is a portion of it, and a very decent and respectable part of it, located on a tremendous hill.

There is but little to attract tourists in Cork. Shandon's bells, of which some poet has sung, are in the steeple of some Cork church. I didn't hear them; and, as the Cork people appeared to be very much composed, I imagined there was nothing particularly exciting about the chimes. All the streets of Cork, except some of the cross-ones, are crooked. The chief street is the St. Patrick, which, although not so straight as an arrow, is very close to it, being in the shape of a bow.

The guide-book says the street is spoiled by the irregularity of the buildings. But that was its chief charm to me; and no

street which I have seen in Britain, except some ancient thoroughfare, afforded me so much comfort as did St. Patrick. Its buildings were of varying heights, to be sure; but they also wore of varying colours, and some of them of a bright and cheerful countenance; in which respect they somewhat resembled the lower part of Fourth Avenue in New York, or South Pearl Street in Albany. I wept many scalding tears in St. Patrick Street. Home memories always do whip the juice out of me.

There is nothing more to write about Cork that I can think of.

One day, while there, I went down to Queenstown. You know Queenstown. There is no place in Europe that is so dear to me as Queenstown. Four-fifths of the numerous steamers now sailing between England and America touch at Queenstown, both in going and coming, to embark, and to land the mails. From Queenstown to Liverpool is a run of twenty-two or twenty-four hours for the steamer. But the mails landed there proceed to Dublin, thence across the Irish Sea to Holyhead in England (a distance of sixty-five miles), and thence by rail again to London. In this way several hours are gained in mail-time; which is of considerable importance in this fast age. The leading English dailies make a specialty of foreign mail news; and an American loses no time in the morning in getting a daily, and referring at once to that column.

That evening, when I got back to my hotel in Cork, I found a party of Americans had arrived. There appeared to be two or three families of them. Part of them were going to Dublin to make a stay; and a part were going over to England at once, and thence proceed to Paris. I am very fond and proud of my country at home; but abroad they are the most genial and comprehensive of asses of any people I have fallen in with. When you come across an American who has been over here any length of time, you find a sedate, pleasant, well-informed, and courteous personage. He is perfectly natural.

These Americans were at the hotel. I found them as companions at dinner. I didn't say anything to them, of course, because they were not English or Irish, to whom you could have opened your heart at once; but they were Americans just over, and they were enough in themselves. They talked over their plans without reserve. An Irish friend and myself—the only foreigners in the company—attempted to say something on our own account; but we found in a very short time that there was no chance for our-

selves: so we sunk into a proper silence, and let the new arrivals talk.

It soon transpired that they were ultimately going to Switzerland. They made arrangements, in a tone of voice to be heard all over the room, for meeting in Berne, and Rome, and Venice, and Jerusalem and Constantinople, and Paris and Vienna.

After dinner I went down into the smoking room, and had the fire and cigar all to myself. I had sat there some fifteen minutes, thinking of my money in the bank, and of my real estate and other property, when the head of one of the families, the one which was going to remain in Ireland for a few days, came in with his cigar. He took a seat on the other side of the fire-place, and commenced a conversation at once.

"I find it pretty hard work to get along with the hotel system here," he said, "it is so much different from that in my country."

"You are not an Englishman, then?" I asked with some interest.

"Oh, dear, no!" he answered. "I am from America: just come."

"And are the American hotels conducted differently from ours?" I asked, warming up in the subject.

"Well, you bet they are!" he said. "Just as different as day and night. Now, what sort of a dinner do you call that we had just now?"

"That was *table d' hôte* rather slim, I'll admit."

"I should say so. Why, for two weeks before I came away,—I live in Brooklyn, and am connected with the Public Works there,—I broke up keeping house, and took my family to Westminster Hotel, in New York. Why, this place ain't a woodshed beside it. And we had eight courses for dinner, with ice cream and confectionery, and nuts and coffee, and all sorts of fruit, to top off with."

"How much would such a meal cost you?" I inquired.

"Oh! we don't pay by the meal in our hotels."

"What!" I ejaculated in some astonishment.

"No, we don't pay by the meal. We pay by the day,—so much a day; and you have the best the market affords."

"I have often heard of America," I said, "and have for years felt a great desire to go over there; but I have dreaded the trip, because of fear that the hotels would not be comfortable."

"Pooh! You won't find finer or as fine hotels in all the world as you can find in the States," he declared, taking the cigar from his mouth, and staring earnestly at me.

"You can have everything you want. And as for drinks, there is nothing like it. I suppose you have heard of the great variety of our drinks?"

"Oh, yes!" I said. "I met an American the other day, and he gave me quite an account of the aptitude of your bar-tenders. It must be wonderful." And I sighed audibly.

"Well, we don't think much of it over our way; but I suppose it strikes you English as being extraordinary. If you should try a cobbler, one of our genuine sherry-cobblers, you wouldn't want to come down to your plain drinks again. But I must go to see off some people who came over with us, and are going to meet us in Venice; and I advise you to go to America if you want to see good square living."

And thus he departed. But his advice sank deeply into my mind, and I sincerely hope the day will come when I may see America,—that wonderful country. I want to see the people too, they are so modest!

The next day I left Cork, retracing my way to Mallow. The first station beyond Cork had its sign-board embedded in the ivy which clung to the wall on which it was. The name was simple enough; but what a flood of speculations it called up! The name was Blarney.

Blarney consisted simply of the station buildings and part of a freight train. After getting down, and learning that the road, which crossed the track, led over to the castle, I left my bag with the station master, and trudged forward.

Perhaps it was not two miles to the castle. The road rose up and dipped down, and finally turned sharp to the right, and dipped down over a creek, and by a row of tenements, occupied, I knew, by factory operatives, even before I saw the factory. I passed that. There was with me a young man from Cork. He had a sort of basket-work bag thrown over his shoulder, and held by the handle of a hammer put through the handles of the basket-bag. He had never before been in Blarney, and had not heard of the castle, nor of its priceless treasure, the Blarney stone. I was very much surprised to learn that he was a machinist. I thought he might be the president of a State normal school. He had come up from Cork to do a job at one of the mills. Beyond the mill where I left him was a fragment of a village, built up at a cross road—not such a village as would be seen in an American rural district, consisting of two or three stores, cooper, waggon, and blacksmith shops, with straggling houses set in the middle of ample yards. The store

were here ; but the houses were of stone' and built smack up against the sidewalk, and smack up against each other. They were of stone, I have said. But it was not necessary. Ninety out of every hundred houses in Britain are of stone ; and the balance, of brick or concrete. I have not seen a dwelling built of wood since I left America. And I have not seen a shingle single roof in that time : to tell the truth, I have not seen a shingle even. This is dreadful ; but I endure it because it is true : I am very fond of true things.

On a little bridge I paused, and took a good look at the castle.

Beyond the bridge was an open gate ; and inside the stone wall, close to it, was a little whitewashed cabin, answering as the porter's lodge, I suppose. But there was no one of whom to ask permission to enter. I looked into the open door of the house, and saw an earth floor, and a half-dozen hens roosting on the backs of chairs, (such proud hens are these Irish fowls), but no human beings in sight. Then I followed the road up to a clump of trees on an elevation, where stood the castle. Reaching the trees, I found a number of workmen employed on a large structure of brick—a canning factory. It was on the grounds of Mr. Somebody, who owned the land hereabouts, including the run of Blarney Castle, and a very barn-like fabric where he lived himself. Right in the shadow of the old ruin the descender was putting up a factory ; and even a portion of the hoary wall had been shedded over by the despoiler, and converted into a carpenter shop.

The castle was in ruins ; but the very large keep was in excellent condition, as far as its walls were concerned. But it was roofless and floorless ; there was simply the shell. The castle had been a fine building in its day, as was evident from the stone mouldings about the few windows which were remaining. It was built partly in the side of the hill, which made its present state look even the more dilapidated. The hardy ivy had taken the broken walls in hand, and was covering them with its sturdy and remorseless vines and glossy green leaves. Up through what might have been the drawing-room was now growing a stout and healthy elm.

A door opened into the keep from the castle. I mounted up the circular stair which was within the wall, at the first angle. It was mostly a double wall, with apartments that may have been used for either defenders or prisoners contained therein. At the top the wall was fully eight feet in width. The winds of heaven had deposited dust and the seed of grass and weeds on the summit ;

and the rains of heaven had matted the one, and caused the other to take root and flourish. The battlement to the walls was curiously constructed ; it rested on arms of stone built into the wall, and was sustained on the arms by sills of stone. I don't remember exactly, but I believe the arms were about four feet apart, and the battlement about eight inches from the main wall. In case of besiegers reaching the foot of the keep, this opening gave the defenders on the wall an opportunity for pitching down things objectionable to the besiegers.

Should one of these sills break, it would be necessary to take care of it at once ; or that portion of the battlement it sustained might drop, and irritate anybody who happened to be under it. One of those sills is broken, and is now held in its place by two bands of iron, running over the top of the battlement.

And this stone is the Blarney-stone. In many of the pictures of it the bands are represented, not as fulfilling their legitimate functions, but as aids to adventurous people of matchless credulity, in letting them down, head first, to reach the stone. But these bands are close to the stone-work ; and a person, to kiss the stone, must crawl upon the battlement, over a hundred feet from the ground, and be let down by his heels, held in the hands of two persons perched on the narrow and dizzy summit.

People have kissed it undoubtedly ; but I would rather see it than hear tell of it, as Elihu Burritt observes. For the accommodation of people in delicate health, a stone for kissing has been located on the ground.

The Blarney-stone found its origin in some verses which are as familiar to you as they are to me. They were written in a spirit of frolic, but were sincerely believed by a host of people, who flocked to the little village of Blarney to see and test the virtues of the stone. The pressure became so great, that it was really necessary to find a stone for the purpose ; and this one, distinguished by the bands, was selected by a shrewd somebody. He was working for the amelioration of mankind, sincerely believing, without doubt, that every fresh idiot who attempted the kissing would fall and break his neck.

One verse of the ditty reads—

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent ;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament."

It became a popular poem ; and so many flocked there, that the name of the little

village became a general term for doubtful flattery.

When I left the place it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning, I having left Cork at a very early hour. The masons had knocked off work, and were sitting on a pile of timber just outside the keep, eating their breakfast, which their wives, or some of their children, had brought them. It consisted of bread, potatoes, and tea. They seemed to enjoy it.

CHAPTER LIV.

ACROSS THE COUNTRY IN A MAIL-CART.

I took the next train from Blarney, and proceeded on the Dublin road to a station called Goold's Cross. Here I was to take the mail-car to Cashel to see its famous rock. I have not said anything of the mail-car routes in Ireland; but they are numerous. It is the jaunting-car that runs from railway-stations to outlying villages, carrying the mails between the two points. The number of their trips in the week depends upon the importance of the route. They take passengers, when there are any; but, as the contract is remunerative [without, the fares are remarkably low. Cashel is twelve miles from Goold's Cross, and the mail-car runs there and back every day. The fare there, and return, was but two shillings and sixpence, or sixty cents. This is cheaper than dried apples, and even more filling. I mounted the cart. I was the only passenger. An attenuated-looking boy of nineteen years was the driver. An attenuated-looking horse, also of nineteen years, was in the thills. A pair of rope reins was a conspicuous feature. I knew I should enjoy this ride. It was to be twelve miles, and I had the driver all to myself. How I would pump him! We kept up an animated conversation. I talked of America, and political economy, and education, and Count Arnim; and the driver let himself out on about everything that could be expressed in "Yes, sir," "No, sir," and "I don't know, sir." He trotted the horse all the way. But the horse would have trotted without any other incentive than to have got through the dreary country. There were but few trees, and less cultivated fields (mostly potatoes), with here and there a squatty cabin by the wayside; and it rained in a dreary and desponding way all the distance. We picked up a passenger here and there on the road, until our complement of four was full.

One of them was a policeman, dressed in a black suit like the fatigue-dress of an army

officer. There are twenty thousand of these police in Ireland. They are confined principally to the rural districts; and are equally distributed about the country. They have barracks, and are uniformed, and carry muskets (when necessary), and are thoroughly drilled. They are the cork which bottles Fenianism. There are soldiers here, quartered about the country, as there are in Scotland and in England; but these police, selected from the natives, are the trumps. They have put down all the Fenian outbreaks, and they are the boys to do it. Fenianism is not popular here with the upper classes. I have had the pleasure of spending an evening with several families, and I have had the thorough enjoyment of the company of numerous gentlemen on the railway and in hotels; but I never knew one of them who was not opposed to Fenianism. It is only in America and in France that Fenianism stands a living sight,—in the former place, because America is too good-natured to interfere with anybody; and in the latter, because France is jealous of England.

There are Catholic and Protestant Fenians. It is not a religious struggle. It is carried on for a nationality by those people who pin their faith to legends and traditions, and who believe that Ireland could grow into the leading nation of the world.

These policemen are for the protection of ruralists, as well as the country at large; and they are divided into three classes. The first class receives seven dollars and fifty cents a week; the second, six dollars and seventy-five cents; and the third, six dollars and thirty-seven cents. Length of service and efficiency are the conditions of promotion.

We approached Cashel, and saw the rock. A local historian says it is a mass of stone thrown up above the surface of the earth by a volcano. It does not strike the visitor as being a solid rock at all. It is on a plain, however, and it is a considerable prominence; but the rock is scarcely visible to the eye, as the most of the place is covered with turf; and it is only at the steep sides that the rock is at all apparent, and then in but small quantities. I should call it a hill in a plain, near to which are hills of greater prominence. The village is near it. The mail-car driver let me down in front of a little inn. There I got a chop and some deliciously boiled potatoes. While they were in preparation I borrowed an umbrella, and took a stroll up the hill.

Cashel is called the "City of Kings," because, many centuries ago, the kings of Munster dwelt here. The stone on which they

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were crowned is still here on the hill. They sat on it while being crowned. Those who do not realize how our forefathers suffered, and the deprivations they were called upon to endure, should sit on a stone for about an hour and a half. This would enlighten them, I fancy.

I passed through several straggling streets to the hill, and up a road to its summit. It was raining quite hard, and there was just wind enough to make holding the umbrella an interesting operation.

At the summit I passed around a ruined building into an open space which might have served as a court in the dim past. It looked very wet and disagreeable now. At one side was a sort of shed for stonecutting, and several men were at work at that business. Then there was the building which I came around, and also a large church; and between these two were a number of graves. The ground and grass were wet, and the wind swept through the court in disagreeable gusts.

They were restoring the church. In the arch of the central tower was a massive scaffolding; and on it were a dozen men at work with trowels, patching up the arch. This building was the most complete of the several ruins. But what on earth were they restoring it for? If restored, it ceases to be a ruin, and consequently loses three-fifths of its interest; and, as a place of worship, the idea is ridiculous. There it is upon a hill, and out of the way, and consequently impracticable. Besides, the little village of Cashel can boast scarcely four thousand people, and already has more churches than it can occupy. But they are restoring it at a considerable and unnecessary expense. I don't envy them.

This cathedral is younger than the other buildings, dating only from the twelfth century. It was partly burnt in the fifteenth century by the Earl of Kildare. He afterwards regretted the deed, and, in his penitence, frankly confessed that he would not have attempted to burn down the sacred edifice had he not been certain the archbishop was in it at the time. The chapel which adjoins it is of stone,—walls, roof, and ceiling; and inside of it are many curiously designed and finely wrought mouldings, effigies, figures, &c. It is fourteen hundred years old, and was built by a monarch of Ulster. The Rock of Cashel has been a good place for monarchs. Any quantity of them have been crowned on it, and held court there, and fought and schemed. They were kings; but now their very names are not known. St. Patrick figured quite largely here. All writers agree in at-

tributing to this saint superior sanctity and the purest benevolence. He had a school and spent a great part of his time here. But it was at Armagh, I think, that he banished the snakes and frogs from Ireland. But there are really no snakes here, and people come thousands of miles to go blackberrying in Ireland. I am willing to make oath to this before any justice of the peace.

The palace— But how ridiculous it is to waste ink on such shanties! I wandered about the building for some time, waiting for the man who occupied a fragment of the palace, and who had charge of the ruins, to turn up; but he didn't come. I went out among the graves, and found a goat there. He was much surprised to see me. This led me to put up my umbrella, and run at him. This tickled the goat. He ran over the graves, and I put after him. When he got across he suddenly changed his mind, and turned back. I am pretty good on my feet; but I had my legs fully occupied in getting into the chapel before the goat did.

Then I left the place. There were ruins enough already on that hill, without my fooling around that goat.

CHAPTER LV.

PECULIAR FEATURES IN DUBLIN.

This return to Dublin makes my third visit to the city. Dublin is a perplexity to me. But few people, comparatively, have seen the city; and there are thousands, without doubt, who never heard its name. But no one, however deep in the jungles of Africa, or far up on the peaks of Greenland, can say that he has not heard of its custom-house.

The custom-house of Dublin has been familiar to me by name since I left the cradle, and it has been the theme of all orators and writers of Ireland. Julius Cæsar calls it the *Otum dogi*, signifying the temple of God.

The city of Dublin is, as may be inferred, close to the custom-house. It is a city of some two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is tolerably well laid out, with the River Liffey running square through the middle of it. Sackville Street, whose fame has been carried over the oceans by native enthusiasts, is as straight as a teetotaler, and of wonderful breadth. It is the handsomest business street I have seen in Britain.

Dublin is a dirty city after a rain, and yet a bright-looking city at all times. I have been there in several rains, and found the quantity of mud to be something remarkable. This is owing, I am told, to an imperfect sewer.

age. Now, if the Dublinites could only exchange their custom-house for a good sewer, they would do a stroke that would entitle them to credit.

All the guide-books think a great deal of Dublin. They can't come within a hundred miles of it without lugging it in. They know that it is utterable impossible to see this enormous city at one time; and, so they divide up the sights into several days, the same as is done in London, Paris, and other small cities.

Now, I fail to see anything wonderful about Dublin, either as a whole or in fragments. A man with a pair of green goggles might safely trust himself in the midst of its dazzling glories, I think. So we will say no more about Dublin as a city,—although it is finer than any other in Ireland,—but will talk of its people, and their peculiarities.

There is one thing in all these Irish cities which must strike every American; and that is the absence of Irish names. I speak advisedly when I say Irish names, because the strictly Irish name is quite frequently prefixed by a Mc or an O'. There is not only an absence of these, but of the others which we in America have determined to be necessarily Irish. You can see on the signs such names as Johnson, Perkins, Gibbs, Hooper, Nichols, Taylor, Wells, Bacon, Jackson, Jennings, Thompson, Webb, Rice, Goodwin, and others of that kind. There are twenty of them where there is one of what we have been used to consider Irish names.

And then the people you see in these cities are so much different in looks from what we have been accustomed to see. The characteristic Irish face is not common, except among the poorer classes. Why! there are plenty of Englishmen who look more like the Irish than do these. In fact, their faces are a compound of pure English and pure Scotch. It is dreadful to think of!

But there are more Irish in Dublin than there are in New York.

There was an opera company from London at the leading theatre when I was first visiting Dublin. I have not taken much to opera in my time owing to lack of ear, I think. Newspaper men are generally deficient in this respect. I attended the opera in default of anything more improving, such as a ballet or neronomanoy. The gallery was well attended; but I was rather surprised at the occupants of that favourite place. Most of the men had their coats off, and hung to hooks in the front of the gallery, which had been placed there by the enterprising managers for the accommodation of the public. There the coats hung, in full

sight of the audience, like a display in a pawnbroker's shop. But there were not hooks for all who desired them; and many were obliged to put the coats over the backs of the seats, or sit on them. Some contented themselves with just removing their coat; others took off the vest, or waistcoat, as well; and a large number removed their collars and opened their shirt-fronts (shirts don't open behind here), and even rolled up their shirt-sleeves.

It was a spectacle for a man from a new country to look upon and ponder over. We Americans are a sort of raw, half-fed, savage race. We are not to be compared to the advanced civilization of Europe; but we don't attend operas in our shirt-sleeves. Thank Heaven for that!

But, even without this extraordinary display of stripped bodies, the audience in that gallery were conspicuous. They had come to see the opera. Refined people were they. They shrieked and yelled, and howled and sang songs, and whistled and hissed and groaned. They did all this up to the rising of the curtain, and filled up every intermission with the uproar. It was a perfect Niagara of noise.

As soon as the music commenced they ceased. But then that is the business of music,—to soothe the savage breast. It had its hands full on this occasion; but it succeeded.

Of the public buildings of consequence there are the post-office, bank and Guinness's brewery. Oh, yes! and the custom-house. Guinness is to the world in the manufacture of stout what Baas is in the construction of ale. On the river low flat-boats may be frequently seen, with tiers of barrels of stout upon them. We don't go much for stout in our country; but here it is a very common beverage; and it is very good too, I have been led to understand. The original Guinness, father of the present party, was a very religious brewer. He gave three-quarters of a million of dollars to the restoration of the Dublin Cathedral belonging to the Church of Ireland, and saw the work done before he died. Three dollars given to charity or to religion by a man in health is equivalent to six dollars from a man in death. The latter encourages others to keep the poor and the church waiting until after they have had time to die.

If I can hurl a little instruction now and then into these letters, I shall be glad to do it.

The street peculiarities of Dublin are two in number. One of them is a broad sidewalk system. Their sidewalks are so broad, that the people keep on them, and do not spill

over into the roadway, as is so common in English and Scotch towns. The other is apple-peddling in the evening. Mostly women do this, of course. The Irish like to do business according to usage established by age; and, as woman in the first place took naturally to apples, it is proper, they think, that woman should continue her interest in that direction. And so women in great numbers peddle apples in Ireland. I should very much like to know what there is in an apple to cause an Irishman to gravitate toward it. Even a New Englander will scarcely eat the number of apples that an Irishman can make away with. These people are so fond of them, that they will not raise them. The Irish are reputed to be extravagantly fond of pork, and the pig is allotted a chair in the home-circle of the poorer classes. I have been into several babin's of the poor in different parts of the country; but I saw no pigs therein. Fowls have been plenty, but pigs not at all. This explodes a generally received opinion. Poultry and apples are what the Irish chiefly lay hold of, although I can truly say I have seen none of the lower classes eat of the former, and very few of the latter. I imagine that both are kept more for company and show than for profit. But in the evening the apple-peddlars are particularly noticeable. They are at their stands until the theatres close. The most favourite resort is at the ends of the Sackville-street bridge. Here each has a stand, containing from ten apples to a peck, according to the strength of capital in the concern; and on each stand is mounted a paper lantern. Some stands have two of them. The lantern is simply a cylinder rudely put together. It sets over the candle to protect its flame from the wind; but as there is no organized effort to secure the same colour, the effect is frequently picturesque. Once in a while the lantern takes fire; when the proprietor, with extraordinary presence of mind, screams for help, and throws up her hands; and the other proprietors gather about, and do likewise; and some half dozen of stands are overturned, and the several contents sadly mixed, engendering bitter and livelong animosities. Despite these precautions, the lantern is generally a total loss, and a new one has to be erected.

By coming over to the old country, we learn that many of our customs are copied from them. Our style of all sorts of conveyances at funerals, corning pork, and boiling potatoes with their jackets on, comes from the Irish. The English and Scotch do none of these things. The Irish at home do not bend their whole energies to the development of a funeral procession, as those in America do; but still it is made of fair proportion.

Jaunting-cars are added to the display. It is surprising the amount of mournfulness a jaunting-car imparts to a funeral, especially if the driver should be engaged in smoking a pipe. It is also surprising the number of people who can get on to a jaunting-car. Numbers of the rural people come into the city on pleasant days, and get on the jaunting-cars for a pleasure ride. A car is adapted to carrying five persons, including the driver. These are city people. But country folks can concentrate, and are fond of it. I have seen nine of them on a single jaunting-car; and the driver also managed to ride at the same time.

I had the pleasure of being in Dublin of a Sunday. I walked through Phoenix Park, and St. Stephen's Green, and numerous streets; and while I saw much that was beautiful and comfortable, still nothing took hold of me like the scene that presented itself in St. Patrick Street. I had been to see St. Patrick's (Protestant) Cathedral. It stands in a wretched part of the city, so poor and forlorn, and greasy and dirty, that I understand and thoroughly sympathize with that writer who thinks Mr. Guinness would have been more sensible had he built a new cathedral with the money he devoted to restoring this. Its location is so low, that its floor is below the street level; but then that gives it that religious dampness which appears to be so desirable to the worshipping Britisher. Now, when you look over the elegant interior of this building, and come out and look at the Patrick-street surroundings, you are surprised. The people who worship are largely from the aristocracy. They come in doekskin and sealskin, through these depraved avenues, to the temple of their God. But it is a way they have. This is the cathedral,—a consecrated building, a sacred edifice, hoary with age, moss-grown with history. They would put on their heavy cassimeres and stiff satins, and wade through a swamp ten feet deep, to reach this building. No change in the surroundings of their temple, however undesirable, appears to suggest to them a change in site for the better.

About here St. Patrick Street commences, and runs toward the river. I walked down it, and through its continuation, called Nicholas-street, to Christ Church Cathedral,—another aged Protestant edifice, although with somewhat better surroundings than are enjoyed by St. Patrick's.

And it was a street. It was not straight, of course, or broad; but the scene of activity within it on this sabbath day nearly overpowered me. It was lined on both sides with second-hand-goods stores, meat-markets, groceries, and the like, all open, with sidewalks filled with goods, and all busy, dis-

posing of outlets, gate-hinges, coffee, old kettles and the like. I went down this active thoroughfare in almost a maze, hardly certain of anything but the smell. It was very difficult to realize that here were one Catholic and two Protestant cathedrals in the neighbourhood. I couldn't help but experience a thrill of gratitude to know that there were no more cathedrals in dangerous proximity.

I had got partly through Nicholas Street, and somewhat beyond the busy stores, when I met a most singular funeral. The coffin was that of a child about six years old. It was wrapped up in canvas, and the loose ends of the canvas twisted about a pole. A man had hold of one end of the pole, and a boy of some fifteen years bore the other end. And so they passed me, and went on their ghastly errand, not a soul accompanying them, and none of the trading and bartering throng apparently taking any notice of them. It was a common sight to them, 'poor bodies'; but it touched me up. A woman who kept a butcher-shop told me that the funeral came from an adjacent lane. The body in the little box was a boy—"a sick, wake body," explained the woman. He was the only son and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy. For all the years of his little life he had been ailing and pining and suffering; and all those years the poor parents had tended him and watched him, and begged God to spare him. Every penny they could take from their scanty supply of pennies was cheerfully, yea, gladly, devoted to him. And they saw him die, saw the breath come and go more faintly moment by moment, the eyes grow dull, the lips turn ashy, the hands less nervous in their movements; and when he died, it seemed to them as if every living element in the air about them had died with him.

And it was this boy in a rough box, slung in a hammock twisted to a pole, that I met jostling along the busy way. To the whole world it was a very cheap and coarse affair; but to the miserable and wretched pair in the lane it was a gold mine, a priceless treasure. To them it was everything money could buy, that heart could wish, that brains could conceive. Around that lump of clay were wrapped the tenderest chords of their hearts; and every step of the homely pall-bearers applied the tension to those chords, and stretched them to breaking.

The only thing about the whole affair which I could see to feel grateful for was, that I had legs sufficiently able-bodied to take me out of that neighbourhood, and from the sight of that which could remind me of the pitiable loss.

There is not much enjoyment in travelling through Ireland, unless you are worth a million dollars. I do not refer to this particular case, of course; but seeing distress, and not being able to relieve it, is an agony which tends to suffocation.

On the other hand, there is a pleasure in travelling through these countries, to become acquainted with the people. It demolishes false ideas, and erases prejudices. That poverty abounds in most of the rural sections of Ireland, the people freely admit. The direct cause of it seems to lie with the landlords. In conversation with an Irish gentleman on the subject (and I wish to state here that I have taken all the information used in these letters from the Irish only) he strongly condemned the landlords. Knowing him to be a thorough Catholic, and knowing, too, how much the most of us are influenced by our religion in our judgments, I asked him if these obnoxious landlords were Catholic or Protestant. "Both," said he. "I make no distinction whatever in this respect. Both Catholic and Protestant landlords are alike to blame for the wretched state of our agricultural sections."

Speaking of religion reminds me that I have noticed in my travels here that lack of divine animosity toward each other that I was led to believe existed. The Protestant Bishop of Tuam employs Catholics. A curate of the Church of Ireland stoutly refuted reflections upon some of his Catholic neighbours, and told me that he was treated as courteously by Catholic residents of the community as by his Protestant flock.

One of the jolliest evenings I have enjoyed in my life was with a Catholic family in Connaught; and yet two of the five gentlemen guests I met there were Orangemen. I regret having to refer to these incidents, because of the humiliating inference that Christian charity is so rare as to require special mention.

As I travelled for some time among the people, I may consistently claim to know a little something about them, and so gladly bear witness, that for hospitality, good nature, and courtesy, the people of Ireland are at the front.

Speaking of courtesy reminds me of a remark recently made by an American lady who had travelled with her two children through Europe. She said she met with more rudeness going from New York to Boston, on her return, than she had encountered in all her travels abroad.

I have no doubt of it.

In conclusion, I must tell you an illustrative incident. While in Dublin, I had occa-

sion to make two purchases of books. At either place the required volume was not in stock; but they offered to send it to me in England. I tendered the payment; but in each case it was declined until after I had received the purchase. And I received the books in a few days. I was a perfect stranger to the parties, and they had to run the risk of receiving payment. I well know that I have an open and ingenuous face; but still their trust in my word was, under the circumstances, somewhat amazing.

I told an English friend of the incident, and he said,—

“That is nothing; although it would be remarkable if you met the same experience in England or Scotland. But to place trust in an Irishman is equivalent to a performance of the duty. You wanted to pay for the books before receiving them, and their characteristic gallantry would not permit them to submit you to a risk that they could themselves take.”

CHAPTER LVI.

IN WHICH THE WRITER TAKES LEAVE OF HIS READERS AND A GOOD SHARE OF HIMSELF.

I am not going to give a history of France: I am merely going to devote this last chapter to telling how I went there.

There are several routes to Paris from London. One of them is by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, to Dover, and thence by steamer to Calais,—an hour and a half's sail. Another is by the same rail to Dover, and thence by steamer to Boulogne,—two or three hours' sail. The third is to Newhaven, and thence across the channel to Dieppe,—seven or eight hours' ride.

The first-named is the most popular, because of its short sea route; and is the dearest, being fifty per cent. over the Newhaven and Dieppe route.

This channel is a great deal like a sound heard in the stillness of the night. It only needs examination to show that it doesn't amount to anything. The Irish Sea is fully as grievous to the nerve and stomach of the traveller as is the English Channel. But people will cross that, and sail the broad Atlantic, with hardly a qualm, who will quail before the channel. Men remember a trip across it, made twenty years ago, who cannot for the life of them tell where last Sunday's text was. I don't know as anybody has attempted a chemical analysis of this feeling, but in my judgment it results from a reputation acquired in the time of little and imperfect boats, and carefully

fostered by the short route company for obvious reasons. If I can make you see this trip as I saw it, you will arrive, undoubtedly, at the same conclusion.

The ride from Ludgate-hill Station to Dover was not in any way remarkable, barring the cold. It was in the middle of November, early in the day, and on leather cushions; and I had to jump up and down eight hundred times to keep comfortable.

At Dover we ran out on a pier; and getting down from the train, I looked back over the little city and to the left of it, and saw more chalk in that one glance than there are cows in all America. It was a high pier,—so high, that the top of the steamer's funnel hardly came to the top of it. The steamer itself was bobbing about with the heavy swells,—the steamer that was to take me to France.

It was not a particularly large boat,—nothing like those powerful structures which face and beat down the great waves of the Irish Sea between Kingstown and Holyhead,—but it was a fine-looking vessel, of about half the capacity of a Brooklyn ferry-boat. The deck was open nearly the whole way, covered at the centre by the bridge from one wheel-box to the other. The first-class passengers were aft, with a cabin below: the second-class were at the fore, with no cabin at all. All the luggage was piled in the bow, and covered with a tarpaulin. There was not in this boat one-half the accommodation as in the little sound steamers plying from New York to Norwalk; and yet it was the shortest and most popular route from England to France and the Continent.

There were the custom-house officers in attendance; and, as there is more travel between England and France than between any other two countries, the officers of customs are generally known and dreaded. Quiet people who stop at home have fallen into the belief that travellers are liars. Travellers are; but they don't lie one-half as hard to home people as they do to each other. I don't know why they do it: perhaps they can't help it.

In an incredibly short space of time the luggage was piled away, and the boat left. We ran down along the enormous cliffs for a way, and then pointed out to sea. We had twenty miles to run, and were to do it in an hour and twenty minutes.

As soon as we got under way, the first-class passengers came generally to the front of the vessel, and many of the second-class passengers kept under the bridge. I stood on a forward hatch, smoking, and talking with several others, for a half hour, and then

went back under the bridge; and the secret of the dread with which this trip is held then came out.

Nearly everybody was on deck, and many of them were under the bridge. One of the last number, a French lady, seriously intoxicated, was doubled up in a heap close to the opening for the machinery, where she could obtain a fair and uninterrupted swig at the mingled steam and oil smells with every breath she drew. Other people were doubled up about this opening; and a number were seated on the side benches, staring with fixed melancholy at the deck.

But this is the secret.

Several men in tarry clothes were moving among this dejected throng with earthen basins. Some one has said (interested in a projected railroad), that the more facilities are furnished the public to travel, the more it will travel. The same remark applies in this case. The more facilities the human stomach has to move, the more it will move. These tarry-clothed men were kept busy. The vessel was rolling nicely, and the motion imparted to the stomach made it hanker for sympathy. A man might not have been exactly satisfied that he wanted to vomit; but, when he saw one of those suggestive basins going by, he took a decided stand in the matter at once, and, beckoning to the bearer, went whooping over it immediately. The French lady kept two men engaged pretty much all of the time. The exertion she was making had sobered her considerably; and being convinced that she was going to die within an hour, and afraid that her watch was slow, she cared precious little for appearances.

She devoted her undivided attention to the basin. At times she would moan for two minutes in a low, steady tone; then again she would break out into a howl, or go off into a paroxysm of whoops. Whenever she struck the latter, a visible activity could be noticed in the basins. One woman, who looked like the wife of a Kansas grainger, was sitting on a bench, leaning back, with hands clasped, as if thinking of some well-remembered picture of a dead horse, when an attentive conductor of the bowl passed the vessel inquiringly to her. With eyes partly opened

she caught a glimpse of its appearance, and, waving her hand, languidly protested, "No, thank you! I couldn't eat a mouthful if I should die for it." And I sincerely believed her.

The farther we got out to sea, the more the bowls and tarry-clothed men increased. The deck was covered with them. I noticed that one expression did for all. Everybody said "Wh-hoop!" when he got a basin before him; and those who didn't stand so strictly on ceremony leaned over the side of the vessel, and said "Wh-hoop!"

While I was making these observations, I stood at this opening over the machinery, and took in the oil and steam vapours as they wafted upward. Pretty soon I became aware that a peculiar sensation was stirring inside of me for a foot-hold. It seemed as if my stomach was gradually assuming the shape of a compact ball, and that the cigar was losing, in a measure, its satisfying moisture. Just as my throat appeared to have been let out for a castor oil funnel to a man who was apparently doing a good business, the French woman started a fresh and unusually good invoice. Then I bolted for the side of the vessel, and "Wh-hooped" myself. I was surprised at the amount of sentiment and satisfaction contained in that simple expression. I threw my whole weight into it, and I suppose I was heard in the uttermost recesses of the boat. I was engaged some five minutes; and, when I got through, a gentleman who took an interest in me presented me with a blank card, on which he had carefully inscribed the record that I made in that five minutes.

This was the record:—

"Wh-hoop! — whoooo — whoooo — whoooo! Oh, dear! — — — whoooo — whoooo — whoooo! Mercy on me! Wh-hoop! wh-hoop! whoooo — whoooo! Heav — wh-hoop!" (Pause of a moment.) "Oo-oo-oo-oo-coo — wh-hoop! — wh-hoop! — wh-hoop!"

That is the way a man talks when he is looking over the side of a boat, and taking aim at something with his liver.

Learning that I had got through, the officers of the vessel prepared to bring it into port.

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